The Outlook

Vol. 73 January 3, 1903 No. 1

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

A Triumph for International Arbitration.. 1
Cuban Reciprocity........................ 2
The Police in New York 3
Overcrowded Street-Cars.................. 4
The Coal Situation....................... 5
The Child Labor Conflict at the South.... 6
Damages against a Trades-Union........ 6
A Hard Winter in Europe................. 7
The Woman Question in Germany........ 8
The Customs Union in South Africa...... 9
Religious Conditions in the Sudan........ 9
The American School at Athens.......... 10
A Council of Jewish Women............. 11
Trained Nurses in Public Schools......... 11
Wireless Telegraphy...................... 12

EDITORIALS:

The Mask of the Years.................. 12
Beauty for Working People.............. 14
Why Not?................................ 15
The Archbishop of Canterbury........... 16

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

In Delhi.................................. 19
By William Frederick Dix
Circumstances (Poem).................... 26
By Charles W. Stevenson
The Editor of "The Spectator" (Portrait and Sketch)........................... 27
The Italian Immigrant in America....... 29
By William E. Davenport
On Being Abroad in Winter.............. 39
By Oscar von Engeln
The New French Ambassador (Portrait and Sketch)................................ 44
The New American Navy: The Organization and Education of the Navy........ 45
By John D. Long
Joseph G. Cannon (Portrait).............. 58
The Bodleian Library: 1602-1902........ 59
By Augustine Birrell
Elizabethan Lyrists (Poem)............... 69
By Frank Dempster Sherman
The Cry of the Locusts (Poem)........... 70
By E. B. Findlay
The Tragedy of the Lost Commission..... 71
By James Barnes
One Result.............................. 84
By Grace Denio Litchfield
BOOKS OF THE WEEK.................. 89

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

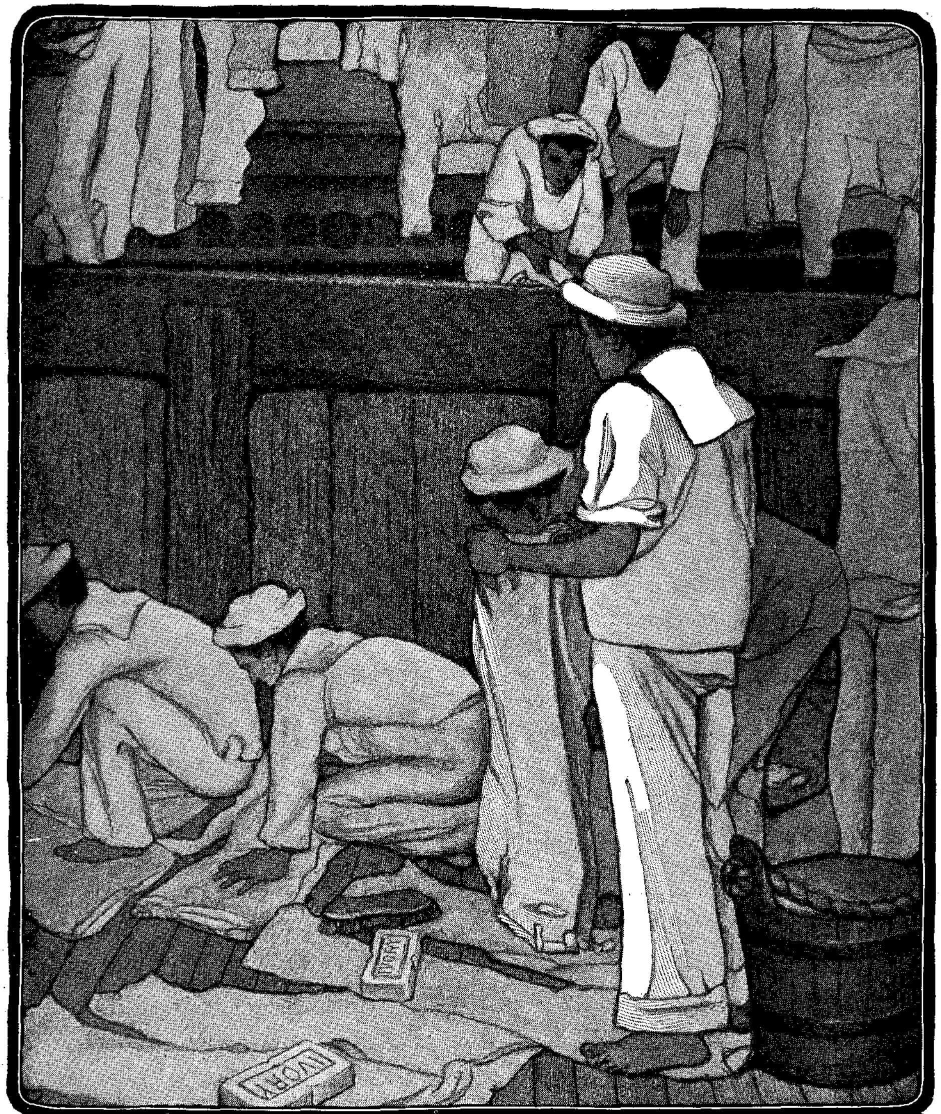
Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1902, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.



WHEREVER there is stainless white cleanliness there you may find Ivory Soap. You know how good it is in the bath; it is just as superior for linens, flannels or garments of other materials requiring special care in the washing. Because Ivory Soap is pure the best work is more certain to result from its use.

IT FLOATS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rubber Industry in South America

By ELLIOT WEATHERBY

RUBBER is the elastic material that ties the world together. Those who first discovered a commercial use for rubber, two hundred years ago in India—hence the name India rubber—little thought that there would come a time which historians would chronicle as the rubber age. That age is the present time; for rubber is unquestionably foremost in importance, in a certain sense, in the commercial progress of the world. This is called also the electrical age, but it is rubber that makes possible the manifold applications of electricity. For example, if the Pacific cable were to be built within the present year, its construction would consume the entire available supply of rubber in the United States to-day.

Comparatively little use was made of rubber before Goodyear was led by his genius to the discovery of a scientific treatment of the crude product, which gave to the world a new commercially available product of extraordinary value in advancing the arts of modern civilization. Rubber has now become a vital necessity, its production assuming vast proportions and its consumption a dominant factor in a great number of industries.

Every day a new use is found for rubber. Manufacturers separate these products into five divisions: (1) Footwear; (2) Mechanical Goods; (3) Clothing; (4) Druggists' Sundries; (5) Hard Rubber. Over thirty per cent. of all these manufactured rubber goods is represented by boots and shoes, this branch of the industry giving employment to twenty thousand workmen, who produce annually forty million dollars' worth of rubber foot-wear. Altogether the rubber factories of the United States use yearly over sixty million pounds of rubber, turning it out again in thousands of different useful articles. Horses and human beings alike are clothed with rubber, and wire is covered with it. The carriage wheel is tired with it, and the vehicle that has not a rubber tire is called old-fashioned. Miles of rubber hose are used in gardens, railroad cars, and a hundred other places where water, steam, and gas are used. Then comes rubber belting and matting. Notice the rubber mats on floors and stairs, and aboard ship, and the mats under ice-pitchers, the mats on the cigar-stand for change! Typewriter manufacturers need rubber in immense quantities for the rollers; a quarter of a million dollars is put in billiard-tables, and there is one hundred thousand dollars' worth of rubber used in the carpet-sweepers made annually. The tiny pieces of rubber sunk into lead pencils for erasers would weigh tons if collected in one pile. The rubber rings on preserve jars represent a huge fortune, one company alone using several hundred thousand pounds of rubber a year in such rings. There are immense values in rubber in the shape of rubber stamps, atomizers, air-cushions, water-bottles, harness trimmings, ink-wells, rulers, penholders, and fittings for pipes. Base ball and football players alone use a million dollars' worth of rubber every year.

The manufacture of all these rubber commodities has created a demand for rubber that is simply insatiable. Rubber, indeed, ranks third among American imports, being exceeded in quality and value only by sugar and coffee. Whence comes this vast quantity of crude rubber? What are the facts relating to the world's rubber supply?

Rubber comes from South America, from the Central American States, from western Africa, India, and the Indian Archipelago. The best rubber, however, as all the world knows, comes from just one region—and that is the region of the Amazonas, embracing a certain part of southern Venezuela and the borders of the Amazon in Brazil. In his book on South America, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the distinguished traveler who made a twenty-five-thousand-mile journey in search of industrial information, says: "Amazon rubber is the best of all rubber; it furnishes the bulk of the product." Seventy-five per cent. of all the rubber produced in the world is shipped via Para and Manaos, from either one of which ships leaving for New York often carry cargoes of rubber valued at two million dollars or more. Manaos has gained its importance as a rubber port because of its nearness to that section of the Amazonas which scientists have discovered to be the world's greatest rubber country. The country referred to is a certain strip between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela—all of which territory has been acquired by a company of American capitalists—but that is a story that will keep until later on.

It is a significant fact that the greatest of rubber regions is now conceded to be within the borders of a country toward which the whole world is looking as the great new industrial Eldorado—Venezuela. At this present moment England and Germany are engaged in a dispute with that country. A dispute over what? Our own Monroe Doctrine would not permit England or Germany to acquire territory in Venezuela; hence is it not obvious that that which these two European nations wish most of all of Venezuela is a commercial foothold? The natural resources of that South American Republic, indeed, have aroused the cupidity of European commercial nations, and this is the real cause of the presence of the fleets of two great nations to-day off the coast of Venezuela.

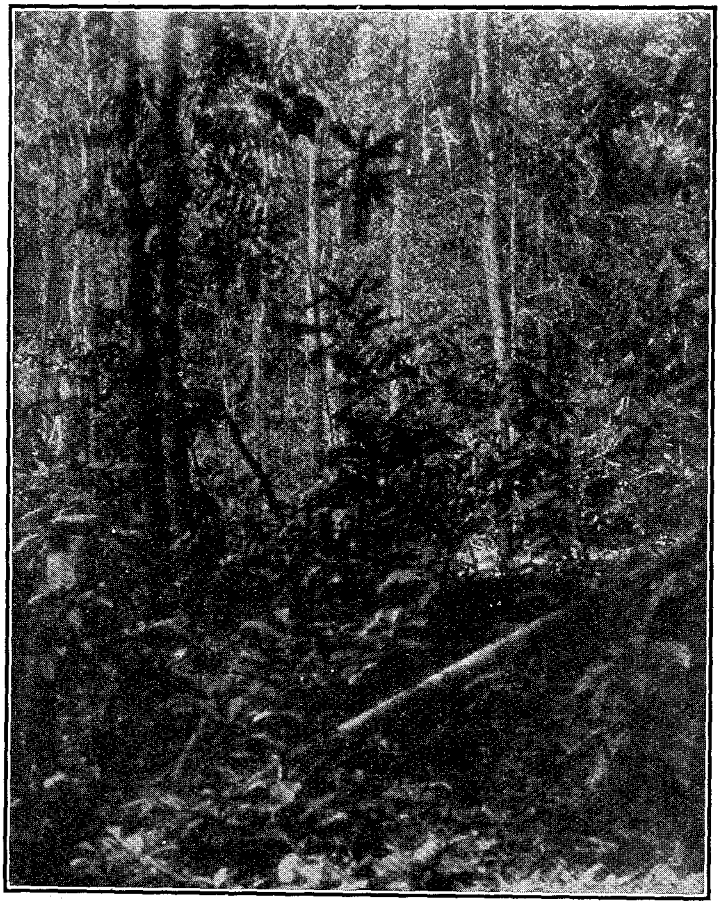
As United States Minister to Venezuela, Francis B. Loomis said: "The resources of Venezuela are by no means confined to gold. Within a few months capitalists in command of large fortunes have been making a close study of possibilities in Venezuela. They are also seeking to acquire large tracts of land for the purpose of exploiting the rubber products which they contain."

According to ex-Minister Loomis, then, rubber is one of the greatest natural resources of Venezuela, and it is the valuable rubber forests of that country that have been acquired by the American capitalists before referred to—a circumstance which forms the theme of this story.

Before giving the reader a glimpse of this rubber region, however, it is necessary to state one or two facts concerning other rubber regions. In the Central American States, for example, and in Peru, and even in Brazil, the natives cut down the rubber trees ruthlessly, instead of merely tapping them, with no regard for the future; but rubber in its crude state is a sap, and should be gathered, as is maple-sugar sap, by tapping the tree, not by destroying it.

As the future production of rubber in the tropics is threatened by the excessive tapping, as well as the felling of the wild rubber trees by the rubber hunters, American rubber manufacturers sometimes anxiously inquire how it will be possible to supply the enormous demand in the immediate future. It is claimed that one remedy for the destruction of the wild tree is the fostering of the natural rubber tree. Those who have traveled in the rubber country, however, and have studied conditions there, dispute this claim. Mr. Carpenter, the traveler before referred to, says: "It takes from fifteen to twenty years after the planting before rubber trees will produce enough sap to pay for gathering it." Scientists who have studied the conditions add that it is not possible to plant and cultivate rubber trees here, there, or anywhere, with any degree of commercial success, any more than it is possible to raise oranges in Maine or coffee in Montana. The fact remains, then, that the rubber industry for many years to come must depend entirely upon the wild trees.

These wild trees grow along the borders of rivers, and the particular series of streams involved in the rubber industry are the Amazonas before mentioned, the greatest rubber-producing section of this greatest of rubber regions being that bordering both sides of the Rio Casiquiare, between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela—the region, in short, acquired by the Para Rubber Plantation Company. The territory thus acquired is larger than the State of Rhode Island. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles long and eight miles wide, with the Rio Casiquiare forming a natural canal flowing almost directly through its center. The total area is fourteen hundred square miles, an area greater than that of Rhode Island by more than two hundred square miles. To put these figures in another



IN THE HEART OF THE RUBBER FOREST

way, the property embraces one million acres, the number of rubber trees averaging six to an acre, making at least six million wild rubber trees now matured and ready to yield their valuable sap.

Let us journey into this region and see what the greatest of rubber countries looks like. Tracing the location first of all on the map, we come to Para and later to Manaos, the two rubber shipping centers of the world. In these towns live the proprietors of many of the rubber forests in the Amazon region and officials representing companies who have capital of millions, and who manage their rubber properties after modern business methods. In these cities also live many other individuals interested in the gathering and selling of rubber. It is said, indeed, that the whole of the great South American rubber region is owned by the companies represented by the chief citizens of these cities. Para itself is a city of one hundred thousand people, many of the inhabitants having grown rich either by actually dealing in rubber or in supplying necessaries to the camps.

In both Para and Manaos the most prominent feature of industrial life is the shipment of rubber, just as the shipment of tobacco is most prominent in Havana. All the exporting sections of the cities are occupied by packing-houses where the rubber is packed for export. To these packing-houses the crude rubber is brought in lumps that very much resemble hams, though if you happen to drop one of these lumps of rubber you will realize that it is not the ham it seems to be, but a very elastic substance, since as soon as it touches the ground it bounces up and down after the manner of a heavy rubber ball. In the warehouses each lump of rubber is carefully weighed, and is then packed in boxes, three hundred pounds in each box, ready for shipment.

The traveler will be welcomed as a passenger on one of the boats that bring the crude rubber to the warehouses of the Para Rubber Plantation Co. at Manaos, and after a short sail the boat will land the passenger in the heart of the rubber country. The territory was purchased in fee simple by the Company from the Venezuelan Government. This is the region that is destined to supply not only the best but the bulk of the rubber used throughout the world for many years to come.

Scientific men explain that rubber is a product obtained by proper treatment of the milky sap or "latex" of such tropical trees as *siphonia elastica* and *siphonia braziliensis*, belonging to the genus distributed throughout the section of South America now under discussion. The last United States Census report says that although rubber may be produced from any plant, such as common milkweed, having a milky sap, still it can be obtained in commercial quantities only from tropical countries and from rubber trees. The census expert adds that, like other vegetable products, rubber differs in quality according to the place of derivation; and that the best rubber is shipped from Para and Manaos in South America. We have, then, the fact of Government recognition of the superiority of rubber coming from the territory here brought to the attention of the reader.

Let us see how operations in this rubber country are conducted; let us see how the Indians, native to the region, gather the rubber. In the first place, the rubber tree resembles ordinary forest trees, such as the English ash. The reader probably supposes that rubber comes from the rubber plant which ornaments his home, or which he has seen in conservatories; but that plant produces gutta-percha, and not rubber.

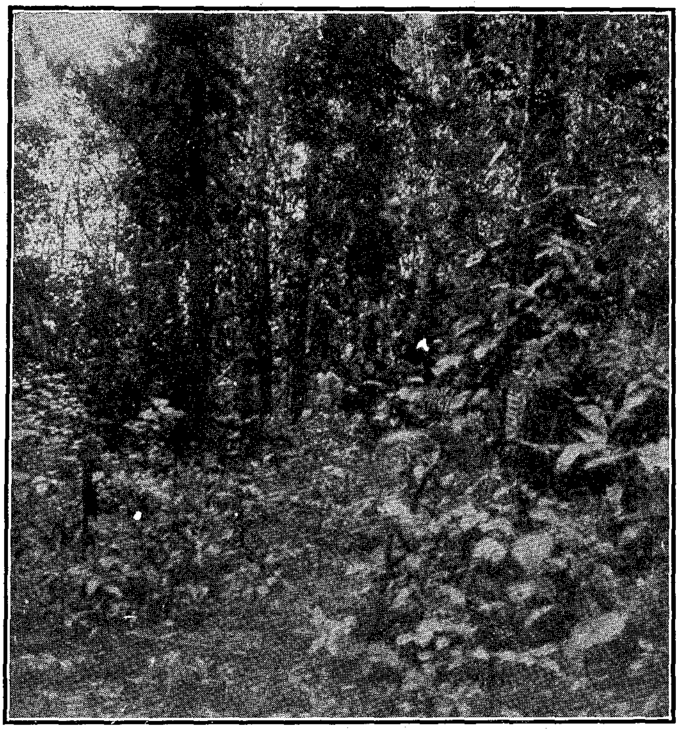
In the rubber forest the rubber hunter does most of his work in the forenoon, when the sap runs most freely. He begins by tapping the tree as high up from the ground as he can reach, neither boring the tree with an auger, as we do our maple trees, nor scarifying the tree as we do our turpentine pine trees of the South. The rubber gatherer taps the tree with a tomahawk or hatchet which has an inch-wide blade. He makes only a slight gash in the bark with his hatchet, taking care not to cut the wood beneath the bark. Immediately a fluid, as thin and as white as milk, oozes forth. The gatherer now fastens a small cup into another cut made below the gash, thus catching the fluid as it runs down. He makes three or four similar gashes in each tree, fastening a cup under each gash. About noontime he goes from tree to tree and empties the milk from the cups into a bucket. He has only a certain number of trees allotted to him, and as there is a tablespoonful of fluid in each cup when he gathers it at noontime, each tapper has about a gallon of sap to show for his morning's work.

The rubber forests are divided into what are known in the rubber regions as paths. These consist of from sixty to one hundred trees each, the paths leading in and out of the woods and crossing streams. One such path is allotted to each of the native workers who tap the trees and gather the rubber. The size of a plantation is known by the number of paths that it contains. Hence, the size of the plantation owned by the Para Rubber Plantation Company is about 75,000 paths, making it of a size that renders even our great cotton plantations or wheat farms insignificant by comparison. As two thousand laborers will soon be at work, over eleven hundred now being actually employed on the Company's property, the reader will understand that eleven hundred paths are being worked. The Company expects to add extra workers at the rate of at least two thousand a year.

After the gathering the next process is that of smoking, referred to in a previous paragraph. As the sap coagulates on exposure to the air, it is necessary to smoke it the day it is gathered. By following this rule the best rubber is obtained. Under the influence of the smoke the sap hardens. The fuel that makes the fire that makes the smoke is covered with ordinary palm nuts, which, when fired, give forth a dense smoke. In this smoke the worker holds the lump of sap or rubber on a kind of wooden paddle, turning it round and round until the operation is finished.

The lump of rubber is accumulated upon the end of the wooden paddle by first dipping it in the sap or milk, and then holding it in the smoke. After turning it round and round rapidly as described for a minute, the milk hardens. The worker again thrusts the paddle into the bowl of milk, and again he holds it in the smoke, repeating this process until a ball of crude rubber of the regulation size has been gathered. The Para Rubber Plantation Company will ship thousands of these rubber hams, as we may call them, from Manaos daily. On the Company's property every tree is scrupulously cared for, and it is a fact known to science that if a rubber tree is not abused it will produce milk in abundance continuously for thirty or forty years.

The purposes of this Company are those of exploitation, trade, and the opening up of their rubber lands. In the matter of exploitation it is impossible to prophesy, for who can say what will be the limit of the natural resources of this vast tract of virgin rubber forest? In the matter of trade, the Company has this twofold advantage. It has the opportunity to pay for labor in commodities, and for making a large profit on those commodities. This, of course, will result in lowering the cost of production. Even after labor is paid, it is a known fact that the cost of production of rubber is less than that of any other product save gold. Trading conditions are such, therefore, that the Rubber Company now under consideration can make handsome profits. Let one of the Company's ships take down, for example, ten thousand dollars' worth of commodities, consisting of calicoes, flour, jewelry, beads, and factory-made clothing. This cargo of ten thousand dollars' worth of commodities can be traded for many times the amount in rubber or labor. The natives, indeed, would rather be paid in this way than in cash, as it suits them better, for of what avail is money in a region where there is nothing for the laborer to buy? The Company is establishing stores for trading purposes, and at these stores the rubber-gatherers will do their trading. Thus, while the laborer will receive a fair recompense, taking his pay in supplies purchased from the Company's stores,



RUBBER FOREST ON THE RIO CASIQUIARE

the system will afford a large profit for the Company, as no other traders can come within a competing distance. This is precisely the system that made the great Hudson Bay Trading Company the richest fur company in the world; it was just this method of trading that laid the foundation of the great Astor fortune when John Jacob Astor, the first, established himself at Astoria.

What are the other conditions that promise a great future and profit for all interested in the rubber industry? First of all, there is a market for every pound of rubber that can be brought into this country or into Europe. Rubber never has to go a-begging. A million pounds, arriving unexpectedly any day, would find immediate sale without lowering the market price. Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, with immediate prospect of further advance, and by Para rubber is meant the product that comes from the rubber forests of Venezuela as well as the rubber regions adjoining; and while Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, Central American and all other rubber brings only 50 cents. To produce this rubber it costs the Para Rubber Plantation Company less than 35 cents, so that the profit on each pound may be estimated at about 100 per cent. As already stated, the Company owns about six million trees. Each of these produces about five pounds of rubber, which would make for the entire property thirty million pounds a year—all of which facts convey some idea of the future for all who are interested in rubber, when that interest comes through a Company whose plans are on lines similar to those of the great Hudson Bay Trading Company. As for markets, even if the demand of American manufacturers should be entirely supplied at any time, the manufacturers of Europe would at once outbid each other to secure the raw material. And as for the profits on rubber, made through European channels, there is no better known instance of a fortune made than that accumulated by the King of the Belgians through his ownership of rubber forests in the Congo region in Africa.

With the foregoing outline of what the rubber industry is, and what relation the Para Rubber Plantation Company bears to the rubber industry, it is the purpose of this article to inform the readers of The Outlook that a fortune has been spent in the preliminary operations by the Company. This money has been spent in the acquiring of the property and the establishment of camps and trading posts, and it is now the purpose of the Company to sell a limited amount of its treasury stock for further exploitation. The capital stock of the Company is $5,000,000, of which only a limited amount will be sold to the public. The stock will be sold at its par value of $10.00 a share, and application will be made to list it on the exchanges.

In view of the foregoing the officers of the Company feel that they are very conservative in assuring investors that present prospects warrant their looking forward to a dividend of at least 6 per cent. from the first year's earnings, and it will be seen at a glance that the natural available resources of the Company are such that this dividend should be immediately and largely increased.

We desire to emphasize that the above calculation of a 6 per cent. dividend is based on the employment of but two thousand men, but this number can be doubled and trebled, and the Company owns sufficient territory for the employment of forty thousand laborers. Two thousand laborers net 6 per cent., and there is room for the constant employment of forty thousand. The forty thousand are available. It is unnecessary to say more. The great immediate prospective value of the stock is apparent at a glance.

The officers of the Company are:

PRESIDENT, JOHN CUDAHY, of the John Cudahy Company, Chicago.

VICE-PRESIDENT, ALLEN T. HAIGHT, President Manhattan Terrace Company of New York.

TREASURER, ELMER B. MARTIN, S. K. Martin Lumber Co., Chicago.

SECRETARY, F. M. CRAWFORD, Exchange Court Building, New York City.

For further information and prospectus, giving full particulars relative to the Company, address the Para Rubber Plantation Co., Main Office, Exchange Court Building, New York City.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 73 January 3, 1903 No. 1

A Triumph for International Arbitration

A substantial gain for the cause of international arbitration, and therefore for the world's peace and advancing civilization, is found in the agreement to submit the Venezuelan dispute to the Hague Tribunal. The willingness, one may even say eagerness, of all the parties concerned to submit the case to President Roosevelt was highly gratifying to our pride as a Nation, and was an honest tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's fairness, ability, and integrity. But of far greater importance than such considerations is the indorsement of the principle of arbitration through a permanently constituted international court. It may now reasonably be hoped that the time is at hand when disputes between nations will be submitted to the Hague Tribunal almost as a matter of course, and that its scope and power may be greatly extended. In addition to this prime reason for congratulation it may be added that there are special reasons why arbitration by this country alone was not desirable in this case. In a sense the United States is indirectly involved in everything connected with South America, and it is better that it should not be asked to adjudicate questions relating to the right of interference by foreign nations in Venezuela for the protection of the property rights of their subjects; that it should not put itself in danger of being regarded by foreign Powers as a police force to aid in the collection of debts for them in South American countries; that it should not, by a possible adverse decision, make itself disliked in the South American countries over which, in an international sense, it must exercise some right of guardianship; and that it should not, through a judicial decision, pass upon what may be its own future action. The exact points to be adjudicated, as determined by the notes interchanged between Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Venezuela, and the United States, have not yet been announced; but it is understood that they will be included in a protocol which is now being arranged; that they will not involve in any way the Monroe Doctrine; that if Venezuela shows reasonable willingness to conciliate the Powers, and perhaps to furnish some kind of guarantee for the payment of an adverse award, the blockade now existing will be withdrawn before the investigation of the arbitrators actually begins. President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay have exerted a decisive influence in the negotiations which have led to the happy determination to refer the matter to the Hague Tribunal; and again they have deserved the praise and appreciation of the American people without regard to party. It is thought that our Minister, Mr. Bowen, may appear in the negotiations as the accredited representative of Venezuela, but not of the United States. The English papers pretty generally agree that President Roosevelt's course in declining to act as arbitrator was wise from his point of view and that of the United States, although from the English standpoint they regret it.——The week in Venezuela itself was an uneventful one when it is considered that, theoretically at least, a state of war exists. The blockade is being enforced, but apparently with mildness as regards neutral vessels. For instance, the mail steamship Caracas, plying between the United States and Venezuela, was allowed to land mail and passengers at La Guayra, although it was compelled to leave the harbor immediately thereafter. There have been no hostilities of any kind; and both President Castro and the commanders of the foreign forces now in Venezuelan waters are evidently trying to maintain quiet and avoid collision until the diplomatic negotiations are completed.

* * *

Cuban Reciprocity If the New York "Times" correctly reports Senator Burrows, of Michigan, he affords a striking illustration of the unstatesmanlike tendency in certain quarters to leave the great National and even international questions to be decided by purely local interests. After saying that in his State there are sixteen beet-sugar factories, representing a stock valuation of $12,000,000, and that the beet-growers are going on January 8 to hold a convention to decide whether a reduction of twenty per cent. on Cuban sugar will seriously injure their business, he proceeds as follows:

> In case the decision of the beet-growers shall be that the ratification would be injurious to their industry, I do not suppose any Republican who advocates the protective tariff will support the treaty. It is not to be assumed that a treaty would be ratified providing for the easier entry of certain American manufactures into Cuba at the sole expense of another industry of this country. This is not the reciprocity contemplated in the Republican National platform.

To see a Senator of the United States practically abdicating his function, which is to legislate for the whole Nation, and leaving a convention representing one industry, in which his constituents have a special interest, to determine for him how he shall act and vote in the United States Senate, is not an altogether admirable spectacle. It will seem to most readers of the press—we should think it would seem so to the beet-sugar growers of Michigan—to mark a decided deterioration from the days of Webster and Clay and Cass. General Cass was not a great man; but he would hardly have notified the public that he was waiting till a convention representing $12,000,000 worth of stock held by his constituents told him how to vote. He would have been more likely to go to the convention when it met to tell them what their interests, bound up as they are with the interests of the whole country, required.

* * *

What Cuban Reciprocity Means Cuban reciprocity means a great deal more than Senator Burrows seems to imagine. The question before the Senate is really simply this: Will the American people, having emancipated Cuba, set for themselves the task of making it an American community, with all which that implies; or will they leave Cuba a Spanish-American community to retrograde to the condition of Hayti? The real prosperity of a people depends far more upon their industry than upon their politics; and their politics is largely important for the bearing which it has upon their industry. The welfare of every man is bound up with that of his neighbor; the welfare of every community is bound up with that of its neighboring community. If we attach Cuba to us by commercial ties, if we extend our arterial system to her, so that the life-blood of commerce will flow freely back and forth between her and America, American capital will go to Cuba, Americans will migrate there, the population will increase in number and improve in quality, the same transformation will be effected there that was effected in Louisiana, and there will not be slavery to retard the process. In contrast with the provincial $12,000,000 policy of Senator Burrows, we put here the statesmanlike view of General James H. Wilson, in his address delivered last October before the Commercial Club of Chicago. We quote from it a few sentences. The whole speech is well worth careful study:

> The simple fact is that Cuba does not come to us as a beggar, but with full hands, asking us for fair exchange, which will not only enrich her, but add greatly to our own prosperity. It has been stated that of every ten dollars we enable her to make out of her products, she will for years give us nine as profit upon the goods she will take from us in exchange, and I believe that this statement is within the limits of probability.
>
> . . . .
>
> But when I consider our own commercial and political interests in Cuba, I am fully persuaded that it would pay for us to go still further, and, anticipating the annexation of Cuba, which must come in the end, give her at once absolute free entry for her natural and manufactured products into the United States, in exchange for free entry for ours into Cuba under the protection of a common tariff as against the rest of the world.
>
> . . . .
>
> This absolute freedom of inter-State trade we think of too little and value too lightly. It lies at the very foundation of our National prosperity and glory, and we owe to it much of our preponderating influence in the commercial world. If granted to Cuba by treaty or by an Act of Congress, it would do more, in

> my judgment, than any other measure which could be devised to extend our foreign trade, and not only to enrich and make Cuba prosperous and happy, but to fill her up with Americans, and thus hasten her preparation for incorporation into the Great Republic.

What statesmanship calls for is a treaty with Cuba by which she would leave America to determine all her foreign relations, including her tariff system, and America would take down all tariff barriers between her and America. Whether political annexation is ever to come, it will be time enough to consider by and by. Commercial annexation might well be perfected to-day. True statesmanship would endeavor to make Cuba at once American, in her industry, her schools, her liberties. No real or imagined interests represented by $12,000,000, or any other amount, should be permitted to stand in the way of such a consummation.

* * *

The Police in New York

The organization and administration of the police in New York City is a matter of more than local interest, because it ought to furnish an object-lesson to other cities. For this reason the report of the special Commission, consisting of ex-District Attorney Philbin, Colonel Partridge, and General A. D. Andrews, made to Mayor Low last week, recommending certain elements in a reorganization of the police, deserves general consideration, and those who have to do with police organization in other municipalities would do well to secure this report in full and give it careful reading. The Commission—Commissioner Partridge dissenting—recommends the establishment of the three-platoon system—that is, as we understand it, the division of the police into three watches of eight hours each; a chief of the police to be placed in direct control of the force, under the title General Inspector; a single Police Commissioner, but with a term of office to be fixed at fourteen years, the Commissioner being irremovable except on charges made and proved; and, as now, the members of the police force to have the right of trial and dismissal and the right to appeal to the courts for a review of their cases after trial before the police tribunal. Most of these recommendations appear to The Outlook wise. The objections to the three-platoon system are well worthy of serious consideration, but the substitution of this for the two-platoon system is in the line of the modern movement for the reduction of hours of labor. The fact that it would require an increase in the police forces is not a serious objection. The fact that it gives longer rest and larger opportunities for the policemen in family life seems to us to outweigh the objections against it. We are doubtful about the recommendation that policemen should continue to have a right to appeal to the courts for the review of their cases when the decision of the police tribunal is against them. These appeals in the past have had the effect to reinstate on the force, on technical grounds, men who had been discharged for good and sufficient reason. This right of appeal has also the effect to weaken discipline by depriving the head of the police force of power to discharge except in cases where legal evidence admissible before courts of law can be secured. It appears to The Outlook that some modification of the methods of military tribunals in the army would be an improvement on the present system. On this subject, however, The Outlook must report that the general judgment of experts, including Mr. Philbin, the former District Attorney, and Mr. Jerome, the present District Attorney, and including also all the members of the Police Commission, sustains the proposal that justice requires a continuance of the system of appeals from police tribunals to the courts. The ground of their judgment is thus stated:

> To intrust the removal of members of the police force, without an appeal to the courts, to such police officials as we have sometimes had and may again have, would be to make it possible for a corrupt head of the department to exercise a tyranny that would create a demoralization most detrimental to public welfare. Experience has shown that the courts have only failed to sustain the Commissioner where it was manifest that serious errors had prevented the accused from having a fair trial.

* * *

The New Police Commissioner

Almost simultaneously with the report of this presentation to the Mayor comes the resignation of Commissioner Partridge, and the appointment of General Francis V. Greene in his place. General Greene will bring to the office military experience, a large knowledge of men, and familiarity with the city and its wants, and it is said that he made the condition of his acceptance a change in the law, in accordance with the recommendation of the Police Commission, fixing his term of office at fourteen years and making him irremovable except on charges. We shall look with interest to see whether he is able to overcome the serious defects in the police administration of New York City, without greater power of discipline than the Police Commissioner now possesses. We shall be surprised if he is able to do so without a change in the policy of municipal administration for which the Commissioner is not primarily responsible. The enactment of laws against vice, and particularly against liquor-selling, by the general sentiment of the State, the enforcement of which would be contrary to the general sentiment in the city of New York, has led to the adoption of a policy of enforcing the law in some cases and not in others, leaving the police captains to determine when they should and when they should not enforce it. Such a policy is fatal to discipline and often to honesty, and is a prolific source of blackmail. If the laws against vice are to be enforced only when the violation of them becomes a public nuisance, the principle should be clearly enunciated by the Mayor, and the responsibility should be assumed by him. We do not believe that any Commissioner can prevent the police from being co partners with vice by sharing its profits, unless either the Legislature changes the laws against vice, so framing them as to make them possible of impartial enforcement, or the Mayor and Commissioner combine in a policy, frankly avowed, which shall clearly and intelligibly define the extent to which and the limits within which the police can be called on to enforce the present laws.

❀

Overcrowded Street-Cars

Americans have long been the greatest street-car riding people in the world, and this form of National extravagance—or economy where time and strength are money—has been greatly developed during the past few years of financial prosperity and street-railway expansion. In New York City, where business is mainly in a congested center and the new trolley lines have merely brought more distant suburbs within easy reach of this center, the result of the extraordinary growth of street-car travel has been to produce an overcrowding of cars altogether intolerable. During the holiday season the annoyance to which women were subjected stirred the whole city, and the energetic Merchants' Association and the Mayor demanded of the street-railway companies a series of reforms by which the situation should be relieved. Mayor Low put the emphasis of his demands upon the surely practicable expedient of running as many cars throughout the day as are run during the "rush hours," and with this demand for the public he coupled the demand that the motormen on the trolleys should be protected by vestibules. When horses were used, he pointed out, the companies had an excuse for not vestibuling the front platforms, but with the substitution of electric power the vestibules can no longer be in the way. The Merchants' Association added to these demands a very sharp one calling for "accommodation for every passenger, or the enforcement of a 'no seat, no fare'" ordinance. With the spirit which prompted this last demand we are in the fullest sympathy, but the demand itself is extreme. Passengers insist upon crowding on cars when there is nothing but standing room and hardly that, and it is not fair—even if it is constitutional—to require the roads to carry them without pay. If anything is to be done along this line, it is much more feasible to adopt the suggestion of Mr. M. N. Forney's recent pamphlet on "The Overcrowding of Cars,'' demanding ordinances establishing the principle "no seat, half fare." Such an ordinance would be essentially fair, and although it would require elevated roads to provide conductors to give back half-fare slips to standing passengers, it would also speedily impel them to increase the number or size of their cars. Certainly the constitutionality of such an ordinance is not open to attack, as the company would have a greater profit from carrying crowded standing passengers at half fare than from carrying comfortably seated ones at full fare. The principle laid down by the Supreme Court of Iowa, and cited by Mr. Forney, fully covers ordinances of this description. It reads as follows:

> The court cannot undertake to guarantee the company any fixed or certain returns upon its investment. The exercise of such a power would work an utter destruction of the legislative right to regulate rates of water companies and other corporations operating works of public utility. We think the decisions have already gone to the verge of safety in nullifying legislative acts of this character; and to go farther and say that the courts will not only preserve property from confiscation and destruction by legislative power, but will also assure to its owners a definite and fixed rate of profit upon their investment, would be an act of judicial usurpation.

❀

Exorbitant Coal Prices

An aspect of the coal question that deserves immediate attention is that of price. The rich man's present annoyance and difficulty are as to obtaining coal at any price, while the wants of the very poor man have, to a considerable extent at least, been met by provision for the sale of coal in pails at a price not much higher than ordinarily prevails for this kind of trade. But there are a vast number of people who are unwilling to purchase their coal supply by the pailful, to whom, nevertheless, the increase from a fair to an exorbitant price is a very serious burden. It is understood that the operators and wholesale dealers are selling coal at not over $5.50 per ton for domestic purposes; but in New York the retail prices still reach $8 and even $12. Is there no remedy for this? Have the operators no public duty in the matter? It may be said that the retail dealers have a right to a larger profit than usual on account of their losses during the summer, and the cost and trouble of selling coal one ton at a time instead of the larger usual quantities; but, allowing for this, the margin of profit still remains not only large, but, in the opinion of many, extortionate. It is believed by those who understand the trade that the retail dealers depend upon the operators, and that in ordinary times the retail prices are largely governed by the operators' wishes. Now, it will be remembered that the operators have made certain public promises. In one interview Mr. Baer is reported to have said: "There will be plenty of winter coal here *at a fair price*." On October 23 last Mr. Baer, in a letter to the general manager of his company, said: "Where dealers seek to obtain an unfair profit from the public, you will promptly take steps to supply the reasonable demands of the public *directly*;" and still later it was generally announced by the press that the coal operators would open agencies in New York, if it were necessary, to bring the price of coal down to $6.50 per ton. It is not necessary to maintain that Government has a right to regulate prices in order to show that when an article of universal need is sold at exorbitant profit—running in this instance from $3 to $6 per ton—the rights of the people to secure the necessities of existence at living prices must be upheld in some manner.

❀

The Duty on Coal

One way of upholding the people's coal rights is to remove the duty. A correspondent in western Connecticut informs us that, "inspired by The Outlook's editorial [in the issue for December 20] on the duty of Congress and the duty on coal, citizens are circulating this petition in this and several other Connecticut towns:

> "To the National Congress: We, undersigned citizens and voters, in view of the widespread want for coal in our homes, our factories, our schools, and our churches, and in view of the continued high prices of what little coal there is to be had, demand of Congress an immediate suspension of all duties on all coals from outside of our National boundaries, for a period of not less than six months. And that Congress shall do all in its power not only to make the importation of coal free, but also to encourage by all possible means its immediate importation to meet the serious needs of the people. We call upon our local member of Congress to present this petition immediately to the assembled Congress."

He adds: "Men of every class are signing with intense interest and the strongest determination that something shall be done. The signers are merchants, manufacturers, factory hands, professional men, and farmers. I have never seen anything of the kind taken hold of with such unanimity and intensity. The very politicians whom I thought might hesitate, for supposed prudential partisan reasons, have thrown all such feeling to the winds. A man whom I most expected to hesitate exclaimed: 'What! sign to suspend the duty on coal for six months? I would be glad to sign to remove such duty forever!'" The form of petition which our correspondent sent us is a convenient one, and we hope that other communities will adopt the method which he describes of bringing the sentiments of the voters directly to the attention of Congress. It is well to write personally to individual Representatives and Senators, but it must be remembered that many citizens will sign a petition who will not venture to take the responsibility, or who cannot take the time, to write a personal letter. We have as yet to see a single sound objection made to the proposal that American citizens should be relieved, at least temporarily, of the illogical and—at the present moment—insufferable burden of being taxed for exercising their right to protect themselves against cold and disease.

The Child Labor Conflict at the South

One more Southern State seems to have responded to the appeal for legislation restricting the employment of children in factories. In Virginia the House of Delegates has passed an act prohibiting factory labor for children under twelve, and regulating the labor of those between twelve and fourteen. The Senate is likely to concur, and the influence of Virginia be put on the side of those who have so long been struggling for a similar law in Alabama and hope to see the fruits of their labors when their Legislature meets next month. Unfortunately, however, another Southern State nearer than Virginia has kept its influence on the wrong side—the Georgia Legislature having adjourned for four years without enacting the moderate child labor law demanded. As Alabama also now has a Constitution providing for legislative sessions only once in four years, the corporate influences opposed to restriction are likely to take courage from their success in Georgia and fight desperately in Alabama also against any restrictive measure, knowing that the defeat of the reform this year gives them four years more of license, and puts upon the reformers the necessity of keeping up an agitation during a long period when public attention is hard to arouse because no legislative action is possible. This obvious effect of infrequent sessions of the Legislature ought to be considered in the Northern States which are considering the proposed abandonment of annual sessions. Fortunately, we have no reason to fear that the Alabama reformers will abandon their agitation even if they are defeated this year. A recent letter from one of them says:

> I have just returned from a mill where the employees, children and all, are worked for thirteen hours a day—from 5:30 in the morning to 6:30 at night, with but twenty minutes for dinner. The same mill, when it is rushed, works its hands from three to four nights in succession until 9:30 and sometimes 10 o'clock.

Such exploitation as this of the physical strength of half-grown children, such deprivation of the pleasures of childhood and of the mental equipment needed for maturer years, are sure to touch the hearts of all who have no pecuniary interests in maintaining the false system, and the supporters of the reform know that they have only to continue their work to succeed. Our correspondent believes that the cause will also appeal to the consciences of those who are financially interested in maintaining the present system, and asks us, so far as we are able, to appeal to the New England stockholders in Southern mills to use their influence with their corporations on the side of humanity. "If," he writes, "the Northern men who are involved in these Southern enterprises will get squarely and explicitly on the side of legislation, every State in the South can have a child-labor law before the first of March."

Damages Awarded Against a Trade-Union

The consternation created in trade-union circles last year, when the House of Lords decided in the Taff Vale Railway case that a trade-union could be made a party to a suit, was increased last week when the jury, in a damage suit brought by the same railroad, awarded the company damages to the amount of $135,000 against the union to which its striking employees belonged—the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. Until the decision of the House of Lords last year, the historians of labor legislation in Great Britain had uniformly laid it down as a fundamental principle that a trade-union could neither sue nor be sued. In fact, Parliament had so carefully avoided any enactment compromising this principle that it was generally supposed to have adopted it in its full vigor.

In the case brought before the Law Lords it was only the right of a court to enjoin a union from a certain form of picketing that was directly involved, but the decision that the union as an association could be made the party to a suit carried with it the doctrine that the funds of such an association were liable to attachment in any damage suit that might be brought. In the case decided last week this doctrine was applied. The Amalgamated Society and its officials, including Richard Bell, M.P., have been found guilty of maintaining a system of picketing and terrorism to bring about a strike and prevent the employment of non-union men, and are held responsible for all damages resulting to the railroad from these actions. These damages, as before stated, are reckoned at 27,000 pounds sterling. In England the situation is likely to call for Parliamentary action defining more precisely just what forms of picketing a union may employ, and just what acts of individual unionists may be laid at the door of the organization. The English unions have always found Parliament much more friendly to them than the courts, and they naturally expect to do so again, but it does not seem likely to American observers that Parliament will give new sanction to the old doctrine that a union cannot be held legally responsible for its official acts. Certainly in New York State, under the code of civil procedure, "unincorporated associations consisting of more than seven members"—which have been held to include unincorporated trades-unions—can be sued through actions brought against their presidents and treasurers, and the property of the association bound by the judgments given. The general principle that there can be no power without responsibility is one to which no exception can be made in favor of the labor union.

❀

A Hard Winter in Europe

In sharp contrast with the commercial prosperity here are the hard times now reported in the principal countries in Europe. In England the disbanding of the troops who served in South Africa has most seriously disturbed the labor market. Since the war came to an end 110,000 soldiers have been brought back. All these men have been thrown upon the labor market since August. Simultaneously there came slack times and lower wages in the great industrial centers of England and Scotland, especially in the engineering and ship-building trades. The various Government factories have also been dismissing men in large numbers since the peace, and as trade generally is showing some decline, the outlook for the industrial population is more gloomy this winter than it has been at any time since 1892–3. At that time the municipalities, at the instigation of the Government, found work for many of the unemployed, and it now seems probable that public works will have to be started to help the growing army of the unemployed over the present winter. While the war was on, it was expected in England that a large number of soldiers would settle in South Africa when peace was declared. The War Office took measures to facilitate such settlements. But the vast majority of the men whose periods of service ended with the war preferred to return and take their chances in the labor market at home. From July to September last there was a considerable working-class emigration to South Africa. There are, however, comparatively few opportunities for an industrial population in South Africa, and many of the men who went out from England are back again and are adding to the congestion of the labor market at home. Many more are stranded in the coast cities of South Africa, and in Cape Town the Government has had to take measures for the relief of these men. In Germany even darker conditions are depicted in the labor reports, though in that country the situation is neither complicated nor explained by returning troops. According to the quarterly bulletin of the New York Department of Labor—the best publication of its kind in the country—it was simply the "speculation and overproduction in certain industries" which produced the crisis. Significantly, this speculation and relative overproduction were most marked in the industries controlled by the great syndicates or trusts, which proved no better able than competing concerns to reckon the future market for their products. In Austria, according to a recent despatch from Vienna, there are "in the iron trade alone one hundred and forty thousand men without employment. Many factories are closed or are running half-time. The authorities fear an epidemic of typhus and far-reaching famine." The Austrian despatch goes on to state that the industrial situation there is causing an enormous emigration to the United States, and our immigration reports here confirm this conclusion. Immigrants to the port of New York are more numerous than ever before, and the height of the tide is the measure not only of prosperity here but of relative adversity abroad. Even from the most selfish standpoint, the hard times abroad are matters for concern here. The army of unemployed there means decreased consumption of American goods, and lower wages there means cheaper production of manufactures to displace American products in the newly gained markets. The industrial world is one body, and a severe injury to one member has in time a weakening effect upon all.

❀

The Woman Question in Germany

Facts are increasing to show that in official circles in Germany a reaction has set in against further concessions in the woman question. In the Fatherland this problem is confined almost entirely to the departments of higher education and public service, and only to a very limited degree has it also a political aspect. Remarkable progress had been made, especially in the attendance of women at the universities. Here the high-water mark of 1,262 was reached one year ago, and even last spring a total of 1,029 was reported. Now only 737 women are enrolled in the twenty-one universities of the country, and the probabilities are that there will be a further decrease, as the authorities in a number of cases have assumed a hostile attitude toward the agitation. Notably is this the case in Berlin, where the conditions for admittance have been made more stringent, with the result that the enrollment decreased from 622 to 370 in a single semester. Still more significant is the fact that the University Senate, in response to a petition to admit women to university privileges on exactly the same footing as the men, has promptly refused to do this. This means that not only in Berlin women will not be matriculated, and can attend lectures only as "hearers" by special permission, but that probably the majority of these institutions throughout the country will follow the example of the leading Prussian school. As matters now stand, only the Duchy of Baden, with its two territorial universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg, will permit women to matriculate and take a degree with exactly the same conditions that obtain in the case of men. In all of the other universities women cannot become full-fledged students, and can be admitted to examinations only as a special favor. Baden has in general exhibited a marked degree of liberality in extending the privileges of its high schools to women, not only admitting them to its universities, but also to the regular gymnasium or secondary schools at Pforzheim and elsewhere, and even establishing regular colleges for girls, *e. g.* at Carlsruhe, leading up to the universities. In this latter respect it has been timidly followed by Oldenburg and one or two other smaller States of the German Empire; but as yet nearly all of the girls' colleges in Germany corresponding to the regular classical gymnasium and the scientific Oberrealschule for boys, of which colleges the best are found in Berlin, Leipzig, Breslau, and Hanover, are the work of private enterprise. As long as the all-powerful State of Prussia shows so little inclination to make real concessions to the movement, but little permanent and tangible gains can be expected. And in Prussia the reaction is seemingly stronger than elsewhere. In Koenigsberg new restrictions were enacted that virtually exclude women from the medical department, and this example has been followed by Halle and Saxon Leipzig. It is rather remarkable that even where women can matriculate they make little use of this privilege. In Heidelberg, out of 70 women students only 16 are matriculated, and in Freiburg out of 43 only 18. A woman contingent is found at all of the German universities except the three smaller institutions at Greifswald, Münster, and Rostock, the attendance at the others ranging from 370 in Berlin to 2 in Tübingen. This same reactionary tendency appears also in the official decree of the German Imperial Government directing that henceforth special care shall be taken not to employ weak women in the post-office and telephone departments, nor in the public schools, the statistics of recent years having shown that the physical condition of women only in exceptional cases permitted them to do their full duty in these callings, a fact probably explained by the rigorous demands made by the German Government on all of its officials.

❀

The Customs Union and South Africa

The conference on the Customs Union to be held early in the new year will be the first occasion on which there will be a meeting of representatives of the old and new British colonies in South Africa. Cape Colony, Natal, and the Free State were in a Customs Union before the war. The Transvaal had stood outside the Union, and had a tariff with many high duties which pressed heavily on the mining companies and on the commercial and industrial population of Johannesburg and the Rand. From May, 1900, all the Transvaal laws have been in force; although during this time the country has been under British rule. In October, however, the old tariff was revised and many changes made by proclamation issued by Lord Milner. Reductions were made in nearly every instance by these changes, for the revision was undertaken with the object of reducing the inordinately high cost of food supplies and of building materials imported from oversea. Everything except brick and stone which goes into a building in Johannesburg has to be imported from England, Germany, or America. Some idea of what this entails may be realized from a single instance. A barrel of cement which costs five shillings on the dock in London sells for thirty-eight or forty shillings on the Rand. The high price of food and the enormous cost of building material have formed one of the most pressing local questions confronting the High Commissioner since in July last people began to return to Johannesburg. It was to ease these conditions that the Transvaal tariff was revised in October. As it stands it is only a provisional tariff, and it will not be made permanent until after the approaching conference, at which all five colonies—Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Rhodesia—will be represented. Under the existing Customs Union the general rate of duties averages seven and a half per cent. None of the South African colonies has any other productive industry than mining. There is no protection to any industrial interests in the existing tariff; but the Dutch farmers of Cape Colony have adequate protection for home-grown produce, and they have also preferential rates on the railroads, which add considerably to the protection afforded colonial agriculture. In spite of this protection to agriculture, neither Cape Colony nor Natal raises sufficient produce to supply its own needs. In the cities of the older colonies there is a strong feeling that duties on foodstuffs should be reduced, and that any deficit due to these reductions should be made good by excise taxes, of which there are none at present. The Transvaal representatives will go into the conference to obtain lower duties on all foodstuffs, but they will meet with much opposition from the Dutch element in Cape Colony, which has always stood out for protection for home-grown produce. For a generation past the Dutch have dictated the tariff policy of Cape Colony, and, owing to the weight of Dutch influence, Cape Colony is likely to be the most difficult colony to deal with in the Customs Union Conference.

❀

Religious Conditions in the Sudan

For some years the statement has been repeatedly made and as often denied that Lord Kitchener, after destroying the power of the Mahdi and assuming the administration of the Sudan, issued a decree prohibiting Christian missionary work among the Mohammedans in the dependencies confided to his charge; and that this action was later confirmed by Lord Cromer, British Plenipotentiary in Egypt, who, on his first visit to Khartûm, took occasion to assure the Sudanese Sheiks that there would be no interference with their Muslim faith and religious customs. It has been questioned whether this pledge, if given at all by these proconsuls, has been maintained during the four years which have since elapsed, and whether, as regards a Christian propaganda among the Mohammedans in the Sudan, the country still remains completely barred to the agents of the various missionary societies of Europe and America. The societies which had long since established stations in that part of Africa were forced to abandon them twenty years ago by the Dervish insurrection; it has been understood that since then none of them have been allowed to resume operations, a rule operating with equal impartiality against Protestant and Roman Catholic missions. Rumor has it, however, that an exception to this rule has been made in favor of the Copts, and that the latter are now endeavoring to Christianize the Sudanese; but that the Copts receive no direct encouragement from the British Government, which simply tolerates their presence. In view of the lack of exact information on the subject, The Outlook takes great satisfaction in printing the following official statement from the British Government, which it has just received in answer to a request for information. In a letter to The Outlook Sir Reginald Wingate, Governor-General of the Sudan, says: "There was no decree issued by Lord Kitchener prohibiting Christian missionary enterprise in the Sudan, but he made it a rule not to allow Christian missionaries to work among the Mohammedan population, though he offered no objection to their working among the pagan population. This rule is still observed, and there are Christian missionaries now at work *south of Fashoda*. No distinctive treatment is made between Catholics and Protestants. The Copts exist in considerable numbers in the Sudan, especially in Khartûm; they have their own clergy, but do not proselytize. In this respect they do not receive treatment different to that accorded to members of any other religion." It should be added that this letter is received through the Marquis of Lansdowne, British Foreign Secretary, and thus receives additional official sanction.

The American School at Athens

As the twentieth report of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens has just been published, the present seems a fitting time for a survey of the history of the School. It certainly is a fitting time to call attention to its opportunities not only for those who desire to become specialists in archæology, but also for those who wish to become better students and teachers of classical philology. When the School was founded, says Professor Seymour, of Yale (Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School, 1887–1901), the linguistic study of Greek was more fashionable than it is at present, and no one doubted that some of the students would be interested in the study of modern Greek in its relation to the ancient language. Strange to say, however, none of the 127 American students has as yet chosen this field of research, although the characteristics of the popular language are gradually fading before the efforts of the public schools to further the use of the literary language. In archæology the School has proved its usefulness: last year, for instance, more American scholars were in Greece for archæological study and research in connection with the School than visited Greece for a stay of more than two months during all the years of the nineteenth century before the School was established. It should be reaffirmed, says Professor Seymour, that the School does not aim solely, nor perhaps mainly, at training specialists in archæology; it desires also, and perhaps chiefly, to encourage on the part of classical scholars archæological study which will throw light upon their classical studies and give life to their teaching and interpretation of literature. A review of the two decades of work recalls many distinguished names in scholarship, among others, of Professors Baird, Goodwin, Allen, Packard, White (the present President of the Archæological Institute which founded the School), Merriam, Waldstein, J. R. Wheeler (Chairman of the Managing Committee), B. I. Wheeler, Tarbell, and Richardson, the present Director of the School. The Outlook has already called attention to the valuable excavations conducted by our School. These have not only added to the world's sum of archæological knowledge, but have given to the School a prestige not otherwise obtained. The expenditures for these excavations have been about $16,000. For the new home of the School the Greek Government gave the building site; it immediately adjoins the ground of the British school. The American School needs a larger income than it has at present; it should have a permanent endowment of at least $150,000, with an additional income of $100 per year from each of thirty American colleges and universities.

❀

A Council of Jewish Women

The organization known as the Council of Jewish Women originated in Chicago in 1893. The Congress of Jewish Women held as a part of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Columbian Exposition proved such an inspiration to the Mothers in Israel, who never in all the centuries of Judaism had been as a distinctly religious body "in congress assembled," that it was determined at the final session to organize permanently as a national body. But, two sections having since been organized in Canada, the term national was necessarily dropped from the title. The chief objects of the association are the bringing about of closer relations among Jewish women, with a view to the united study of Hebrew history, literature, affairs, and conditions, and for the work of social reform and philanthropy. Two triennial meetings have been held since 1893—one in New York, in November, 1896; the other in Cleveland, in March, 1900; the third, which took place in Baltimore early in December, was no less important and interesting than the others. The sessions were very largely attended; those in the morning and afternoon being chiefly restricted to delegates and reserved for the transaction of business and reports of the actual work of the Council, while the evening sessions held in the large auditorium were open to the public, and were addressed by prominent men and women, specialists in those matters in which the organization is interested, but not all of Hebrew birth. Among the speakers was Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, on "The New Social Spirit," which is, she says, preventive rather than curative. Social hygiene rather than social medicine is needed by the body politic; we reform by eliminating causes. A particularly interesting discussion followed the presentation of the report of the Committee on Religion. The works of Heine and Disraeli had been studied by some sections, while a certain rabbi had lectured to his people on the life of Jesus of Nazareth, with the view that they should be "informed, and not misinformed," regarding it. The query whether these were properly the subjects of investigation by the organization as such was freely argued, and the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Rosenau and other rabbis who chanced to be present was asked. One of these was of the mind that what was most needed was the strengthening of the emotional side of feminine religion. No positive conclusion was reached on this important subject; but the balance of opinion seems to have been against the study of the life and work of "apostates" from Judaism. This, however, is a considerable advance from former standpoints of Hebrew orthodoxy.

❀

Trained Nurses at Public Schools

Thanks to the vigilant public spirit of the Nurses' Settlement, an unusually promising innovation has just been made in New York City's system of caring for the health of public-school children. For some time past the schools have been visited periodically by physicians, who examine the children and send home those not well enough to be in school or who show signs of disorders likely to be epidemic. Under the present efficient head of the Board of Health, Dr. Lederle, this system has been enforced so scrupulously that, while the health of the schools has been materially improved, the attendance in many of the poorer districts has been materially diminished. Children, for example, who had sore eyes have been sent away and told to return when their eyes were well, but have had such inefficient treatment at home that when they returned their eyes were still affected, and they had to be sent away again. In this way many fell behind their classes and dropped out altogether. Thus a serious condition confronted the Board of Education, and it almost seemed as if the interests of education were in conflict with the interests of health. At this juncture Miss Lillian D. Wald, the head of the Nurses' Settlement, suggested to President Burlingham, of the Board of Education, and Dr. Lederle, of the Health Board, that two trained nurses should be assigned to school buildings in the neglected districts, and should treat in the schools all minor disorders, and visit the homes of children requiring more serious attention to instruct their mothers as to what should be done for them—how, for instance, boracic acid should be put on sore eyes, and simple remedies administered for colds and other troubles. The plan was warmly welcomed, and Miss Wald's associates who volunteered for the work took hold of it with enthusiasm. The results even exceeded the high expectations at once aroused, and in a few weeks nearly all the children who were out of school on account of various disorders were back again in their places. Furthermore, it was shown that one nurse who took hold of this work sympathetically and not perfunctorily could, under normal conditions, look after the children in three or four great buildings, teaching the foreign-born mothers to do most of the work without the expense of calling in physicians. The plan has worked so well that the educational authorities have decided to engage nearly a dozen trained nurses to look after some forty buildings, and the innovation promises soon to become an institution.

❀

The Triumph of Wireless Telegraphy

December 21, 1902, will be a memorable date in the history of transoceanic telegraphy. On that day formal inauguratory and congratulatory messages were exchanged through the Marconi wireless telegraphy system between Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and the Poldhu station at Cornwall, Great Britain. The Governor-General of Canada sent a message to King Edward; a similar message was transmitted to the King of Italy; and one or more press despatches were also successfully passed over the ocean without the intervention of cable or wire. It is stated that in a very short time the line will be in operation for commercial purposes, and a low rate is thought to be possible because of the comparative cheapness of the actual operating expenses after a wireless system has been installed. It need not, however, be supposed that the day of the cable is over; as a rule, great inventions have found for themselves new uses and have supplemented rather than supplanted former inventions. It remains to be seen, also, exactly how far the new system may be depended upon for continuous and unbroken working, and for freedom from possible interruption. The Outlook has already described Mr. Marconi's inventions, which, in the main, are of skillfully devised practical adaptations of principles already recognized. These adaptations and his immensely ingenious apparatus for making the wireless system effective will deservedly place Marconi's name among those of the greatest inventors of our century.

❀

The Mask of the Years

The sunlight has marked the hours for centuries on old dials in English gardens, but there remains no record of their number or their beginning. In the heart of the earth there are ancient memories which have been deciphered; and men have kept, for a part of their life in the world, a register of their thoughts and deeds. But no one knows when time began, nor does any one foresee its ending. So accustomed are we to its divisions and subdivisions that we forget that it has no real existence outside our own minds. It is a universal convention, but it is only a convention; something agreed upon and accepted for convenience; an accommodation to our limited vision and knowledge. So long has this convention been established and so universal is its acceptance that we have fallen into the habit of setting it in antithesis with eternity; forgetting that it is only a very imperfect attempt to bring eternity within the range of our experience and to make it, if not comprehensible, at least usable. Time is one way of reckoning the bit of eternity which our earth or our race remembers. There is nothing outside ourselves which corresponds to it; it is a convenient and necessary fiction; eternity is the only reality.

The time-sense is of importance because it helps us to give our lives order and to keep us in working relations with our fellows; but it is the sense of eternity which makes deep thinking and noble living possible. Time is a little section of the great whole which is eternity; it is a detail in a great plan; to live as if it were all of life, to see things as if their time-relations expressed their real significance, to value our opportunities and tasks and burdens as if they were related to the years which we number, is to put a part in place of the whole and to miss the meaning and glory of living. It has been said of Dante that he saw life under the aspect of eternity. When he looked at the seed, the tree stood before him ; when he saw the sowing, he saw in the same vision the harvesting ; in every act he discerned a cause whose effect was present, in every deed he foresaw the fruitage in power or in misery. He did not look ahead ; he simply looked into the heart of things ; he saw things through the sense of eternity. The greatness and the terror of "The Divine Comedy" lies in the fact that it destroys the fiction of time and makes us suddenly aware that on this very to-day, the hours of which are registered on dials in sunny gardens, we are in eternity.

In so far as art is noble and significant it annihilates the sense of time and brings us face to face with the beauty and the terror of eternity. The Sistine Madonna sets the mother in the light of eternity, and all heads are uncovered and all voices are hushed in the sudden discernment of the meaning of motherhood in that language of the spirit which is the speech of eternity, when all disguises are torn away and the divinity of true living is revealed. The "Last Judgment" fills us with awe, not because it is a picture of a great event to come in some distant age, but because it makes us aware that we are sifted, tried, and judged hour by hour, and that the great artist has dramatized in a moment of time the eternal process. There are portrait-painters who have such power of divination, of penetrating the mask of the countenance to the character, that their canvases are revelations of the eternal elements in the nature of the man or woman behind the touches and moldings of time. Whenever the soul comes into view, the man is seen under the aspect of eternity. It is one of the highest services of art that it shows life under the aspects of eternity ; the fiction of time dissolves under the searching glance of the great artist or thinker. Shakespeare's genius lies in the unique power with which he gives us the feature of the time and the hidden soul which is eternal behind it ; the graphic dramatic force with which he delineates the deed, the masterful insight with which he relates it to the man and his fortunes.

In this double power the Bible is unique among the books of the world. Concrete, pictorial, historic, it flashes light at every turn on the ultimate results and conditions ; picturing with marvelous vividness the sowing of the seed, it instantly discloses the harvest. In this lies its pervading, prophetic quality ; its steady discernment of the things that are to come because at every stage it lays bare the hidden process which, in the eye of the prophet, is accomplished as soon as it is set in motion. So the Christ moves to his martyrdom with such certainty that long before the star shines over Bethlehem the agony of the cross is announced.

The years come out of the great silence in unbroken succession because we need their divisions in our endeavor to realize, in daily experience, the continuity of eternity. They give us something to grasp and use ; but they must not confuse or blind us to the truth that the life we now live is eternal, and that while we number our years and distinguish them one from another, we are already in eternity. To-morrow is already in to-day ; the distant future is part of this swiftly departing present. What we think and do in this brief instant we are and shall be in the far-off cycles to which we move. Our deeds are not of the day ; they are of eternity. Below all the shiftings and changes, the moods and emotions, the depressions and exaltations, something indestructible is shaping itself as surely as below the bareness and icy bondage of winter a vast life is organizing itself.

Our sorrows are registered by the days, but if the root of submission and faith is in them they are as certainly overpast as if already the shadows were gone and the heavens were soft and gracious over our heads. So far as the righteous are able to look through the mask of the years, light is not only sown for them ; it already floods the skies. So far as the high purpose is deep-rooted and loyally held, nobility and strength and freedom are already achieved. So far as love is pure, unselfish, and sacrificial, it is already safe against the ravages of death. Life is not yet at the flood, but it is ours as truly as

75440

if we were in full possession of its unbounded resources; the perfect stature is yet afar off, but if the law of growth is working in us, it is already ours as surely as if we had completely attained. The sorrows which the years bring the years take away; they are of the time and the place, and we are not the slaves of time and place; but our joys, having their source in the soul, are indestructible. In the darkest night we know that the day is below the horizon; the shadow on the dial does not confuse us; we know that the sun is on the way. In our deepest griefs, if we look into our souls, the joy of eternal possession already stirs; it needs but the ripening of our faith and patience to bear its perfect flower. The life of love is not counted by the years; once born in the heart, it abides forever. Sown in the furrows of time, it blooms in those immortal fields where no shadows wait to hide the sun and no chill of death checks the eternal growth.

❀

Beauty for Working People

It has taken a good while to make men understand that, as the artist is conditioned on the strength, character, and quality of the man, so the workingman as a factor in the industrial world is conditioned on the force, energy, and character of the man. In other words, working men and women are not simply hands, they are complex human beings, whose work is not a matter of routine, but is diversified by numberless differences of temperament, strength, intelligence, and character. The best investment that the country can make economically is to build up a high grade of working people—men and women, in other words, who are not machines, but who have individuality, health, vitality, conscience. Such working people are not produced under bad sanitary, physical, and moral conditions. They are not bred under the system which regards them as so many hands to be paid so much money at the end of the week. If the best is to be gotten out of them, the best must be given to them. If they are to be intelligent, they must have opportunities which will enable them to gain the intelligence. If they are to have taste, individuality, originality, they must have a chance to become skillful. If they are to have conscience and joy in their work, they must be put in the way of having joy and conscience in their lives. Society must deal, in other words, with the workingman as a man; must build up his character, his intelligence, his skill, as a man before it can get the best out of him as a worker.

It is not many decades since this truth, which has been slowly evolved out of the economic experience of the last three hundred years, began to be practically applied in the endeavor not only to make the homes of workingmen wholesome, but to make their surroundings beautiful; not only to give the factories solidity of structure and proper light and air, but also to make them attractive. When the suggestion was first made that working people needed the beauty of the world as other people need it, and that business men would do well to meet that need, the suggestion was scouted as sentimental, unbusinesslike, doctrinaire. As a matter of fact, everything that makes men more efficient is in the last degree businesslike; and the agitation for making working people's homes and factories attractive instead of ugly has steadily made progress, until the time has come when many of the foremost manufacturers in the country not only cordially recognize the principle, but are doing their best to apply it. The magazine which has the attractive title of "Home and Flowers," and is devoted "to a more beautiful American life," has been securing the opinions of a number of leading manufacturers touching the matter of making business plants attractive. More than five hundred business men in all parts of the country were addressed, and of those replying the editor of "Home and Flowers" reports that ninety-five per cent. agreed that the product of a factory or of a business of any kind is much more valuable when the factory or office is clean, attractive, and beautiful, and when the employees do their work amid surroundings which are orderly and artistic.

The President of a large cutlery manufactory, for instance, puts the whole matter in a paragraph when he says: "The more a man a man is, the more valuable he will be to any concern and the more he can do and will do to aid in its success. Since æsthetic surroundings are the constant, silent appeal to the better nature of man, that man will do better work and do it more quietly, quickly, and pleasantly in congenial surroundings than otherwise. . . . Work is many times wearisome and monotonous, and the more brightness and beauty that is thrown around the worker the better spirit he can put into his work." The President of a large manufacturing concern in Ohio writes that tasteful surroundings have made it possible for the factory which he manages to get the best men as workers; that their employees appreciate what they are trying to do in making the shops attractive, and that these employees join in any effort to take care of the place and prevent abuse of its privileges. A large manufacturer in Pennsylvania writes: "If you could induce new factories to provide for a garden or small park in connection with their plant, with a summer pavilion where workmen could eat their noon lunch and rest, it would be a fine thing for humanity." From a well-known printer in the same State comes this business creed: "I believe there is a very great business value in having æsthetic surroundings to a business plant. This value is inward and outward both, and, if properly backed up, means better and more business." A prominent manufacturer in Illinois is sure that "there is always more gain in having attractive surroundings than would be lost by the cost of repairing and maintaining proper conditions." A firm of representative manufacturers in Connecticut, who have long been notable for their care for their operatives, declare that they make their mills as clean and attractive as possible, but have very little faith in supplying decorative art to workshops. An Ohio manufacturer does "not believe in spending much time on flower gardens or surroundings," but freely recognizes the good result of "feeding and broadening the intellect, which will mold the surroundings of the workmen"—which is precisely the service that gardens and proper surroundings render.

A very pleasant picture is suggested by a Tennessee manufacturer, who writes:

> Our mills are covered with ampelopsis and a courtyard walls with the same vines, in the center of which is a fountain surrounded with a twenty-foot bed of caladiums. These, together with several beds of cannas planked about the yards, make our surroundings attractive in the summer-time. It proves a pleasure to our workpeople and to ourselves.

It has taken a long time to convince some business men that there is any profit to be gotten out of beauty; but, on the other hand, there are a great many business men who take a broad enough view of their interests and who have a sufficient knowledge of conditions elsewhere to know that beauty, to put it on the lowest possible basis, is an extremely marketable quality, and that as an investment it often pays a very high per cent. of profit. The consensus of opinion secured by the editor of "Home and Flowers" is encouraging as showing the broadening view of business by able men of affairs, the clearer discernment of the great truth that in order to get the best work out of a man you must first develop the best possible man.

⁂

Why Not?

If any reader of this paragraph failed to read Miss Miner's article on "American Barbarism and Chinese Hospitality" in last week's issue, we hope he will turn back to it and read it now. Whoever is responsible for such an injustice as she describes, the American people will be responsible if they allow it to be repeated in the future. The Outlook believes in a Chinese exclusion law. It believes that we have a right to put such limitations upon immigration as may be required by a due consideration for our own National welfare. But these considerations do not require a law which excludes Chinese students from coming to America to acquire an education to fit them to return and work to promote a higher civilization in China and so secure more cordial relations between China and the United States. It would be a perfectly simple thing to prevent the law from operating to bring about such an exclusion, which it is not the intent of the law to bring about. It would only be necessary to add to the law a clause something like the following:

> But the Collector of the Port (or the Secretary of the Treasury) may in his discretion, on

application indorsed by two or more American citizens, admit a Chinese immigrant, on satisfactory evidence that he is not a laborer and that the irregularity or imperfection of his certificate is due to no fault of his.

An inflexible law, allowing no discretion in the administration, is not workable. Some discretion in its application should be lodged somewhere in a Federal official. The evils of allowing such discretion would be inconsiderable. The evils of not allowing it are very serious. It is quite plain to all observers that the future commercial prosperity of this country is very closely bound up with the development of American trade with China; and if we are to increase our trade with her, it must be by cultivating the good will of her leading citizens. To treat representatives of her cultured class as the two young men were treated whose story Miss Miner told last week is to undo the work done by Secretary Hay's splendid diplomacy. The inhabitants on the Pacific coast are interested in developing commercial relations between the United States and China; the commercial future of that coast depends upon their success in establishing such relations. They ought to take this matter up, and not rest until such a change is made in the exclusion law as will render impossible insult and injury to representative friends of America among Chinese leaders of public opinion.

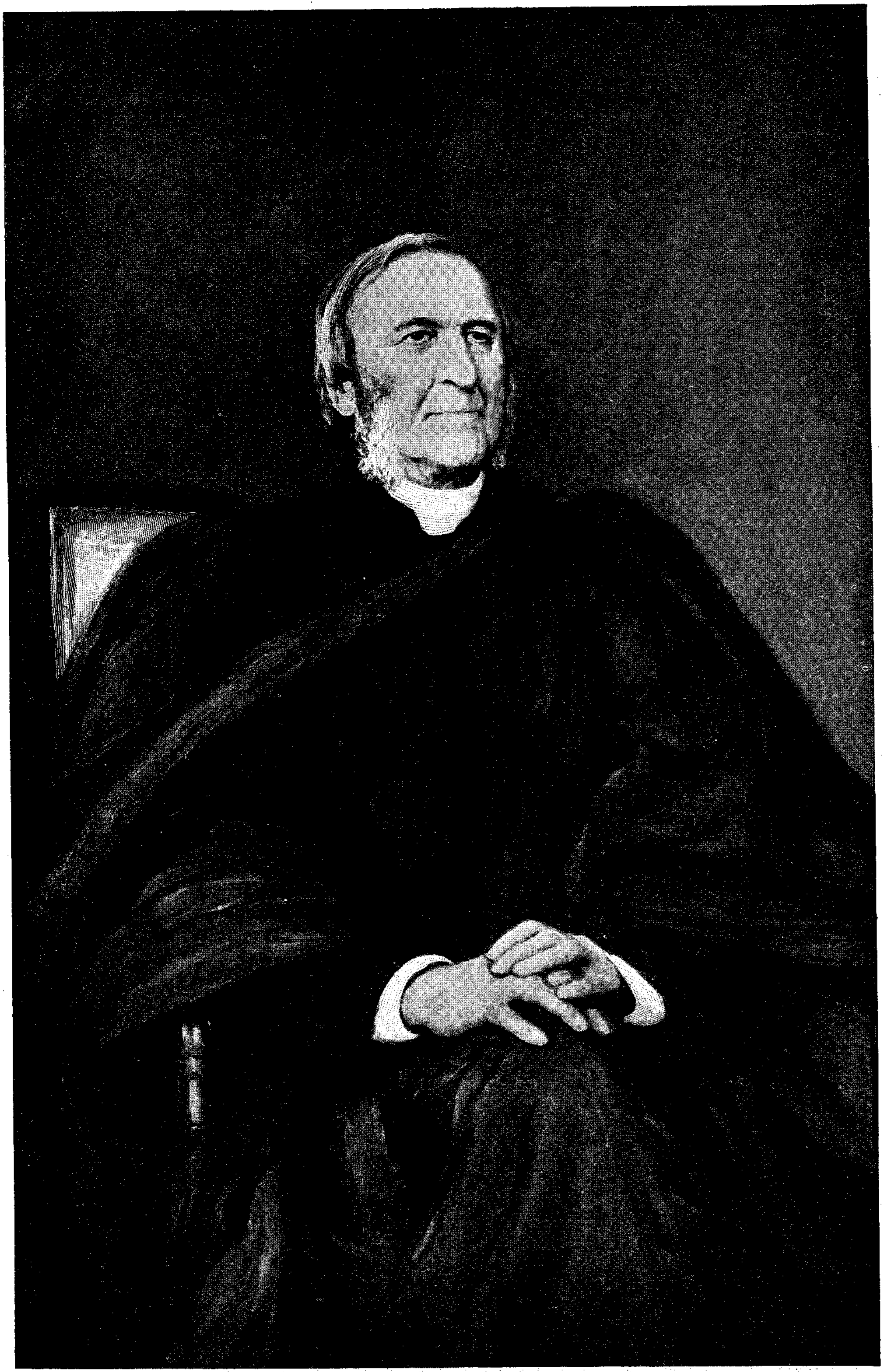
❀

The Archbishop of Canterbury

It is a good many decades since the dingy palace which Wolsey built across the Thames has housed a man of more typical English temper, of greater courage, and of more force than Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died at Lambeth Palace last week. Among the many forceful and interesting personalities who have crowded English public life during the last half of the last century, Dr. Temple held a foremost position. He was not a great scholar in the sense in which Dr. Creighton, late Bishop of London, was a scholar; he was not a great theological writer; he was not a great preacher, either of the popular type like Canon Gore, or of what has been called the Cathedral type, like Canon Liddon; he had not the winning personal qualities of his predecessor, Dr. Benson; but in force of character, energy of mind, and the courage of opinion, Dr. Temple rose, if not into the ranks of great men, certainly into the ranks of those Archbishops who have enriched the tradition of intellectual leadership in Lambeth Palace.

Born on one of the Ionian Islands in 1821, the son of a Governor of Sierra Leone, Dr. Temple, unlike most Englishmen of his position, was compelled to make his own way in the world. At seventeen he was thrown upon his own resources. "I have known," he said, "what it was to go without a fire because I could not afford one; and I have worn patched clothes and boots." As a boy and youth he knew at first hand the hard work of the farm; but he was fortunate in securing what was absolutely essential for his later career, a thorough education. He went to the Grammar School at Tiverton, and subsequently to Oxford, where he made his mark and became scholar of Balliol, the Oxford college which in recent times has been notably associated with scholarship. His election as Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of Balliol gave him six additional years of study in the seclusion and the stimulating atmosphere of Oxford. He was ordained to the ministry in 1846; two years later he became Principal of the training college for teachers at Kneller Hall. In 1855 he became Instructor of Schools, and three years later was chosen the Head Master of the Rugby School, a position which he held for eleven years. His masterful hand was felt in every department of the school; and the two sides of his nature—his keen sense of justice and his bluntness of manner—were both expressed in the well-known phrase of the Rugby boy who wrote to his father: "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast."

When the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews" appeared in 1860, Dr. Temple's initial essay on "The Education of the World" drew a fire of criticism; and the book was the center of a hotly contested battle of opinions. Two of the essayists were tried and finally acquitted. Dr. Temple's essay, which was regarded as extraordinarily radical at the time of its publication, was a very



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: THE MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., LL.D.
Died December 23, 1902.
From the portrait by Hubert von Herkomer.

cautious acceptance of the general idea of progression in the revelation of truth, and its positions are to-day almost universally accepted.

The opposition aroused by the publication of "Essays and Reviews" came to a focus when Mr. Gladstone in 1868 nominated Dr. Temple as Bishop of Exeter. Dr. Pusey, who was a saint, but a very partisan saint, declared that the selection of Dr. Temple was "the most frightful enormity that had ever been perpetrated by a Prime Minister." Dr. Pusey did not understand that such extreme movements as that in which he himself was a leader always produce extreme reactions. The excesses of the Tractarians gave occasion for the broad theology of "Essays and Reviews." After a hot and prolonged discussion, Dr. Temple's election was confirmed, and for seventeen years he put his whole strength into the many-sided work of an English Bishop, doing everything with energy and decision. In 1885 he became Bishop of London; and, in spite of failing eyesight, he immediately made his mark on that vast diocese by the vigor and directness of his administration. Many stories were told of his bluntness. It used to be said that an interview with the Bishop of London consisted of three sentences on his part—"Who are you? What do you want? No."

On the death of Archbishop Benson, six years ago, Dr. Temple was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, being the twenty-seventh who has held a position second in dignity in the English order only to that of the sovereign. Time had ripened without weakening the independence and vigor of Dr. Temple's mind. He had ceased to be a radical in the partisan sense, but he had not parted with his breadth of view or his independence of action. In an address delivered in 1898 he struck the keynote of his administration when he said: "The ceremonial is the order of the Church; the teaching must be to a large extent the voice of the individual." No Bishop in recent years had more perplexing and difficult questions to deal with. The Church has been shaken almost to its foundations during the last three years by the practices of the extreme ritualistic party, the claims of the pronounced Anglo-Catholics, and the vigorous opposition of the Protestant party in the Church; the disposition of great ecclesiastics to seek the safe rather than the bold course, to speak smooth rather than true things, which has so often brought reproach upon the Church, cannot be charged to Dr. Temple. In a series of addresses on various ecclesiastical occasions he stated the position of the Church on all the points at issue with absolute candor and clearness. His general policy was to permit such a latitude of opinion as the discipline of the Church and the authority of the Bible, as he understood them, permitted. He regarded himself as at the head of a national Church, not the Archbishop of a party; and he stood for tolerance within what he regarded as the legitimate limits of freedom under the Church order and teaching.

Although an old man when he became Archbishop, Dr. Temple has left the mark of his energy and independence on the English Church. Up to the very end, in spite of increasing evidence of failing strength, he performed his duties with extraordinary vitality. The faintness which nearly overcame him during the long and complicated ceremonial of the coronation first directed public attention to his condition, and was the occasion of one of those acts of quick-witted courtesy which are so characteristic of the King. A second similar attack, to which Dr. Temple almost succumbed in a recent speech on the Education Bill in the House of Lords, made it evident that the end was not far off. To the last of his life he lived up to the popular characterization as "The Grand Old Man of the English Church." With a strong and rugged face, large of stature, a brisk manner, speaking with great energy without notes in the most straightforward English, Dr. Temple was a debater of great skill. Indifferent to the applause of friends or the condemnation of opponents, more anxious to speak what he felt to be the truth than to please or placate, a man of force rather than of charm, of mental vigor rather than of intellectual greatness, but one whose very limitations had a certain tonic influence in a position the traditions of which all lead towards complaisant conservatism, Dr. Temple was a leader of the English Church in a great crisis in its history.

IN DELHI

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

DELHI, the chief city in the Punjab, in India, flashes prominently into the public eye this January on account of the great Durbar—the proclamation of King Edward as Emperor of India. Many English and Americans are already starting to see this pageant, which will be the most picturesque and magnificent since the days of native rulers.

The four most impressive drives in the world are, to my mind, the one from Rome out into the Campagna on the Via Appia, the one under the acacia-trees from Cairo to the Pyramids, the one from the Damascus Gate, Jerusalem, to the Mount of Olives, and the eleven miles between the ruined and desolate tombs stretching from New to Old Delhi. And this history-laden road, the main artery of "all the Delhis," is singularly like the Roman Via Appia. Desolate and mourning over past glories, unmindful of the present, with moss and weeds clinging to its dismantled monuments, it passes between tree-dotted plains, mysterious with untold stories, and oppressively silent. Only an occasional wheel creaks along its ruts, and the modern world seems far away. Here and there, as the morning sun rises, the shadows from the tombs of long-dead heroes shrink away from it and nestle close to the ruins.

And Delhi, the capital of the great Mogul emperors, whose splendors lasted through five reigns, Delhi, the ancient city, the largest and commercially the most important in the country, filled with the richest historical and legendary associations, is the Rome of India. The old and the new cities that bear the name covered an area of forty-five square miles, and the ancient palaces of marble and sculptured stone occupied parallelograms measuring sometimes fifteen hundred by three thousand feet. Delhi's origin is lost in obscurity; in the tenth century its fame had spread far and wide, and during the great Mutiny it was the chief strategic point of all India. Unless it could be taken, the empire never again would be held by the English; and when, after the desperate attack that demolished the Kashmir Gate, it at last fell, the moral effect brought about the end of the rebellion.

And this winter, in January, when Edward VII. of the United Kingdom of Great Britain will be proclaimed Emperor of India—of that vast continent comprising the realms of Madras and Bengal, of Hyderabad and Rajputana and the Punjab, of Mysore and Bombay—Delhi is the spot chosen for the ceremony. Emperor of India! Think what it means! Lord of a continent stretching from tropical Ceylon to the untrodden and icy peaks of the Kinchinjunga range of the Himalayas, rising twice as high as the highest Alps;

suzerain of the proudest princes in the world, the Rajahs and Maharajahs of India; and titular master of glittering armies, of jungles and deserts, villages and teeming cities, of a land over which seven great religions hold sway—Brahmin, Hindu, Jain, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Mohammedan, and Christian! India is not one country; it cannot be described as a unit; it holds many peoples and many differing institutions; and throughout its length and breadth, through all its castes and climes, there exists a vast mystery never yet understood by Western minds. There are subtle undercurrents of thought and belief, elusive and mystic principles, which our science cannot explain. Western force can capture and Western law can control and govern, but Western philosophy is still baffled at Indian occultism. The English are the physical masters of the land, but spiritually the two races seem forever separated.

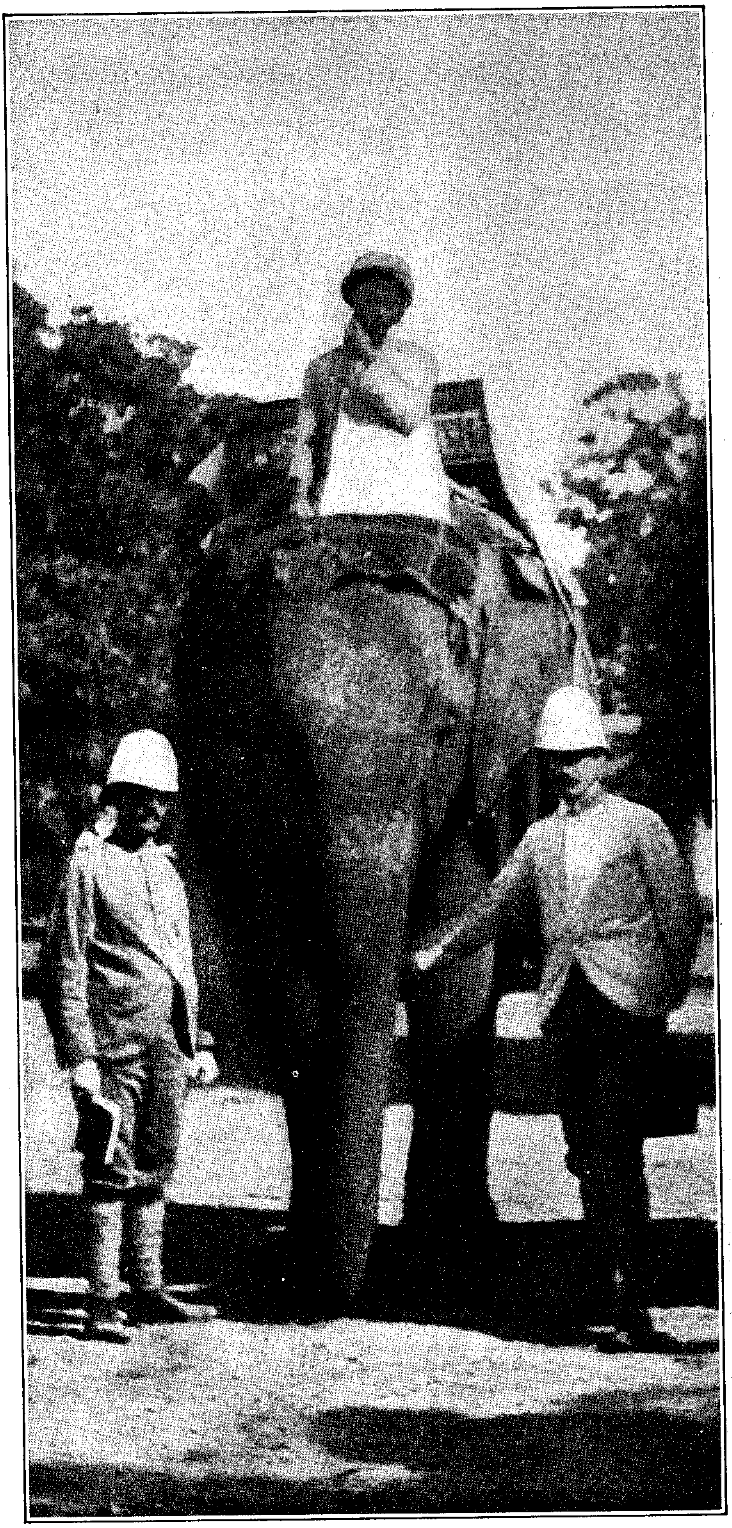
But the Durbar at Delhi is the proclamation of the controlling power of England as represented by her present King; and the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, is planning it to be the most brilliant ceremony ever held during the new régime. So there is not a vacant berth on any passenger ship leaving England for India, and Delhi will contain more Europeans during the first part of January than are to be found in most of the land at other times, the army excepted. Lady Curzon being an American, there will be a number of our country people there, as well as many French and Germans, and the hotels and lodging-houses are charging extortionate rates. The humblest houses and even forlorn and primitive huts will be used to shelter the visitors; and the native princes, who will assemble from the various principalities, are preparing to show the most lavish hospitality to their English guests, in return for courtesies extended to them in England at the time of the coronation.

So new life will come to the picturesque city; its streets will blossom with the flower of Indian chivalry; Nawabs, in brocade and cloth-of-gold, in garments of glittering kinkob, with plumed turbans and gem-studded arms, will throng the streets; chariots and elephants bravely caparisoned, richly harnessed white bullocks, and superb horses will make the scene mediæval in its picturesqueness, and merchants will display costly fabrics, jewels, and armor, and reap a golden harvest.

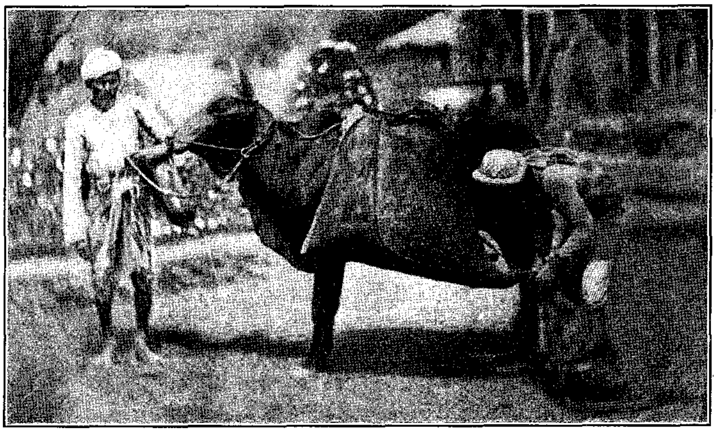
But Delhi in its usual life, and as I saw it, lies dreaming of days still more glorious. A profound peace has settled over it, and at night, when the hearth fires are lighted, the smoke settles down over the low dwellings in a blue-white haze, and the droning life of the day subsides and leaves the city wrapped in fatuous memories of the past.

As in Rome, there is the striking contrast of the old with the new, but in Delhi the two ages do not jostle each other so closely. In the modern town are the long, low hotels for travelers, the mosques, bazars, and dwellings of the natives. The streets are dusty, shadeless, and shabby, and swarming with people. The traveler is constantly beset by the merchants as he walks about; they thrust their wares and business cards under his nose and follow him even to his hotel. He cannot step from the door without stumbling over crouching figures who hastily spread out their embroideries and brocades before him. Jugglers crouch in the corners of the verandas ready to produce a little mango-tree from the seed "while you wait," or charm the snakes they uncoil from the basket, and beggars show their deformities and implore alms. The hotel is bare and chilly, and the traveler must, as always in India, bring his own servant, bedclothing, and napery with him. From my hotel, built on the city wall, I could look down on one side over a forest, and on another over the housetops. Here, so far north in the Punjab, chimneys are to be seen among the flat roofs and rounded domes. Fireplaces are in most of the houses, because the nights are very cold in winter, and all day there is a spice of coolness in the air. This naturally has its effect in the costumes of the people. In the south they wear scanty garments of thin white or dyed cotton; here one sees quilted coats and trousers on both men and women, heavy turbans, and, upon the richer class, Cashmere shawls of red, blue, green, and white, and embroidered cloaks.

To explore the city in comfort it is better to ride, as the importunate peddlers and beggars are thus somewhat avoided, and if one wishes to buy of the native



OUR ELEPHANT IN THE PUNJAB, READY FOR A TRIP



A DELHI WATERING-CART

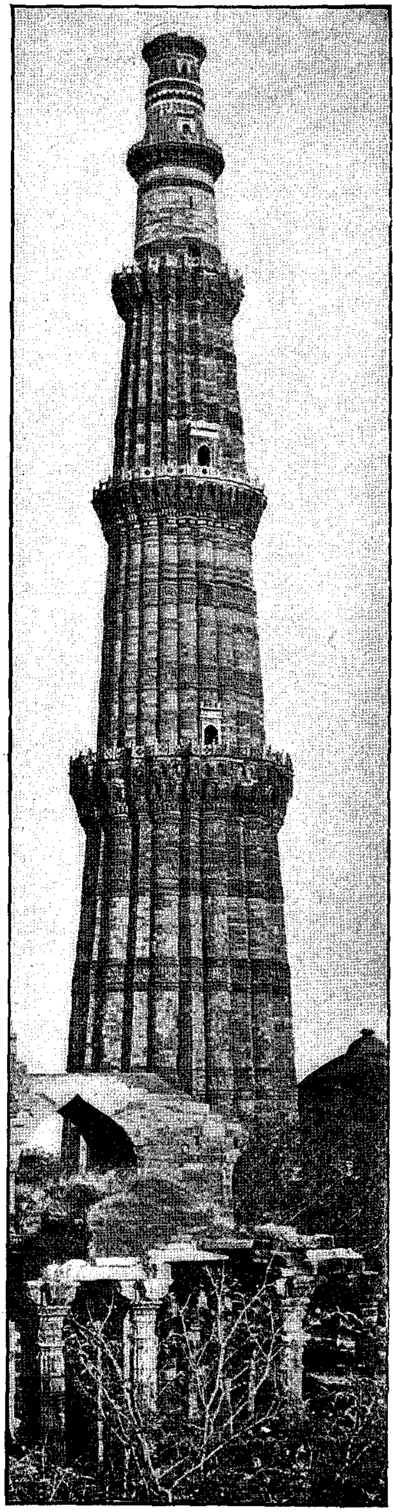
wares he should go to the shop of some reliable merchant. Here he is led up to the second story—all the houses are two stories high—given a chair and a cup of coffee, and then dazzling brocades and camel's-hairs from Kashmir, embroidered saris from China, Bokhara draperies, ivories, arms, jewels, rugs, and the treasures of many Eastern looms, are spread before him by subtly persuasive salesmen.

In spite of the shabby appearance of New Delhi, one notices many a beautiful façade, graceful alcove window, and carved marble arch, and a multitude of small pointed domes create Orientally picturesque sky-lines.

The two chief places of interest in New Delhi are the great parallelogram of marble palaces of the Moguls, and the Jama Musjid, or Great Mosque. While wandering among these delicate marble palaces, one grows personally interested in such associations as those relating to Lalla Rookh, the wife of Shah Jahan, who now lies in the most beautiful sepulcher ever built for a woman (the peerless Taj Mahal at Agra), the Koh-i-nur, and the Peacock Throne. There is no European analogy to the Indian palace. It is not one great inclosed structure, for, with its arcades and open audience halls where the Moguls personally sat in judgment, accessible to the common people who presented their pleas without the intermediation of minister or secretary, it was a collection of scattered buildings. The Diwan-i-Amm, the Hall of Audience, is nearly two hundred feet long and is open, with arcades

THE PRIMITIVE METHOD OF GRINDING CORN IN DELHI on three sides. Here was the throne of the Emperor, with its canopy and protecting rear wall all built of marble, and it is perhaps the most exquisite and delicately beautiful example of carved and inlaid marble in the world. Here, inlaid in semi-precious stones and studded with jewels, birds of brilliant plumage are pictured, some on the wing, others poised upon sprays of foliage. Every feathered creature of the land is faithfully reproduced in mosaic in unfading colors, and the graceful arches rise in perfect symmetry, forming the canopy protecting the throne. Near by is the Hall of Private Audience, where the ruler received his ministers, and this likewise is built of marble and inlaid with gold and precious stones. Here was the famous Peacock Throne, whence the laws of India went forth. Behind it were the two peacocks with spread tails so inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls that they gleamed with the colors of life. Between them was a parrot, life size, and carved out of a single emerald! The throne itself stood upon six pedestals of solid gold inlaid with gems, and beside it were two umbrellas—Oriental emblems of royalty—of embroidered crimson velvet fringed with pearls, and with handles eight feet high, of solid gold set with diamonds.

The eyes of one of the peacocks were made of the two enormous diamonds, the Koh-i-nur and the Koh-i-tur—the "Mountain of Light" and the "Mountain of Sinai." History tells us that when Nadir Shah sacked Delhi and destroyed the Peacock Throne, the Koh-i-nur was not to be found. But a woman revealed the fact that it was hidden in the turban of the Emperor. As a treaty had been made, further pillage by the conqueror would have violated



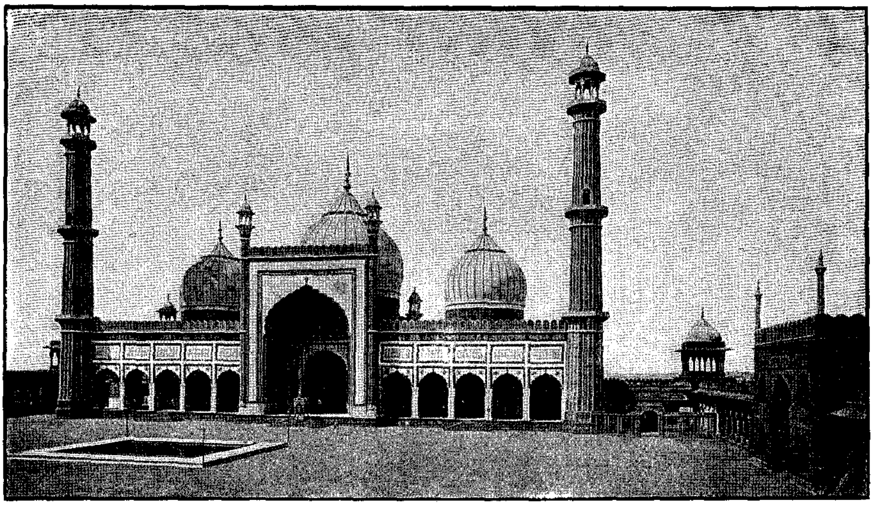
THE KUTUB MINAR

the proprieties, so the wily Nadir, at a banquet, suddenly proposed that he and the Emperor exchange their gemmed turbans in token of friendship. There was no way of refusing this offer, and the Emperor relinquished his headdress. Later, when the Nadir retired to his tent and eagerly explored the turban, behold, in its folds lay the "Mountain of Light," the Koh-i-nur! Thus this wonderful jewel was carried off to Lahore, and remained there till the advent of the East India Company, and later it was presented to Queen Victoria, and now, largely reduced in size by cutting, it is safely guarded among the treasures of the English crown.

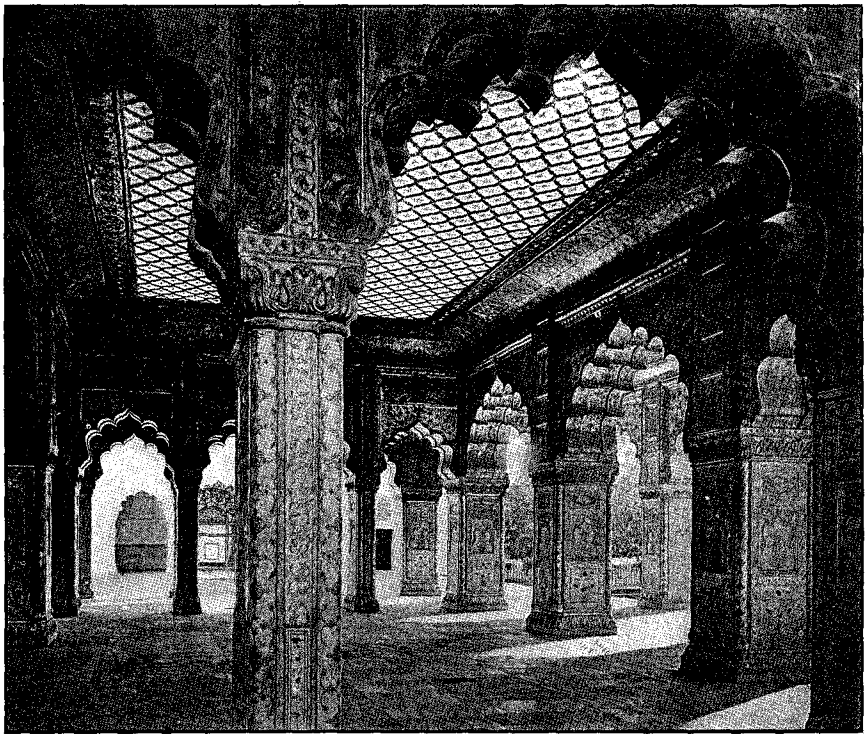
But the glory of New Delhi is its great Mosque, and when one mounts the most majestic flight of steps in the world and enters the vast platform inclosed by its colonnades and gateways, and sees the fierce sun beating down upon its white pavement and the fountain pool in the center, and looks across to the two great minars and the white domes rising into the blue sky, a vision of past glories and lost power comes to him. Here once walked the rulers and nobles of Ind, and had the Mutiny succeeded, here once again the Emperors would have paced under the marble arcades and their princesses, like sweet Lalla Rookh, would have been given in marriage to Eastern kings. But to-day only a few impassive natives lie asleep in shady corners, a silent figure or two crosses the vast square, standing out brilliantly against the gleaming marble, and the dim interior of the mosque is empty and silent. "This mosque," writes Temple, "built by the Emperor Shah Jahan, is probably the most beautiful, on a large scale, that has ever been seen by the world. Its vast dimensions, swelling cupolas, and lofty arches; its spacious courtyard, arcades, gateways, cloisters, and flight of steps, produce an imposing effect." But its vast size is hardly realized because of the perfection of proportion and the harmony of its coloring. The brilliant red sandstone contrasts with the dazzling marble, and the entire effect of this platform, with its surrounding arcades, its mosque and minars on one side and its lofty gateways midway in each of the other three, is one which first astonishes and then grows extraordinarily impressive as the details are comprehended.

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising, and when the air was almost frosty and not yet hazy with the powdery red dust raised by innumerable feet of men and beasts of burden, when the walls of New Delhi shone rosy against an azure sky, I drove along the eleven miles of this Indian Via Appia, bordered with the ruins of seven cities which had successively risen and fallen with the change of the centuries. Leaving the city by the Ajmir Gate, we drove through fertile fields with here and there a glint of water, the ruined gardens of noblemen whose names were long ago forgotten, and broken ruins or mounds telling of vanished glories. Passing the deserted observatory of Jai Singh II., India's greatest astronomer, who in the eighteenth century prepared the table of the stars, we came presently to a large tomb whose rounded dome rose fifty feet into the air. Directly beneath it was the usual marble tank, perhaps fifty feet square, and filled with stagnant water. As we looked, suddenly the dark, slim figure of a man was seen poised upon the summit of the dome, distinct against the sky. He had divested himself of clothing and was signaling to us. Then he crouched for an instant and gave a terrific spring, tense and quick as a panther, and shot forward into the air. Straightening out, he shot downward, arms straight above his head, and, clearing safely the roof of the mosque, struck the water with a sharp "chunk!" Widening circles of green ripples swept away to the sides of the tank, and then his head reappeared. Vigorously he struck out for the marble coping, climbed out, shook himself, and then pattered, dripping and obsequious, up to the carriage and craved the boon of four annas—about eight cents—for the feat!

Near by was the tomb of Shah Jahan's daughter, exquisite with perforated marble screens and delicate tracery. A group of natives and a priest, crouching in the sun by its walls, recalled some of Verestchagin's paintings of Indian scenes. In two hours Old Delhi was reached, a wilderness of dismantled palaces and tombs stretching away on all sides. Far behind us rose the walls, spires, and domes of the new city, rising like bubbles, filmy and iridescent, above the green plain. The sacred river Jumna sweeps through the



THE JAMA MASJID—GREAT MOSQUE



THE HALL OF PRIVATE AUDIENCE

Which once sheltered the Koh-i-nur.

fields, eternally young and life-giving amid the rise and fall of civilizations. On every side are seen moss-grown tombs and monuments, overgrown gardens, and forsaken homes. Fields of grain rise where once was a populous city; and here, amid the tangle of verdure, springs that astonishing shaft, the Kutub Minar. Graceful and slender as a reed, mysterious as the Sphinx, it rises two hundred and forty feet high, banded with five balustraded balconies, and almost covered with intricate carved inscriptions and designs. To say that it is forty-seven feet in diameter at its fluted base and nine feet at its broken top, that it glows with the soft hues of red sandstone, can give no idea of its beauty. No one knows why it was built, no one knows for what it was used. Here it stands, a spire of surpassing grace, preserved to us from unknown times.

Near it is the Mosque of Kutub al Islam, within whose sacred and cloistered courtyard many of its twelve hundred pillars still stand, Hindu in architecture and of infinitely varied design. Upon them all the patterns known to the workers in silk and enamel were chiseled in marble, and they are relics of days when Delhi was only Hindu, and before the architecture and the scimitar of the Mohammedans had swept over the land and brought strange ideas, buildings, and religious rites into this peaceful plain of the Jumna. The Mohammedan Mogul wrought great havoc here among Hindu monuments. With sledge and ax he destroyed the wonderful designs of peacocks and birds and elephants, he disfigured the idols of native gods, and constructed his mosques with the débris and columns of demolished temples; and in this courtyard, it is said, he built his colonnades with the sculptured columns from nearly twenty Hindu sanctuaries!

In a court by itself, among the weeds, rises a single column fashioned out of solid wrought iron. It is forty feet high, and its diameter is sixteen inches. It is believed to belong to the third Christian century, and Hindu tradition ascribes to it the origin of Delhi. The tradition says that when one of the early princes ordered it to be removed, its base was found to be still wet with the blood of some former ruler who had been slain beside it. Aghast, he tried to replace it, but the iron pillar, once uprooted, remained forever loose—"*dhila.*" And so sprang the name *Delhi*, of the spot. To-day, when native women pray for a happy marriage, or for the blessing of offspring, they make pilgrimage to this Sanscrit-inscriptured iron pillar of prehistoric times, and press their lips against its cool sides. So tradition, history, and superstition are forever intertwined about the place, and the briers, blooming with fragrant blossoms, twine about and shield the crumbling ruins of the ancient city. Across the plain the river still gleams and murmurs, and the men and women to-day pass to and from their work among these mounds and monuments of old Delhi, and the past is only vaguely recalled amid the interests and occupations of to-day.

Circumstances

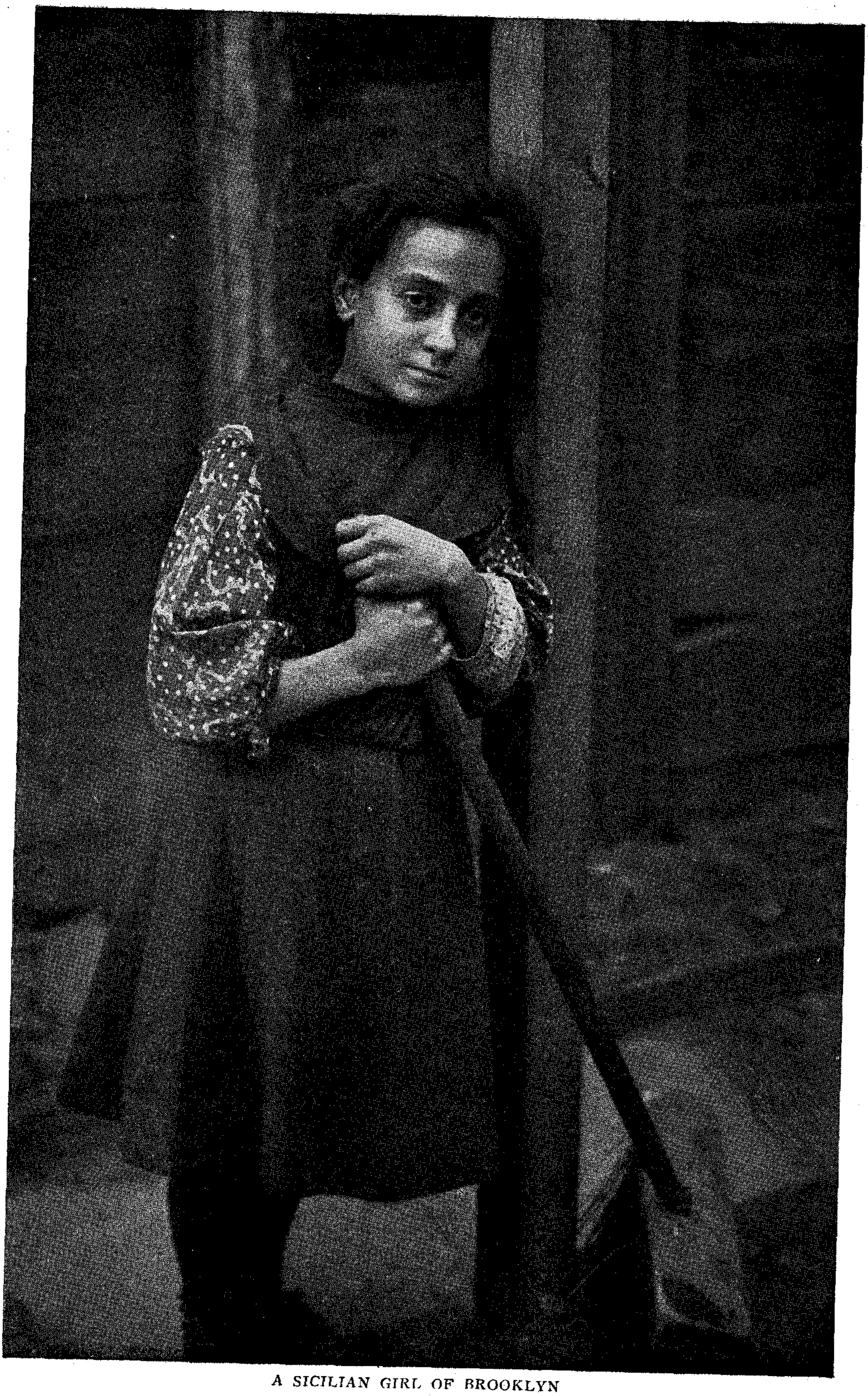
By Charles W. Stevenson

The endless road has many a sudden turn;
  Its landscape changes ever and is gone;
  Yet must the myriad thousands journey on;
And many haply meet there who would learn
The pitfalls waiting and the dangers stern.
  But while they palter, lo, the happy dawn
  Is noonday, and a hopeful life is pawn
Unto the voiceless mystery of an urn!
The men and things that round us congregate
Are sent there by the will and wish of fate.
  We cannot say them nay, nor from the deep
Of nothingness call them to good or ill—
  A preappointed way we take and keep,
O'er self alone maintain supreme a will.

COPYRIGHT BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON

The Editor of "The Spectator"

Few English journals are more widely known and more thoughtfully read in this country than the London "Spectator;" and Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, the editor and proprietor, during his visit in this country has doubtless been made aware of the cordial feeling of a large body of the most intelligent Americans towards the journal with which Mr. R. H. Hutton was so long connected. Mr. Strachey, who is the second son of Sir Edward Strachey, was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, is a barrister by profession, and has been a journalist by occupation for nearly twenty years. He was for a time the editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," but of late years has given his time and thought to the "Spectator," which under his direction has greatly enlarged its constituency, and, without sacrificing its high intellectual and critical quality, has become much more widely influential. The "Spectator" has combined in rare degree some of the characteristics of the highest journalism; wide interest in all that relates to the higher life of society, broad intelligence, generous sympathies, special knowledge in many departments, and the habit of appealing to the intelligence of its readers by its reasonableness and by the interest of its style. There are a good many American readers who have come to regard it, not only as the best of the English journals, but as one of the foremost journals in the English-speaking world; its restraint, its candor, its admirable taste, its sense of form, and its interest in all departments of the intellectual life have appealed especially to men of academic training, and probably no journal of the day is more widely read in American colleges and universities; nor have Americans forgotten its friendship for this country in a time when influential friends in England were few.



A SICILIAN GIRL OF BROOKLYN

THE ITALIAN IMMIGRANT IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM E. DAVENPORT

Of the Brooklyn Italian Settlement

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

IN MULBERRY STREET

AMONG the great movements of population which mark our time there are two quite unrivaled in their present proportions and prospective results. Of these the first is the settlement of northern Asia by Russian emigrants at the rate of 200,000 a year, and the second is the expansion of Italy in our Western world by an annual exodus hither of a quarter of a million souls. Certainly the rapid growth of our Italian-speaking population through this ever-increasing emigration from southern Italy, amounting to 178,000 in the past year, has awakened wide discussion.

Some look with strong disfavor upon the whole movement, feeling that our country is bound to suffer in its moral and intellectual interests by so great an incursion of the illiterate and untrained peasantry of Sicily and the extreme south. A question is also raised as to the proportion of Italian immigrants remaining permanently within our country, and the wide dispersion of those not remaining. It is said, too, that the greater part of those who come here seek only to secure a greater or lesser sum for themselves, and then hastily return with their gains to spend their later years in idleness under the romantic skies of their native land. There is, at all events, occasion for more exact knowledge on these matters, the importance of which every one admits.

In respect to the causes for this immigration, three general reasons may be distinguished: first, the already crowded condition of the Italian peninsula, containing a population of 113 to the square mile, as against 73 to the same area in France—although vast tracts in Italy remain practically uninhabitable, consisting of inaccessible mountain ranges or pestiferous swamps; second, the extraordinary fecundity of the Italian race of recent years, so that in a single year the births outnumber the deaths by 400,000, the increase being nearly one-third larger in the already crowded sections than in the north; third, the excessive taxation, which, all agree, falls most heavily upon the agricultural classes, who are least able to sustain its weight, especially since the widespread destruction of groves and vineyards by insect pests has reduced unnumbered families to the last extremity.

A certain proportion of Italian emigration, more especially that from the north, is directed to Montevideo, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic, the latter country especially proving most attractive to the agriculturists of Lombardy, Piedmont, and Liguria. Everywhere they have proved themselves thrifty and enterprising, leaving the Spaniards, after sharp competition, quite in the rear. Almost a million of them have come to Buenos Ayres since 1876—an annual average of three times the immigration from Spain. In Santa Fé

ITALIAN WOMAN BUYING FISH AT THE CORNER OF MULBERRY AND HESTER STREETS, NEW YORK

and Cordova they possess vast estates, from which they export great quantities of grain and over 30,000,000 gallons of wine annually.

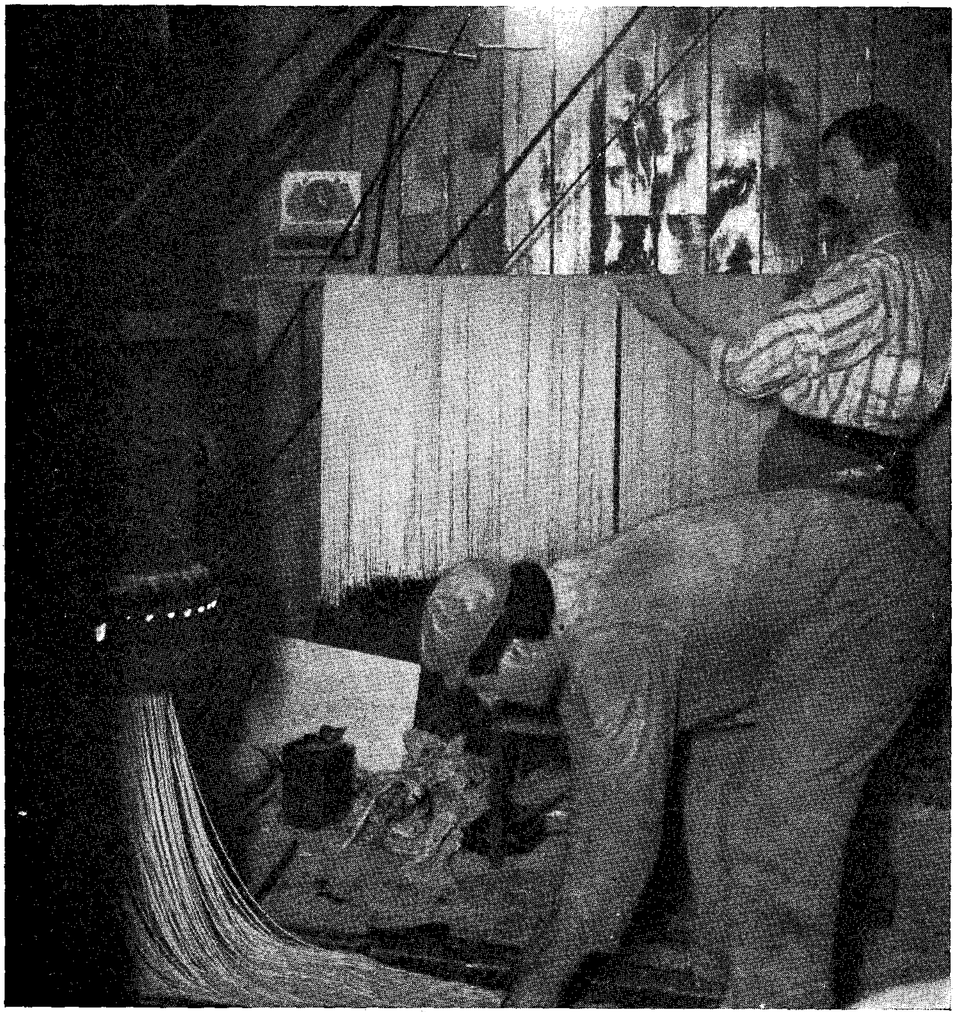
Extensive immigration to the United States from Italy is a recent phenomenon. Thus, from 1860 to 1870 but 12,000 of these people arrived here, while the total of those coming since 1890 amounts to over 1,000,000. As this includes those who have returned from the United States to Italy and are now coming hither for a second or third time, it would be more correct to place the number of new arrivals from Italian ports at 750,000, while the total Italian-speaking population of our country, including children born here, cannot be less than 1,200,000.

It is demonstrable, however, that not more than twelve per cent. of this number now reside within the limits of the Greater New York. Even this, however, gives our city an Italian-speaking population of 160,000—about that of Venice, and more than one-third that of Rome itself.

The story of New York Italian life asks a chapter by itself. The two great sections of Manhattan practically surrendered to these people include some thirty blocks lying between One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fifteenth Streets, and extending from Second Avenue to the river. Downtown they occupy all the district lying between Centre Street and the Bowery, from Pearl to Bleecker, and to the west the whole length of Thompson, McDougall, and Sullivan Streets. The Bleecker and Spring Street Italians are mainly from northern Italy, while the uptown colony is chiefly from Calabria.

Then Brooklyn has no less than nine districts of Italian population, the two largest of which lie at opposite extremes of the borough. One of these, in South Brooklyn, includes Van Brunt and Columbia Streets, with portions of Hicks, Carroll, President, Union, Sackett, and Degraw Streets, while the Williamsburg group embraces nearly half of the Seventeenth Ward. How many Brooklynites realize that their borough has a larger Italian population than Lucca or Pisa, famous for a thousand years in the history of art?

Why do these people group themselves so closely together? One cause of this is the dependent condition of those arriving here with no knowledge of our language. If they are to obtain work, they must be with friends and relatives who have already acquired a foothold. But perhaps a deeper reason is the strong attachment which most of them possess for the ways and customs of their own land. Whatever the reason, one often finds several adjoining houses occupied exclusively by people from the same district. Thus, in Elizabeth Street, Manhattan, once a fashionable section of the city, there is to-day a group of several hundred families from Sciacca, a Sicilian fishing town forty miles east of Girgenti, the famous Acragas of Empedocles, where still stand the ruins of several of the most perfect Greek temples in the world. These people, living closely together, employ the Sciaccan dialect, possess Sciaccan doctors



TYPES OF ITALIAN LABORERS IN AMERICA

Workers in a Brooklyn macaroni factory.

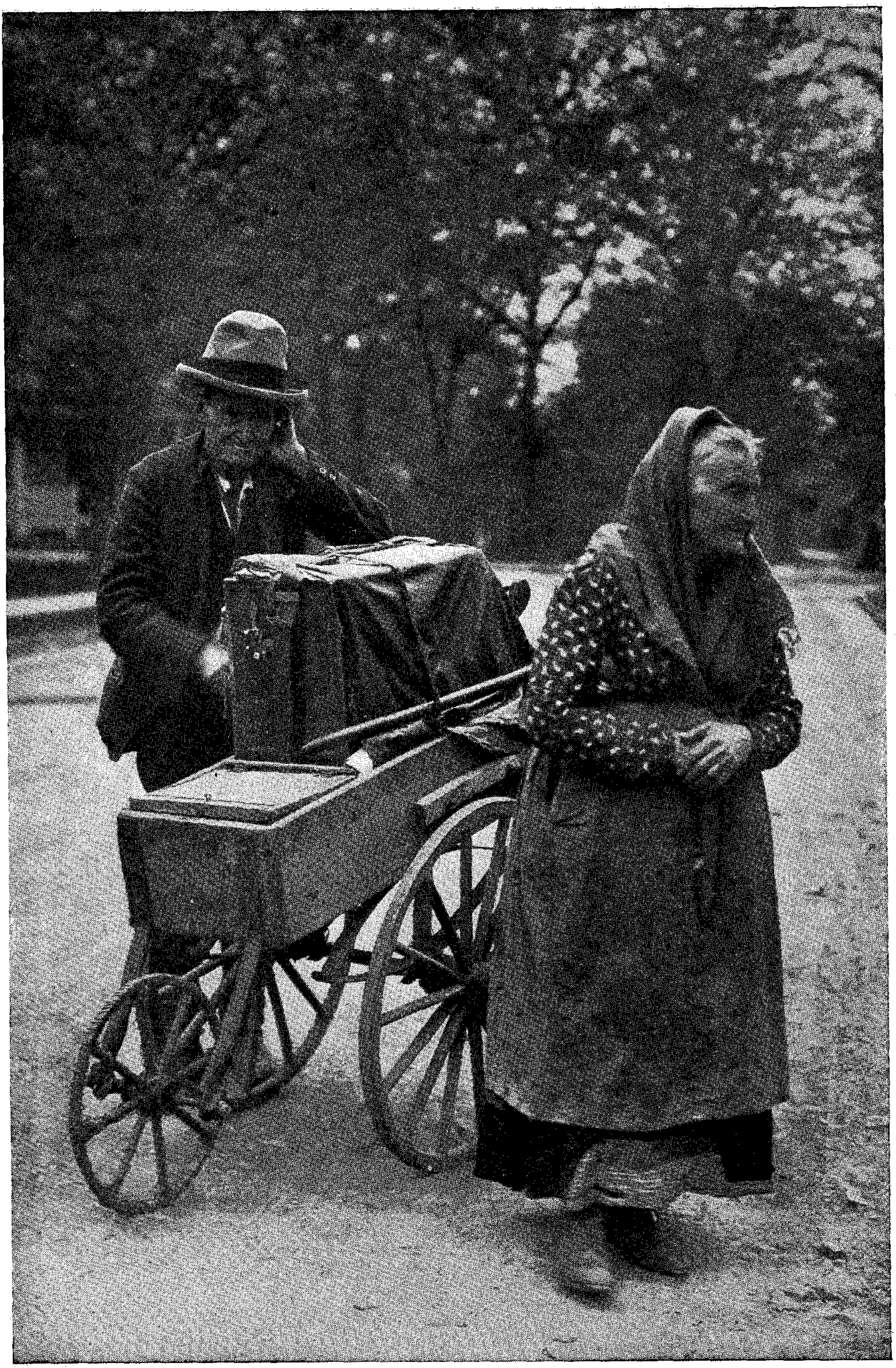
and a Sciaccan pharmacy, and prepare resplendent festas in honor of "Maria S. S. del Soccorso Protettrice della Citta de Sciacca." Then there are over 130 Italian mutual aid societies in New York City, most of them composed mainly of natives of a single Italian province, the name of which they bear. Thus the Calabrians sustain the "Society of the Tre Calabrie;" and the membership of other bodies is constituted respectively by the "Cittadini Napoletani," "Cittadini Padulesi," "Cittadini Avellinese," etc. However, there are organizations more distinctively American, as the "Columbia Democratic Union," the "Italian Republican Club," or, best of all, the "Society of the Cittadini Americani." As a rule, the Italians of New York value their citizenship and vote on election day.

The sons of Italy, wherever found, are fond of music and outdoor life; and in New York they enjoy both of these luxuries when the band plays in Mulberry Bend Park. Then they pour forth from a hundred tenements (owned mainly by Italian landlords), and stand listening in rapt delight by the hour to the strains of "Il Trovatore," etc. At least one member of each family has some musical gift; and a violin hung on the kitchen wall may prove the love of melody no less than the grand square in a West Side drawing-room. Italians possess, too, an inherited passion for literature, so that it is not strange, even while we have a large illiterate Italian immigration, to find book-stalls and small libraries on almost every block about the Bend. Of course a good deal of trash is sold. There are comic sheets and Neapolitan dialect love songs by the score, and innumerable tragic or amorous novelettes by Carolina Invernizio and other popular writers. But with these is a solid body of the noblest literature in the world. Alfieri, Manzoni, Giusti, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, and Dante are read by every one who can read at all. As popular as these are Silvia Pellico's "Mie Prigioni," and "Cuore" by De Amicis. Nothing, indeed, is more notable than the fervent interest of young Italians in their great history and the fame and works of their writers. There is a force of enthusiasm, a power of imagination and sentiment, latent in these people that must again in a free land be fruitful of splendid works. Already ten daily or weekly Italian sheets are published in New York City. The most important of these are the "Il Progresso," "Il Bollettina della Sera," and "L'Avaldo." The "Rassegna" is a high-class literary review, and the character of the "Revista Commerciale" is indicated by its name.

While the Italian peasants are great workers, those who come to us from Naples seem peculiarly fond of noisy diversions. Certainly they exercise their gifts in this direction extensively. Nearly all the Italian societies give festivals annually, generally during the summer, and these have been accompanied of late by such a racket of fireworks and bursting petards as to render them a public nuisance. Frequently great wooden and pasteboard shrines are erected on the sidewalk and the streets are arched with lines of Chinese lanterns. In a recent Elizabeth Street festa great wire brackets arched the street at intervals of one hundred feet for a quarter of a mile, and huge painted candles, eight to ten feet in height, and costing from five to ten dollars apiece, were presented by the wealthier families to the Madonna. Boys dressed in gauze and gilt, and arranged with wings attached to their shoulders to represent angels, were suspended in mid-air over the heads of admiring crowds. An interesting feature of these occasions, especially when held in the parks, is the baptism of the society banner, usually a handsome and costly piece of embroidered silk fringed with gold and richly ornamented.

There are several Italian theaters in Manhattan, where light comedies, heroic tragedies, and dialect plays are presented. Some of these theaters are maintained in the rear of saloons, and in the cheaper ones marionettes take the place of paid actors. In a Broome Street theater fairly good plays are presented, and occasionally the People's Bowery Theater is hired by the week by a first-class troupe.

Apart from their festas, New York Italians seem to take little outdoor diversion. One of their games, "Pallone," is played with a large inflated leather ball beaten about very much as in our football games. Boccia is also played in scores of back yards. In this game heavy wooden balls are thrown or rolled on the ground to a given point; a number of men play, taking



ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS

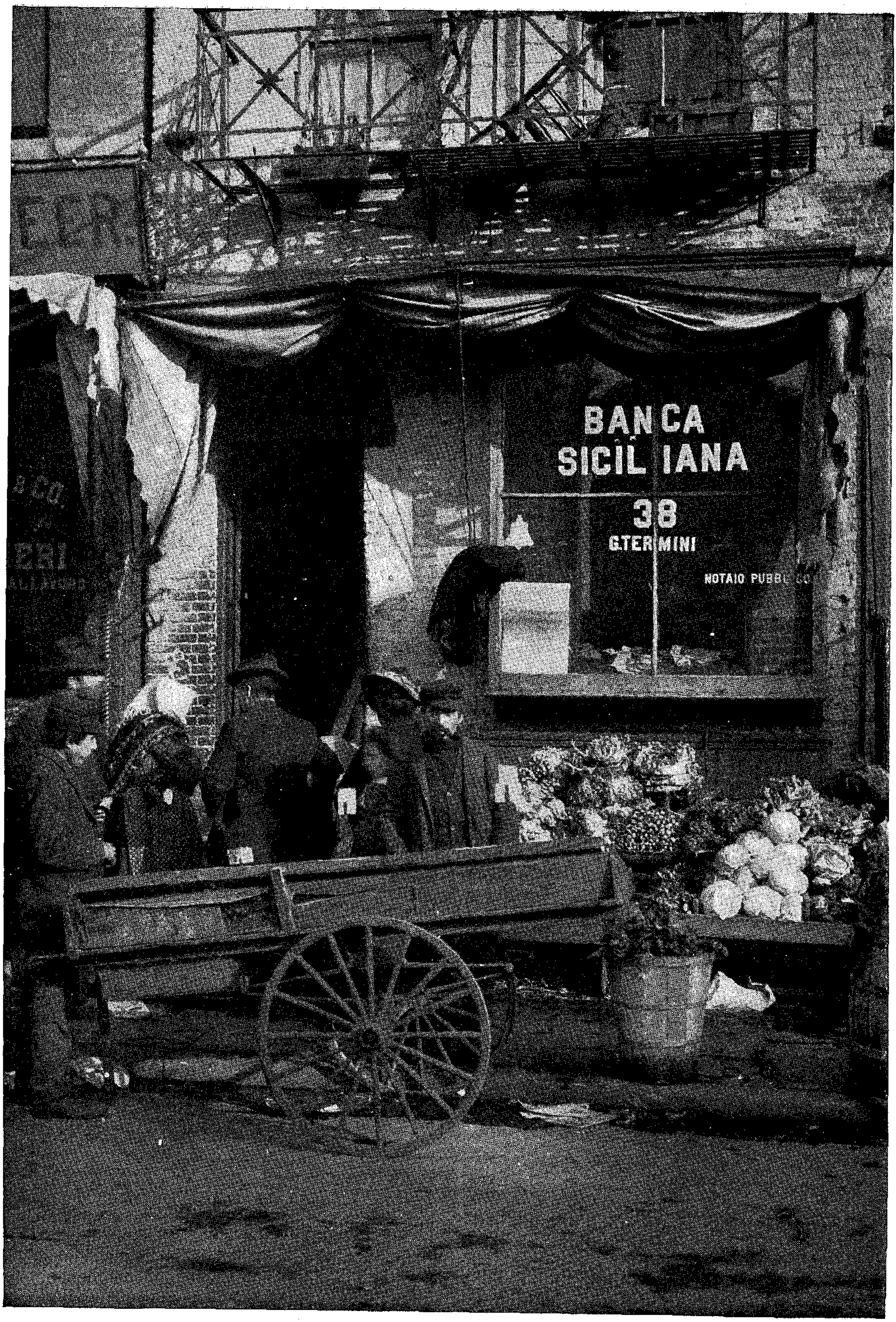
sides, and the object is to knock out as many times as possible the opponent's ball and secure the largest number of points. It is mainly a game of skill. A less reputable game, in which skill is also essential, is played in many saloons of the baser sort. It is called Morra, and consists in flinging down the hand violently and at the same time extending one or more of the fingers and shouting the number of fingers extended, this constituting a challenge to other members of the group, who duplicate the movement as accurately as possible. If any one fails in accuracy, he loses. The impetuous character of the contestants, however, frequently leads to threatening altercations and occasional serious results. On this account this game is subject to a general prohibition in Italian cities. Many Italians have an unfortunate passion for games of chance, which has, no doubt, been strengthened by former indulgence in the national Banco Lotto at home. The holding of raffles for bicycles, sewing-machines, gold watches, etc., is common, and the successful numbers in what are practically lottery drawings are published in the Italian dailies.

The Italian churches of New York are mainly attended by women, but few of the men being enthusiastic over the work of the priests. The most important of these churches is that of St. Anthony of Padua on Sullivan Street, ministered to by Anacletus de Angelis, with four assistants. Its parishioners number 8,000, and it holds property valued at $400,000. Near by on Bleecker Street is the Italian church of Our Lady of Pompeii, while that of Our Lady of Loretto, "where many miracles have occurred," numbers more than 12,000 supporters. Our Lady the Queen of the Angels is another church on East One Hundred and Thirteenth Street. The largest Protestant body of Italians in the city is that under the leadership of Dr. A. Arrighi, of the Broome Street Tabernacle, who has labored almost twenty years in this field.

Education is of course necessary before any Italian can thoroughly appreciate the rights and duties of American citizenship, and the educational problem for Italian immigrants is a serious one. Many boys and young men arrive at Ellis Island at an age which enables them to escape army service at home and school attendance in this country. Working all day among those using only their own dialect, they often go for years without acquiring more than a few English words. The brightest young men enter the public night-schools as soon as a speaking acquaintance with the language is formed. Indeed, the public night-school already furnishes a few Italian-speaking teachers for the benefit of these people. But there is a large margin of uncovered territory to be occupied by settlement workers. The Children's Aid Society maintains three large and crowded Italian schools in Manhattan, of which that on Leonard Street, with 600 scholars, is the oldest and best equipped. Brooklyn, on the other hand, has but a single Italian settlement house, still inadequately supported, and forced constantly to appeal to the public for aid. It is something that public-spirited men in the Borough of Churches should look to.

The trades and occupations of New York Italians are various, so that there is slight excuse for the query put by a university man who, noting the dark-featured venders patrolling the streets with push-carts, asked, "Why do all Italians deal in bananas?" In reply it may be said that the push-cart men of lower Broadway and Wall Street are nearly all Greeks, most of the Italian dealers in fruit now having stands or stores of their own. But to-day there are in Manhattan some 2,300 Italians devoted to the trade of St. Crispin; 1,300 who deal in cheese and groceries; 1,500 tailoring-shops and 3,000 barber-shops; a total of 500 butchers and bakers, and as many more who keep saloons; 200 tobacconists; and over 600 who keep fruit-stores.

We have spoken of our metropolitan Italians only, but New York State contains outside of the city nearly half as many as reside within its limits. It may be said, indeed, that there is scarcely a growing town or city from Plattsburg to Chautauqua which lacks a group, and frequently a good-sized group, of these people. Buffalo heads the list with an Italian population of 13,800; and if we include those who live at Geneva, Batavia, North Collins, Fredonia, etc., the total number in that section is about 22,000. Great numbers work on the Lehigh Valley railroad; 400 are engaged in a single


BANCA
SICILIANA
38
G. TERMINI
NOTAIO PUBBLICO

IT IS ONLY A STEP FROM THE BANK TO THE MARKET

A CORNER IN A NEW YORK ITALIAN ART STORE

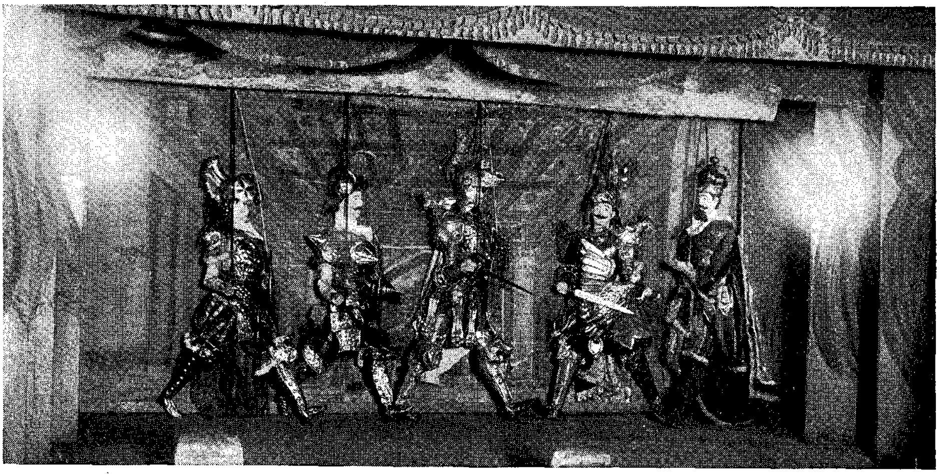
Showing votive offerings in wax, which are hung in the Italian churches as an incentive to the Divine Being to heal the diseased member. The small figures in the center of the picture are for Christmas presents.

steel-factory, and the supply of Italian toilers with the pick and spade about equals the demand. In the central and southern portions of the State there are estimated to be 25,000 more, while in Albany, Troy, and Utica (with a specially large colony), and in the southern Hudson River towns, there is an additional total of 18,000.

The Italians of New England are quite generally engaged in factory work. Thus, the shoemakers go to Lynn, Haverhill, Brockton, and East Weymouth in Massachusetts; while the marble workers and stone-cutters throng to Quincy, Milford, and Bay View, and the silk workers to Lawrence and Fall River. The immigration to Massachusetts is more largely from Genoa and the north than is that centering in New York State, for the New England quarries draw hundreds of workmen directly from the marble hills of Massa-Carrara in Tuscany, while the silk-mills of eastern Massachusetts attract the silk workers of Lucca and adjoining Tuscan towns. Boston has an Italian population of 25,000 and New Haven a colony of 12,000, while the factory towns of the Connecticut Valley—Hartford, Waterbury, Meriden, Danbury, Derby, and Ansonia—have each permanent settlements of from 1,000 to 4,000 persons. The New Jersey colonies at Hoboken, Hackensack, Passaic, Paterson, and Jersey City are growing rapidly. In the last-named place Italians occupy several important political positions, and their Fifth Ward Republican League has an enrollment of five hundred names. Here a police captain, the clerk of the City Hall, and a Justice of the Peace are Italians, while at Hoboken their race is represented by a health inspector, health commissioner, school commissioner, public works commissioner, assessor of taxes, and a commissioner of the police board. Here are a number of large Italian factories, while considerable real estate is held by the older residents. At Union Hill, West New York, and Homestead several thousand Italians are employed in the silk-mills. The larger part of these people come from Piedmont and Lombardy, where silk-weaving is the principal industry. Skilled labor of this kind requires a considerable degree of training and adaptability, and there is undoubtedly more intellectual activity among New Jersey Italians than among those engaged in the Pennsylvania coal-mines or on the railroads. Coming from northern Italy, they generally possess a common-school education, and their literary and argumentative tastes find expression in the newspapers which they publish at Paterson, Newark, and Jersey City.

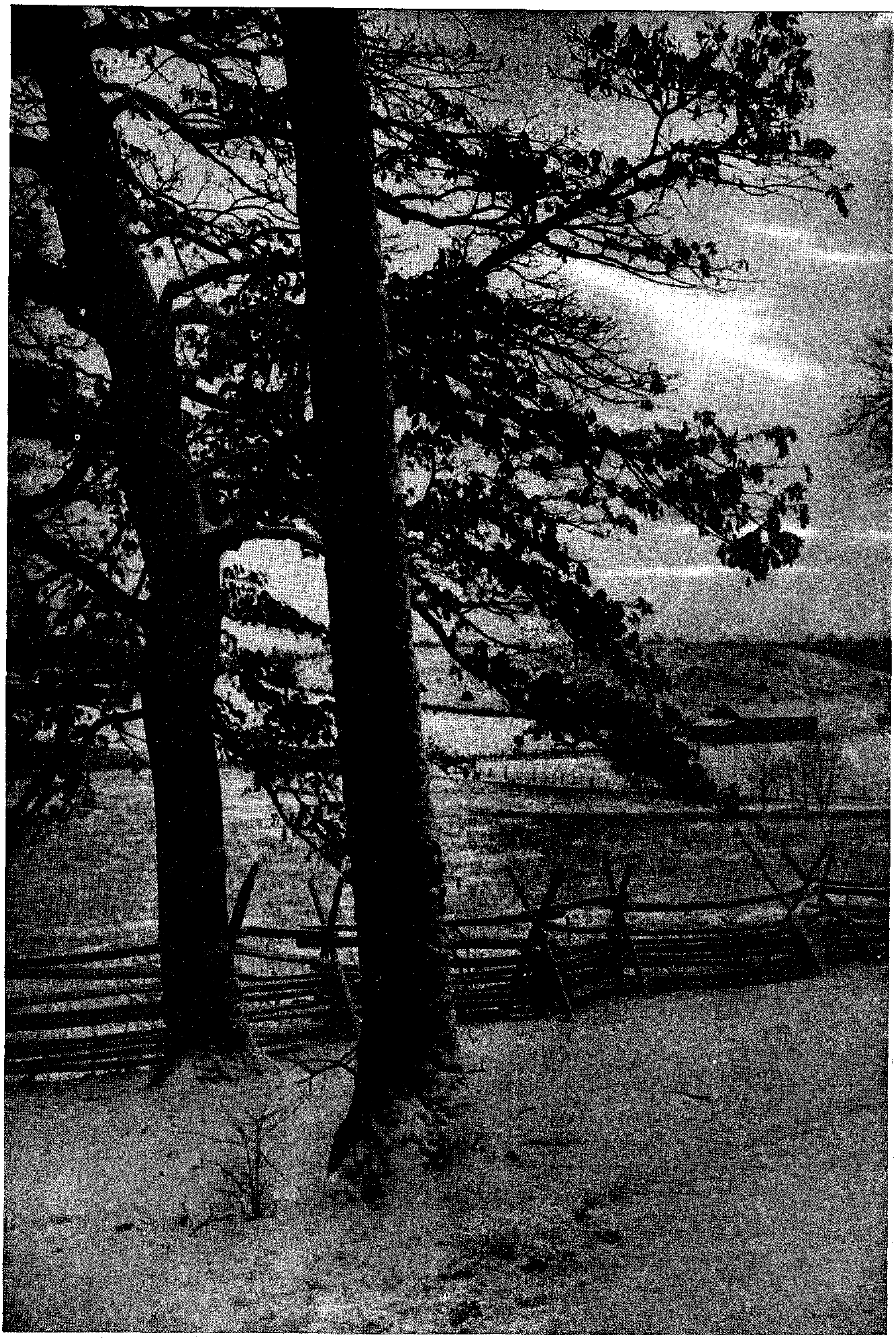
Philadelphia is, after New York, the largest center of Italian population in this country. Some twelve thousand of these people occupy twenty blocks in the southern part of the city between South Fifth and South Fifteenth Streets and along Christian, Fitzwater, and Bainbridge Streets. The total Italian population is estimated at 45,000. They sustain sixty-six mutual aid societies, and their chief organ is a daily newspaper, "Mastro Paolo." Other journals are, "La Liberta," "La Voce della Colonia," and "Il Vesivio," a rather volcanic sheet. Thirty miles southeast of Philadelphia, at Vineland, N. J., is a large settlement of thrifty Italian agriculturists, who own several thousand acres devoted to vines and small fruit. It is sometimes wrongly assumed that our Italians prefer to settle in the Eastern States and do not go far West. But Italians are numerous in Detroit, and at Denver there is a colony which sustains three Italian newspapers, while that at Pueblo publishes another. In Galveston and New Orleans are large bodies of these people, and California has an Italian population of fifty thousand, mainly devoted to grape and fruit raising. These last are chiefly North Italian vine-growers.

Of the Italians of Chicago we need not speak, for Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, has already pleaded their cause with ability. She says: "There are women's clubs in Chicago which study Italian history, read Dante, and go into the art of Italy, but fail to know that right at their doors is this very interesting colony of ten thousand South Italians, reproducing their country's habits and manners, carrying on their transplanted life with a great deal of charm and a great deal of beauty, and yet these women's clubs know nothing about them. These colonies are just as interesting, just as worth while making an effort to know, as is village life in Italy. We lack imagination. We change the color of our tablecloths and the shades of our candlesticks in order to get a variety in our social life, and yet here are these people full of color, charm, history, who with their new life would offer a genuine addition to our own life and give us a type of social endeavor and stimulus."

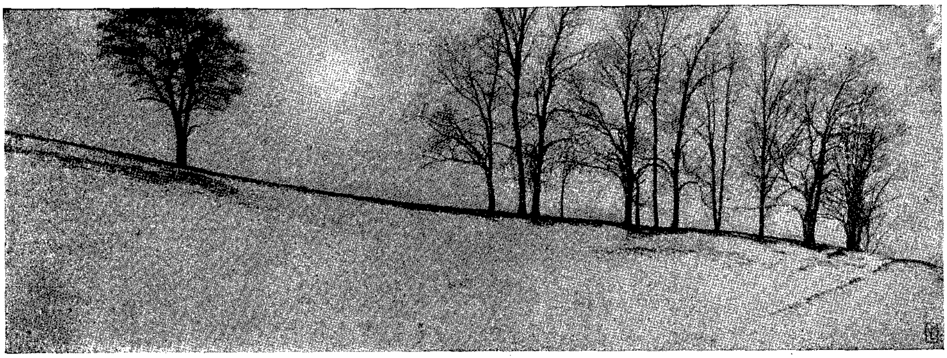


THE MARIONETTE SHOW

Here is given night after night a play that extends through an entire year. It is usually founded on some ancient tale of valor.



"WHEN MORNING DAWNS, THE CLOUDS BREAK AND THE SUN STRUGGLES FORTH TO LOOK UPON A NEW EARTH"



On Being Abroad in Winter

By Oscar von Engeln

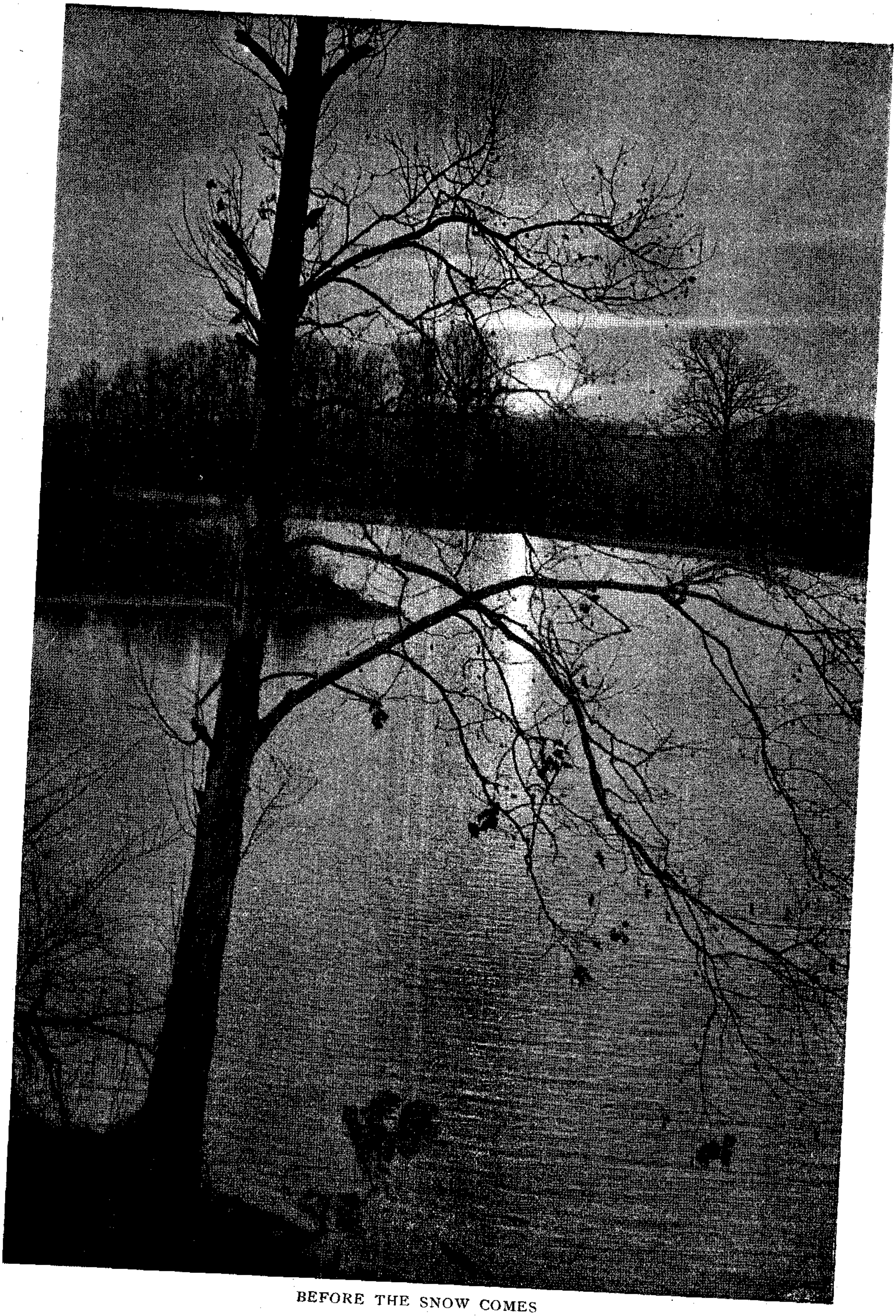
Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WHEN the first few snowflakes float downward in November late, we watch them strainedly; something seems to grip at our hearts. For then first we realize that winter has surely come; that for a long time, aye months, we must bid good-by to the fair summer weather. Before the advent of those white harbingers we walked in the idyllic days of Indian summer, hypocritically asserting, with an air of conviction, "This weather cannot last; to-morrow will be winter." Yet all the time our hearts belied us; deep in our breasts we exulted at every warm day, and lived each night through in the hope that the sun would rise again to-morrow from out those yellow mists wherein it and the earth had both disappeared in the evening. Yet, as week succeeded week, and ever the wind blew softly, even the brain grew sanguine, and the tongue said, "It will be a very late and mild winter." Perhaps, even, there was planned yet another all-day excursion afield, to breathe in full the lusty autumn odors.

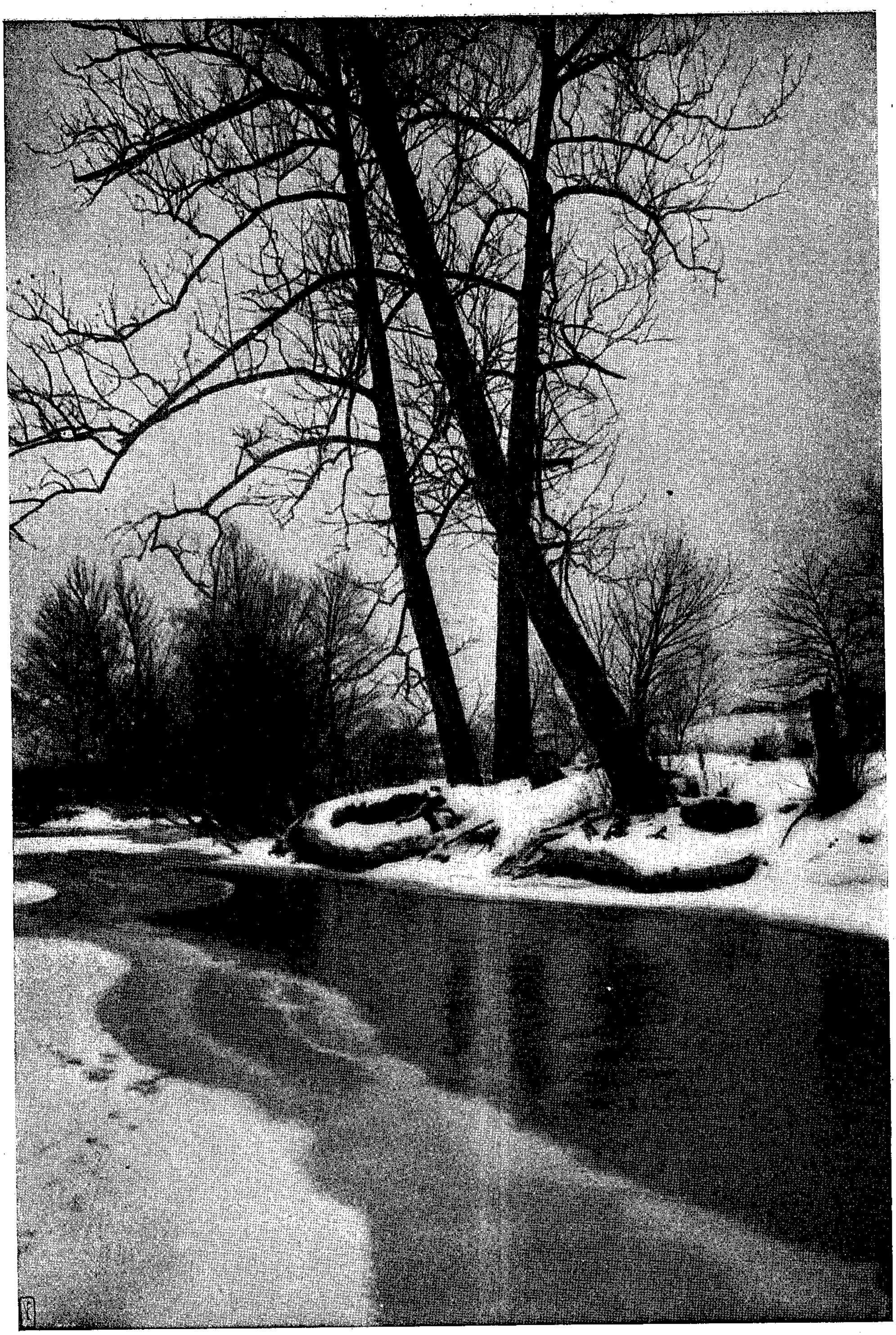
And now—now snowflakes are falling. We stand at the window with inheld breath, while a few more slowly descend. Out of the west gray-black clouds have come; the wind is no longer a friend; his manner has a quality of disagreeableness, not of cold, which hurts us. In those moments we cast aside, utterly, all our summer dreams. And, after the first pang of such a parting, we turn and say to our fellows, oh, so blithely, "Hello! snow's falling; won't those hills look fine all covered with white?" Thus deftly are we ever off with the old love and on with the new.

The herald flakes melt ere they have barely touched the ground. After a few brief seconds the sun again shines; the scene is the same, yet the view has changed, the world is different. The joy of life is now in futures; with the coming of those few crystals we date a new time. Some weak days of watery sunshine follow. Then—

A night closes in after a gray all-day, and the twilight atmosphere is filled with a myriad flecks of white. A hush descends o'er the land; only the soft murmur of breathing snowflakes is heard. One by one, distant landmarks fade out. Already a thin veil is spread over the surface of earth, a winding sheet for the few lonely survivors of the plant relationship. The air temperature hovers between freezing and thawing. A puff of wind from the northeast; colder, and with it a gust of snow. A quiet again filled with heavy, straight-down-falling flakes. Then the wind rises, slowly at first, giving the flakes only a slight slant in their descent. As the night grows late, the hurrying flakes fall ever faster, the wind roars and howls among the trees in crescendos, and again decreases to a minor wail. Anon a blast buffets its way with dull thuds as it sweeps past. The storm is at its height, and out in the darkness the flakes are being hurled into up-rearing drifts, only



BEFORE THE SNOW COMES



WHEN THE SNOW MELTS

to be overthrown by a vagrant eddy. Ceaselessly, relentlessly works the wind, shifting the folds of white.

When morning dawns, the clouds break and the sun struggles forth to look upon a new earth. The air is frosty, keen, and fresh. The wind still hurries over the new white surface, altering, smoothing, building banks and filling hollows. In the wide sweep of his arms he gathers all the erring snowflakes, and tumbles them hither and thither until he has them safely in their appointed resting-place. How they dance in the early light-beams, up and down, glitter and spangle, and away to yonder drift; one after the other—miniature clouds of diamond-dust, corralled by the indefatigable wind-master.

There is a charm about this snow cover which cannot be clothed in words. As we step out into its dazzling expanse, our feet sink yieldingly, as if we were walking on cushions. With each step this seems an ever new experience. 'Tis fine to tramp a nice fresh patch of snow. When the layer is deep and feathery, every pull-up of the feet results in the scatterment of small snow clumps, which break in a wonderful manner the monotony of the iridescent mass. Among the clumps the light seems to linger lovingly, making the way pregnant with possibilities to the observing eye.

Then there is the novelty of making new lines, all one's own, in the landscape, which claims our attention, and wholly captivates us for many a day. Those snow-paths, what stories they tell! Did we ever dream our wanderings were so eccentric as the snow-trail tells us! Right and left, doubling for a view, avoiding an obstacle, jumping a hollow; we gaze back in surprise at its convolutions—and laugh.

The absence of odor strongly characterizes the winter months of the year; especially those during which snow covers the earth. Spring has its incense, summer its heavy perfumes, autumn glories in a number of elusive scents, winter has none. Just a freshness of the air, a clearness which brings with every breath tonic qualities. The first few dips we take of its cold purity hurt the summer-balm pampered nostrils. Yet how soon those inspirations set to rights our befuddled brains, and swell the chest as never did a softer atmosphere! The nostrils dilate, the eyes dance, ears tingle, rosy cheeks come; now it is winter, this is its charm.

The little paths which wound so invitingly from the edge of the meadow to the wood have all disappeared. So here we resolve to dispense with crooks, and strike out in a straight line for the trees. We enter the woods; what a transformation! The forest has become a jewel-laden feminine thing! Bough and bole, limb and twig, every line is repeated in white. We look from the edge of this forest beautiful across the valley, and the distances seem wonderfully clear and distinct. Yon house, those ungarnered shocks, which faded so indistinctly into the brown earth a few weeks ago, now stand forth in sharp silhouette. It is a glorious privilege, this looking forth over a broad expanse of snow, scintillating or fading into grayness, alternately, as clouds hide the sun's face. What a burst of brilliance, when but one spot in the center of the field receives of a sudden the sun's uninterrupted rays! A gem of dazzling fire set in dull metal is the feeling it conveys.

Within the woods all is still, as if the trees were afraid to move—like a fine lady fearful of disarranging her ornaments. Under the trees, around the bushes, and along the fence-rails, are marked many trails: tracks of small paws, of hopping birds, and sometimes the larger three-hole of the rabbit. Did you ever follow them? was it not fascinating? Here in the deep woods we who are acquainted may dig down and find that faithful evergreen, the Christmas fern. Perhaps we have not noted the absence of color in this great panorama of black and white; but at sight of this one note in green, how it all comes back with a surge—our color-longing! We find pleasure in the sight of vivid seed-berries of the bittersweet, pendent still on their long, slender threads from stalks of green. They and the red berries of the wild rose afford the brightest colors in winter's domain.

A cloudy gray day is the time to look up. Then there is no sun to hurt, no glare which blinds the eyes. We may explore the tree-tops with assurance. Trees are trees only in winter. Then they have individuality. Each skeleton body is outlined against the sky, the limbs sweeping in bold curves, interrupted at times by subtle angles. The edge of the wood in the distance forms a delicate tracery. This is the time of the forest monarchs' pride; they bow not now to any storm, as they did in summer-time, when hampered by their feminine leaf consorts. Now they are bachelors, all this doughty band, and though they sway to the passion of the winter's blast, they yield not one jot in their sturdy masculinity.

We notice now, too, the weeds and small bushes with their curious branchings, their solid phalanxes of black, against the encompassing white. The pepperidge with its irregular growth, and the ironweed furnishing studies in vertical lines, make interesting foregrounds which we never saw with seeing eyes before. How great is the similitude between a growth of weeds and the forest; size only differentiates them, otherwise they are the same. Were we giants, the trees would present much the aspect the weeds do now.

In the bushes we note many last year's birds' nests quite close to earth. Empty and deserted, yet withal cunning things. When last summer we saw the birds disappear in these same shrubs, and searched diligently for their homes, we found nothing. Yet here they are with their mask of leafage removed, the most conspicuous objects in the clump. We resolve to bear this in mind and search with greater exactness next time.

Of the birds themselves, only the crows, the sparrows, and those delights, the cardinals, remain. Of all the bright summer birds, the cardinal alone stays to cheer us in those latter days of winter when the increasing bleakness of the view numbs the hungering eye.

For, to confess, is not the day when the snow melts in rushes from the hillside, and the little brook leaps and tumbles the water down over its yet icy bed, a wonderful day? The winter has grown long, we are half benumbed, a lethargy attacks us, and then comes this day of exultation—the snows are melting: spring is again at hand!

"THE FOREST HAS BECOME A JEWEL-LADEN FEMININE THING"

The New French Ambassador

The successor of M. Jules Cambon as Ambassador from France at Washington is M. Jean Jules Jusserand, the well-known writer on English society and literature. During recent years M. Jusserand has been Minister to Denmark. The other day at Copenhagen he was approached by Princess Waldemar, daughter of the Duc du Chartres. As the only Frenchwoman at the Danish court, she had just received a new book from Paris which was exciting great attention there. The book was none other than a translation of President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life," and the Princess asked the Minister if he knew the author. The Minister replied: "No, I do not know him yet, but this very morning I received the announcement of my transfer to Washington, so I hope soon to become acquainted with him." Before going to Copenhagen, M. Jusserand was Consul at London, and was afterwards Counselor of the French Embassy. During his many years in England he improved his opportunities of studying English literature and life; the results of his study may be gathered from the titles of some of his books, "La Vie Nomade et l'Angleterre au Quatorzième Siècle" (crowned by the French Academy), "Les Anglais au Moyen Age," "Le Roman Anglais," "Le Roman au Temps de Shakespeare," and "Le Théâtre en Angleterre." Some of these books have been translated into English. M. Jusserand is thus a type of the scholar-statesman, a type to which belong such names as Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, and Andrew White—names which have dignified the annals of American diplomacy.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY[1]

By JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

THE ORGANIZATION AND EDUCATION OF THE NAVY

THE effectiveness of a navy depends vitally upon the efficiency of its personnel. Provided with war-ships of latest construction, a service made up of officers and men inadequately trained and lacking spirit is half way toward defeat. Composed of inferior vessels, manned by experienced and resourceful officers and men, a fleet may wrest victory from a physically stronger enemy.

The history of the United States and that of Spain, foes in 1898, furnish many instances of valor and intelligence overcoming numerical and material superiority. Philip of Spain saw his Invincible Armada harried and finally scattered by the smaller command of Howard and Drake. Three hundred and ten years later, a queen holding in trust the scepter Philip once wielded sent to annihilation a squadron of war-ships as modern in construction and armament as were in their day the wooden vessels despatched by the earlier monarch to subjugate England. The force of 1588 sustained reverse because it was deficient in sailors; that of 1898 suffered total destruction because it lacked engineers.

No such disasters as befell the navy of Spain have yet clouded the navy of America. The cycle from our Revolution to the Spanish-American War is bright with shining deeds, the fruit of the gallantry and skill of the men who did them. What can be more inspiring than the intrepidity of John Paul Jones as he stands on the deck of the shot-torn and sinking Bon Homme Richard, shouting orders to his men, who are working like demons at such guns as are yet unmounted by the enemy's fire? Above the noise of booming cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry and the hoarse cries of infuriated crews he hears the hail from the smoke-hidden Serapis:

"Has your ship struck?"

And then the laconic reply:

"I have not yet begun to fight!"

It was not a question of that courage which is so common, but of that nerve which endures to the end and without which the ordinarily brave man flinches from the ultimate test and responsibility.

Outside of Boston Harbor the unlucky Chesapeake, manned by a green and heterogeneous crew, is wildly firing at the well-disciplined British frigate Shannon. Lawrence is struck and is borne below.

"Don't give up the ship!" he cries. "Tell the officers to fight to the last. Never strike the colors. They shall wave while I live."

The Nation is rent by civil war. Under a rain of shot and shell, a Union fleet steams into Mobile Bay. The first ship, the Brooklyn, falters.

"What's the trouble?" is shouted from the flagship, the Hartford.

"Torpedoes," is the explanation, trumpeted in reply.

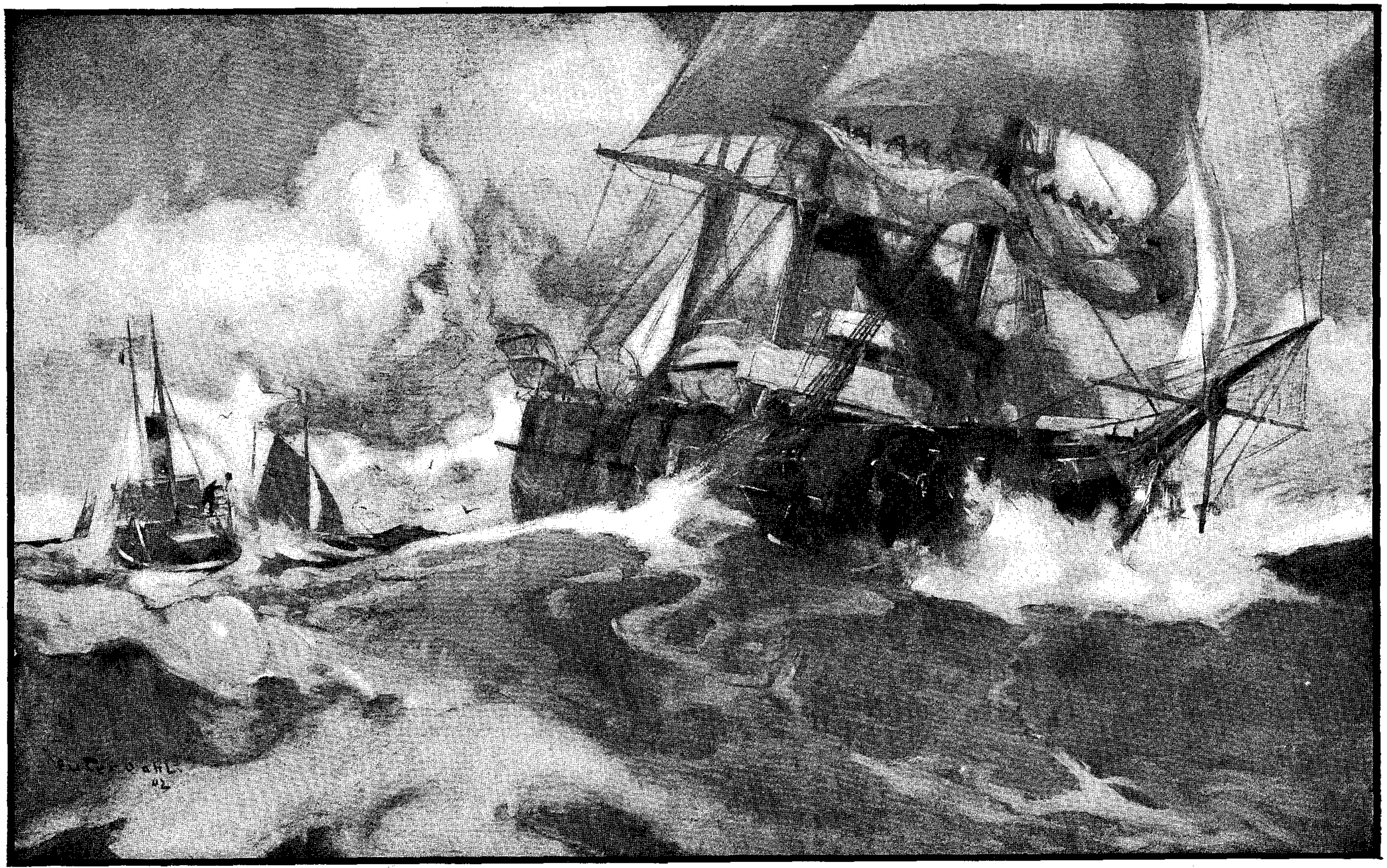
"Damn the torpedoes!" exclaims Farragut. "Four bells. Captain Drayton, go ahead. Jouett, full speed."

The dawn glows on the Bay of Manila on the first of May, 1898. An American squadron, which it reveals, steams straight for a Spanish force lying under the batteries of Cavite. Soon shell are hurtling toward it, but, falling short, expend their

---

[1] Copyright, 1902, by the Outlook Company. All rights reserved.

This is the third of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Administration of the Navy, The Preparation for the War with Spain, The Battle of Manila Bay, The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.



A UNITED STATES TRAINING-SHIP IN A GALE

energy in the water. When the proper range is reached, Dewey turns and quietly remarks:

"You may fire when you're ready, Gridley."

Courage has been always a characteristic of the American sailor, but it alone was not responsible for victories achieved by our men-of-war over those of enemies no less brave. In the days of the sailing ship the superiority was due, in an important degree, to the greater skill with which the ship was handled by experienced officers and its crew of hardy longshoremen. Hull won as much distinction in sailing the Constitution as in fighting her. The native intelligence, the quick eye, and the supple limbs of the men, born and bred in the salt air of the Atlantic coast, easily worked the simple guns of the day. Raw material is not so easily convertible into the experienced man-o'-war's-man of the twentieth century. The abandonment of sails and the substitution of steam and electricity, with the countless improvements accompanying the change, have created in the war-ship of the new navy a demand for a mechanic-sailor—that is, a man trained in the operation and repair of fighting machinery, yet impregnated with the salt of the sea. Ability to navigate and sail a ship was the first requisite of an officer and a seaman of the old navy; to-day they are engineers and mechanics first, and sailors afterwards. A modern battle-ship from stem to stern is simply a huge fighting machine. It is propelled by machinery; its turrets, themselves machines, are operated by machinery; the guns are loaded and fired by machinery; the torpedoes, complicated engines, are sent on their careers of destruction by machinery; small boats and anchors are lowered and hoisted by machinery, and water-tight compartments are opened and closed by machinery.

Steam and electricity are the powers which move this terrible creature of man's destructive genius; and steam and electrical engineers are required to guide and supervise its operation. An officer's duties are not, however, limited to the practical application of these sciences. He must also know how to navigate his ship and be able to care for the health and general well-being of the men under his command. Occasions arise when he must conduct negotiations for the settlement of important diplomatic questions, and he frequently represents the Government at functions of international consequence. He rescues the shipwrecked, gives assistance to the national merchant marine, and, if called on, quells its mutinies. He surveys dangerous coasts, makes deep-sea soundings for the triple purpose of finding a suitable bed for a projected cable, charting the bottom of the ocean, and promoting ichthyology. He determines for navigators the longitude and latitude of doubtful points. He should have at least a rudimentary acquaintance with astronomy, and understand something of chemistry and metallurgy. Because legal questions are sometimes raised by or referred to him, and because he serves on courts martial and administers punishments, he ought to be familiar with the principles of common law. Above all, he must be a man of quick decision, of nerve, and of sound judgment, for, as commanding officer of a battle-ship or even a vessel of inferior class, he should know in battle when to strike and strike sure; in peace, how to determine an important question affecting the honor of the Nation which is brought to him for immediate settlement.

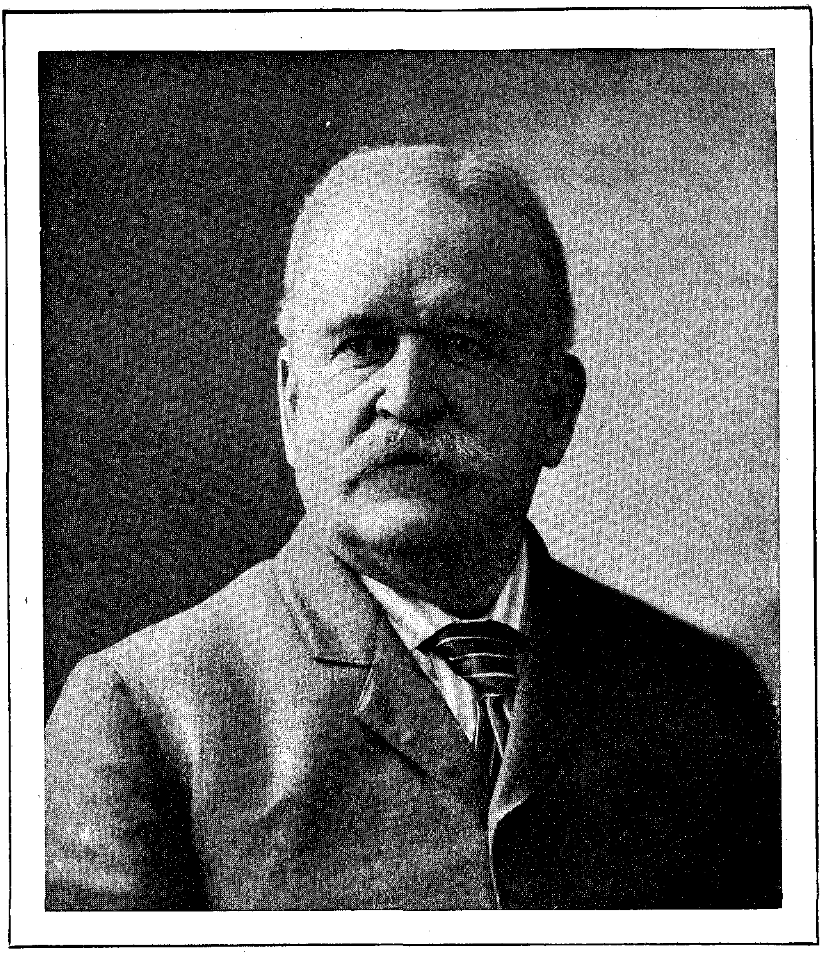
I have described the attainments of the ideal officer, but it does not follow that every member of the commissioned force of the navy possesses them. At the same time, the preliminary education given at the Naval Academy and the subsequent training in active professional life insure the development of an officer, provided he can and will improve his opportunities there. It is the proud boast of the American navy that in its existence of more than a century in but few instances has the man been wanting when the occasion for him came.

The personnel of the navy of the United States was created simultaneously with the authorization of the first war-ships of the old navy. The Act of Congress of March 27, 1794, directed that "there shall be employed on board each of the ships of forty-four guns, one captain, four lieutenants, one lieutenant of marines, one chaplain, one surgeon, and two surgeon's mates; and in each of the ships of thirty-six guns, one captain, three lieutenants, one lieutenant of marines, one surgeon, and one surgeon's mate, who shall be appointed and commissioned in like manner as other officers of the United States." Thus was formed the Line, and the Marine, Medical, and Chaplains' corps. The "purser," an enlisted man, was to develop into the paymaster. An experienced ship-builder was needed to design and construct the first ships, and Joshua Humphreys was appointed a naval constructor and assigned to duty. As the navy grew, additional constructors were required, and the men employed for construction work were eventually given commissions. Taking advantage of a law authorizing the appointment as assistant naval constructors of any cadets who had graduated with distinction in the Mechanical Department of the Naval Academy, Cadet Engineer F. T. Bowles, in 1879, applied for an appointment, and also requested permission to attend the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, England, which had an advanced course in ship-building, The older constructors opposed Mr. Bowles's ambition, but grit and persistency gained for the young cadet a victory of the greatest importance to his corps. Only leading graduates of the Academy have since been assigned to the construction corps—none from civil life. The professors of mathematics—now an anachronism in the military organization of the navy—were originally teachers on board ship of midshipmen of the old navy. They no longer follow the sea, and their duties are civilian. Of the fifteen officers of this corps in November, 1902, eight are on duty as teachers at the Naval Academy, one is director of the Nautical Almanac, and the remainder are connected with scientific work of the Naval Observatory. Congress should provide that no further appointments be made to this corps, as all its work can be procured from civil life, and the anomaly of a pension or retirement for non-military service should be done away with.

Like naval constructors, civil engineers first received appointments from the Secretary of the Navy, and were liable to dismissal or removal at his pleasure. They, too, were at last made a part of the commissioned force. Civil engineers have many and important duties, relating principally to the planning and construction of naval stations. With the exception of the line and construction corps, appointments in the commissioned branch of the navy are made from civil life. Medical officers are selected at large, after a thorough examination. President McKinley approved my recommendation that appointments of civil engineers, assistant paymasters, and professors of mathematics should be made after competitive examination. In this connection it may be said that it is difficult to see why any of the various staff officers, who as a corps never go to sea, should have military rank or title.

The commissioned personnel of the first ships of the old navy was formed during the administration of Presidents Washington and Adams. The midshipmen, who were designed to be the future captains, were all of tender years when appointed, and, without preparation, were sent on board ships either fitting out or about to sail in search of the enemy. Yet the need of mental education for the youngsters was great, and fitful attempts were made to provide it. Congress having refused to establish a naval school the Navy Department in 1802 prescribed in regulations the duties of schoolmasters; but schoolmasters were not appointed. When, in 1819, the Navy Department decreed that midshipmen must pass a professional examination in order to receive promotion to the grade of lieutenant, the country greeted the reform with gratification; the youths were affected with consternation. It was the thing for a "middy" during the greater period of his apprenticeship to apply himself to "doing what he was told, and doing it—quick"—a process which was frequently accelerated by a rope's end—and to devote as much time as he could spare in the six months prior to examination to the study of the theory of seamanship. This theoretical education was obtained from a few books on mathematics and navigation, and sometimes from the kindly help of a superior. In "The United States Naval Academy," written by Mr. Park Benjamin, whose full and excellent history of the Naval Academy I have followed, the author thus describes the examination of Midshipman Joseph Tatnall:

"Commodore: 'Mr. Tatnall, what would be your course, supposing you were off a lee shore, the wind blowing a gale, both anchors and your rudder gone,



COPYRIGHT BY J. E. PURDY, BOSTON

HON. JOHN D. LONG

Secretary of the Navy from 1897 to 1902.

all your canvas carried away, and your ship scudding rapidly toward the breakers?'

"Tatnall: 'I cannot conceive, sir, that such a combination of disasters could possibly befall a ship in one voyage.'

"Commodore: 'Tut, tut, young gentleman, we must have your opinion supposing such a case to have actually occurred.'

"Tatnall: 'Well, sir—sails all carried away, do you say, sir?'

"Commodore: 'Aye, all—every rag.'

"Tatnall: 'Anchor gone, too, sir?'

"Commodore: 'Aye, not an uncommon case.'

"Tatnall: 'No rudder, either?'

"Commodore: 'Aye, rudder unshipped.' (Tatnall drops his head despondingly in deep thought.) 'Come, sir, come—bear a hand about it. What would you do?'

"Tatnall: (At last and desperate.) 'Well, I'd let the infernal tub go to the devil, where she ought to go.'

"Commodore: (Joyously.) 'Right, sir, perfectly right! That will do, sir. The clerk will note that Mr. Tatnall has passed.'"

A temporary Government school for educating midshipmen was organized in 1821. Seventeen years later Secretary Paulding established a preparatory school in the Naval Asylum, a home for aged seamen, at Philadelphia. To this school boys were sent for instruction for a period of eight months, after which they were ordered to sea. Aside from the fact that it marked an advance in naval training, this school is remembered to-day because it caused the connection with the navy of William Chauvenet, who was appointed professor of mathematics and navigation. When employed, Professor Chauvenet was only twenty years of age; but he instituted reforms, introduced order and system, and extended the scope of studies. Despite the failure of efforts which had been made since the navy was created to obtain authority of law for the establishment of a school for the education of midshipmen, Professor Chauvenet threw himself into the project with all the enthusiasm of youth, and drew up a plan requiring no legislation and no additional cost, for an institution the curriculum of which included every subject a naval officer of the day required to fit him for his duties. Mr. David Henshaw, Secretary of the Navy in 1844, adopted the scheme, which contemplated a two years' course of instruction, but it did not not go into operation because Secretary Mason, Mr. Henshaw's successor, revoked the order. This action was taken upon advice given by older officers of the service, who insisted that the midshipmen were needed on board ships, and that as their future duties were connected with the sea, the sea was the only school in which they should be taught.

Many causes were operating to bring into life the seed which Professor Chauvenet had sown. The introduction of steam, the scandalous conduct of many officers, the lax discipline, brutality, and oppression which existed afloat, and finally the tragedy of the brig Somers, when Midshipman Spencer, son of the Secretary of War, and two enlisted men were hanged on the charge of plotting mutiny, established the necessity of a method by which reputable boys could be appointed, and receive a moral and mental education which would enable them to conduct themselves with honor and dignity, and reflect credit upon their country and service. Loudly as the press and citizens called for action, Congress did not respond, and it was left to the patriotic and far-seeing George Bancroft, of Massachusetts, to establish the Naval Academy.

Shortly after Mr. Bancroft entered the Navy Department, Professor Chauvenet brought to his attention the need of systematic education for midshipmen. The Secretary saw that to effect the adoption of the plan he must first conciliate the older officers of the navy. The service was induced to give its assent through a board of officers, to which Mr. Bancroft diplomatically referred the subject, and after the school was established and in operation on the military reservation of Fort Severn, at Annapolis, jurisdiction over which had been ceded to the navy, the Secretary asked Congress for an appropriation "for repairs, improvements, and instruction." The appropriation was promptly made by the House, but rumors were current that the Senate would decline to concur. Having great personal influence, Mr. Bancroft exercised it, with the result that the appropriation was granted and the Naval Academy legally established. From that day until the present there has been gradual improvement in the curriculum of the institution. It was one of the most important acts of my time when Congress, in compliance with urgent recommendations, authorized in 1898 the reconstruction of the Academy, at a cost not to exceed eight million dollars. The reconstruction is now in progress, in accordance with a plan prepared by a Board of Officers appointed by Secretary Herbert, although that official, on account of the condition of the National finances, considered it too comprehensive for immediate adoption. When the Academy is rebuilt, it will be an institution superior to anything of the kind in the world, and will meet every requirement of instruction and convenience. Prince Henry of Prussia, on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1902, inspected the Naval Academy, and expressed to me surprise that we should be spending such a large sum of money on an educational institution rather than for men-of-war. It was with a feeling of patriotic pride that the response could be made that the resources of our country are so great that it can undertake, without anticipating embarrassment, the construction of an academy worthy of the personnel of which it is the source of supply, and yet have ample funds with which to continue the building of ships.

Since the establishment of the Naval Academy, more than two thousand five hundred midshipmen and cadets have been graduated, and the cost to the country has been about eight million dollars—a sum equal to that which will be paid for its reconstruction. That the organization of

VAN REYPEN
Medicine and Surgery.

BRADFORD
Equipment.

CROWINSHIELD
Navigation.

ENDICOTT
Yards and Docks.

MELVILLE
Steam Engineering.

O'NEIL
Ordnance.

HICHBORN
Construction and Repairs.

STEWART
Supplies and Accounts.

THE ADMIRALS IN COMMAND OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENTS DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN the school has amply repaid the country is shown, first, by victories gained by our navy in the Civil and Spanish wars, and their far-reaching results, and, second, by the progress made in naval science, with its tremendous effect upon industrial development, for which many officers are to be credited.

The very nature of an officer's duties necessitates constant study of the subjects which they embrace. The course at the Naval Academy covers four years, and the cadets are then sent to sea for a two years' cruise, upon the expiration of which they return to undergo final examination. There is no good reason for more than one year's cruise at sea. At the end of that time, even if not at once upon graduation, the cadets should receive commissions as ensigns if found qualified upon examination. During his career at the Academy the cadet performs the duties of seamen and officers of every grade. He is carefully instructed in gunnery, navigation, and seamanship. He learns English and French, and now Spanish, as well as something about international law and history, becomes a proficient mathematician, and acquires a knowledge of physics, chemistry, and hygiene. Because the naval officer of to-day must be an engineer, he is thoroughly grounded in marine engineering, electrical and steam, and naval construction. When commissioned, he is on occasions given tours of duty at the torpedo station at Newport, where he receives instruction in the construction and operation of the torpedo, and at the Washington Gun Foundry, where he takes part in assembling forgings into great guns. He undergoes a post-graduate course at the Naval War College—an institution established at New London, Conn., almost simultaneously with the reconstruction of the navy. The Naval War College, like the Naval Academy, was not brought into existence by authority of Congress. Secretary William E. Chandler, under date of May 3, 1884, organized a Board of naval officers, consisting of Commodore S. B. Luce, Commander W. T. Sampson, and Lieutenant-Commander C. E. Goodrich, to report upon the subject of a post-graduate course for officers of the navy. Explaining to the Senate the reason for the establishment of the institution, Mr. Chandler stated that "the constant changes in the methods of conducting naval warfare imposed by the introduction of armored ships, swift cruisers, rams, seagoing torpedo-boats, and high-power guns, together with the more rigid methods of treating the various subjects relating to naval science, render imperative the establishment of a school where our officers may be enabled to keep abreast of the improvements going on in every navy in the world." In its report recommending the organization of the institution the Board expressed the opinion that "a cogent reason for such a school is that there may be a place where our officers will not only be encouraged but required to study their profession proper—war—in a far more thorough manner than has ever heretofore been attempted, and to bring to the investigation of the various problems of modern naval warfare the scientific methods adopted in other professions." The course at the College is divided under two heads—the science and art of war, and law and history. The College has been in successful operation for fifteen years, and has been of much benefit in fitting officers not only to command single ships and squadrons, but to perform properly numerous other important duties with which they are charged. I am confident that the training many officers received at the College has been of great service to them in times of peace and war. Toward the close of my administration instructions were given for the establishment of a post-graduate course in steam engineering at the Naval Academy. This was done upon the recommendation of Rear-Admiral G. W. Melville, the engineer-in-chief of the navy, and the course will enable officers of the new line to perfect themselves in the science of their profession. The medical officer was not overlooked, and a medical school was established in Washington. Arrangements were made with the War Department for harmonious co-operation with the medical school of the army. Medical officers of the navy have had no sufficient opportunity to study their profession, and co-operation with the army will not only fill this want but create a healthy mutuality which will stimulate both services.

In the navy to-day there is missing from the list of titles of officers one which or half a century occupied an honorable nd increasingly important position upon —that of engineer. The introduction of team into the navy caused the appointent in 1836 of Mr. Charles H. Haswell, f New York. He was the first engineer f the service. In spite of the element in he navy and the country which clung to ails, it speedily became apparent that team propulsion must be adopted for nen-of-war, and about 1842 Congress had uthorized the construction of four steam essels—the Fulton, Mississippi, Missouri, nd Michigan—and one steamship, known s the Engineer, had been purchased. or the design of the machinery of the essels the construction of which was uthorized, and for its care and operation fter installation, twenty engineers were ppointed. The engineers were dissatisied with their status and pay, and the ppointment of a man who was not familar with the principles of their profession; and an appeal was made to Congress for adequate recognition. Agitation was effective. Congress, by the Act approved August 31, 1842, created the staff engineer corps of the navy. This act provided for the appointment by the Secretary of the Navy of one chief engineer, two first assistant, two second assistant, and three third assistant engineers for each steam ship of war, to be paid salaries ranging from $1,500 to $500 per annum. Three years later a law was enacted authorizing the President to appoint engineer officers, and in 1860 Congress granted substantial increases in pay to officers of this corps. In the meantime the question of the relation of the staff to the line had become a subject of controversy, and Secretary Toucey, in January, 1859, issued an order announcing the relative rank of officers of the staff corps. This order explicitly stated that it conferred no authority to exercise military command "except in the discharge of their [officers of the staff corps] duties, and no additional right to quarters." Congress enacted Mr. Toucey's order into law, striking out the words "except in the discharge of their duties," and thus, the engineers claimed, increased their embarassment and difficulty in controlling and disciplining the men of their divisions. The value of steam propulsion had been demonstrated before the Civil War, but the events of that struggle emphasized its superiority over sails, and established the fact that men especially trained in the manipulation of engines must be employed. When the Naval Academy was founded, Lieutenant James H. Ward, a member of the faculty, foresaw the important part steam would play in the future service, and arranged that it should be one of the principal subjects of the course. With his detachment from the Academy less attention was paid to steam, and it was soon made a subordinate branch of the department of Natural Philosophy. During the Civil War Secretary Welles called the attention of Congress to the desirability of educating steam engineers, and a law was enacted in 1864 authorizing the instruction at the Academy "as naval constructors or steam engineers of such midshipman and others as may show a peculiar aptitude therefor." Secretary Welles was not satisfied with the law, and he asked, before the plan was put into operation, whether steam engineering should not be made to constitute a necessary part of the education of all midshipmen, "so that in our future navy every line officer will be a steam engineer, and qualified to have complete command and direction of the ship." Here was the first official suggestion for the present consolidated line of the navy. The young men appointed under the Act of 1864 and enactments in the years immediately following were styled cadet engineers, and in 1882 they were transformed into naval cadets of the line.

This last law was intended to settle the line and staff controversy, which had been raging on board every war vessel of the navy, and which had already attracted the attention of thinking men of the country. So long as the engineers of the navy were appointed from civil life, it was plain that there could be no agreement between them and officers of the line bred in all the traditions of the service. The antagonism extended to the students at the Naval Academy, the cadet engineers among whom had been by law organized into a separate class, and the amalgamation of the cadet engineers and the midshipmen failed to produce the desired effect. Those graduates assigned to the Engineer Corps speedily became out of harmony with the line, and there was little disposition on the part of the line to promote harmony by co-operation with the Engineer Corps. The difference in views between the two branches of the service appears very clearly in the testimony given before the House Naval Committee when it was investigating the question of reorganization of the personnel.

At the beginning of my term in the Department the discussion between the line and the staff was a matter of immediate importance. Naval officers naturally felt keen interest each in his own corps. The engineering profession throughout the country had become a party to the issue, and was demanding that its representatives in the navy should receive that measure of official recognition which the high character of the calling requires. Secretary Herbert had prepared a bill for the reorganization of the line, which contemplated the removal of a large number of officers by transfer either to a reserve or to the retired list, and by increase of officers, principally in the higher grades. A bill was also introduced granting actual rank, military title, and adequate numbers to the Engineer Corps. Neither the Herbert Bill nor the Engineer Bill had been adopted, and the condition I found was that of stagnation in promotion, with its train of evils, and the existence of friction between the line and the staff, which not only produced inefficiency, but which, through its effect upon Congress, almost endangered the upbuilding of the navy.

Representative Francis H. Wilson, of New York, the recognized champion of the engineers in the House, had frequent conferences with the Department in regard to the action which should be taken for the restoration of harmony in the service. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt—now President—was then Assistant Secretary, and was especially active in this direction, obtaining the views of rival factions. As a result of full consideration of this matter, I appointed a Board to which was confided the preparation of a plan for the reorganization of the personnel. Mr. Roosevelt was made president of this Board. Had a line or an engineer officer been named, the Board at the outset would have been embarrassed. By designating the Assistant Secretary, who was recognized as an earnest friend of the service at large, the line and the staff were certain of fair rulings upon questions which might arise between them. Mr. Roosevelt was intended to serve, and did serve, as moderator. The line was represented by two chiefs of Bureaus, Commodore Crowninshield and Commodore W. T. Sampson, and four other officers of standing and influence in the service—Captain A. H. McCormick, Captain Robley D. Evans, Commander J. N. Hemphill, and Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright. The Engineer Corps, which comprised fewer officers than the line, was represented by four officers—Commodore George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief and Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering—a man of common sense, judgment, and possessing the implicit confidence of his subordinates—Chief Engineer Charles W. Rae, Chief Engineer George H. Kearny, and Passed Assistant Engineer Walter M. MacFarland. The Recorder of the Board was a line officer—Lieutenant Albert L. Key. No other corps were given representation on the Board, because the main question was between the Line and the Engineer Corps.

The Board was in session for about a month. The representatives of both the line and engineers manifested an earnest desire to come to an understanding. Commodore Melville submitted a proposition for an independent engineer corps, which should comprise 303 officers, who should have positive rank and military titles, and the same right of absolute command over their own divisions which watch and division officers of the line have, the chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering to have the rank and pay of a Commodore. This proposal was rejected, and then Captain Evans submitted a plan which had all along been in the mind of the Department and of the Board, for the amalgamation of the line and the engineers. This solution, though at first sight revolutionary, was really the final step in the process of evolution through which the navy was passing. The fundamental studies of officers of the deck and engine room at the Naval Academy were identical; the younger line officers served in engine-rooms on torpedo-boats, and line as well as staff officers underwent training in machine work, if not in the engine-room, in departments devoted to electrical and ordnance equipment. In the old days of sail, the naval officer was first of all master of the motive power: why not in the days of steam? The acceptance of the proposal by the engineers was followed by the drafting of the provisions of a bill to be laid before the Secretary for transmission to Congress. Examination of this showed that, besides providing for the combination of the line and engineer corps, it enabled the voluntary retirement of officers in the grades of captain, commander, and lieutenant-commanders, should natural causes fail to produce a certain number of casualties in those grades, and in that of lieutenant; and that should the casualties and voluntary retirements be not sufficient to cause the average vacancies fixed, then a Board of Rear-Admirals should select a limited number of officers for retirement. Whether voluntarily or compulsorily retired, the officers affected were to receive the rank and three-fourths of the sea-pay of the grade next higher to that which they had attained at the time of retirement. Here were two provisions that the Board contemplated enacting into law, which permitted valuable officers to go on the retired list, though it was plain that ships under construction would require when commissioned the services of all that could be gathered, and which also gave the benefits of retirement with increased rank and pay to officers who were unfitted for duty, and less deserving of such consideration than others retired because of disability incurred in the line of duty. I transmitted the bill to Congress with a recommendation for the enactment of its provisions, with the exception of those specified. It was believed that such a law would bring harmony into the service, and the results of its operation since enactment in 1899 have justified this belief. It still seems advisable that the voluntary and compulsory retirement provisions should be modified so that officers affected by them shall retire with the rank and three-fourths of the sea-pay of the grade held at the time of retirement, and not be given a premium for getting out of the service. The bill further provided that the navy should receive army pay, that the title "midshipman" should replace that of "cadet" for students at the Naval Academy, and that the course at the Academy should be reduced from six to four years. It created a corps of warrant machinists, and improved the condition of the enlisted force by conferring upon its members the same privileges and rights respecting retirement and pension that obtained in the army and marine corps. The enthusiasm aroused by sea victories during the war with Spain caused the enactment of the bill with some amendments and additions, the latter relating mainly to the marine corps.

It was loudly urged against this reorganization bill that it would operate to the disadvantage of the service; that the age was one of specialization, and that it was impossible to make a fighting man a "jack-of-all-trades." Those who made these statements forgot that in amalgamating the line and engineer corps we were simply repeating history; that England's ships were once sailed by men especially employed for that duty and fought by soldiers who had nothing to do with the operation of the vessels. But the combination of these two types produced the sailor who could not only sail his ship, but who could fight it as well. When steamships entered our navy, the sailor, clinging to the traditions of his calling, jealously refused to surrender his privileges and prerogatives to the engineer. As the work of the soldier and the sailor gradually approached each other and finally intermingled, so has that of the navigator and the engineer. The Personnel Law was framed to meet special conditions, and so long as those conditions exist it will produce the results intended; but when they change, it will require revision. It would not be surprising should the machinists warranted under the Personnel Law become a future engineer corps, just as the late engineer corps developed from civilians appointed into the navy during the early years of steam.

The officers command a ship, but the brawn and its intelligent application are supplied by the enlisted men. In the old navy the ships were manned by sailors who could patch a sail, knot a parted shroud, repair a boat, sponge, load, and fire a gun, in fact, do any work appertaining to their rating. Boys were enlisted as powder-monkeys and for other light work. That they were distinguished by the same ardor as possessed their older comrades is shown by Captain Hull's report on the battle of the Constitution and the Guerriere, in which he said that "from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman, not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action giving three cheers and requesting to be laid alongside of the enemy." Enough American citizens not engaging in the national and merchant marines, causing the employment of many foreigners in this branch of the governmental and industrial services, the suggestion was made in 1835 that boys be enlisted and trained in the ways of the sea. Congress incorporated the suggestion into law in 1837, and under the authority granted him Secretary Paulding enlisted several hundred youngsters and distributed them among the line-of-battle ships Columbus and North Carolina and the frigates Java and Hudson. The plan was inaugurated under auspicious circumstances, but, the Department announcing that the apprentices would not receive commissions, interest disappeared and failure followed. A second effort to establish the apprentice system was made by Secretary Welles. The experiment at first produced gratifying results, justifying a belief in important future benefit to the service. Thinking an opportunity to attain commissions would encourage the boys, Secretary Welles, in his annual report for 1864, suggested that "from among the apprentices on the schoolship, a selection of one-half of the midshipmen appointed might be made with great advantage to the service and to the country. . . . It would popularize the service and open to those who may have enlisted the highest positions and honors in the service." Mr. Welles succeeded in having a number of apprentices sent to the Academy, where they were examined for admission; and some of the able officers to-day are those who underwent their first naval experience as enlisted boys.

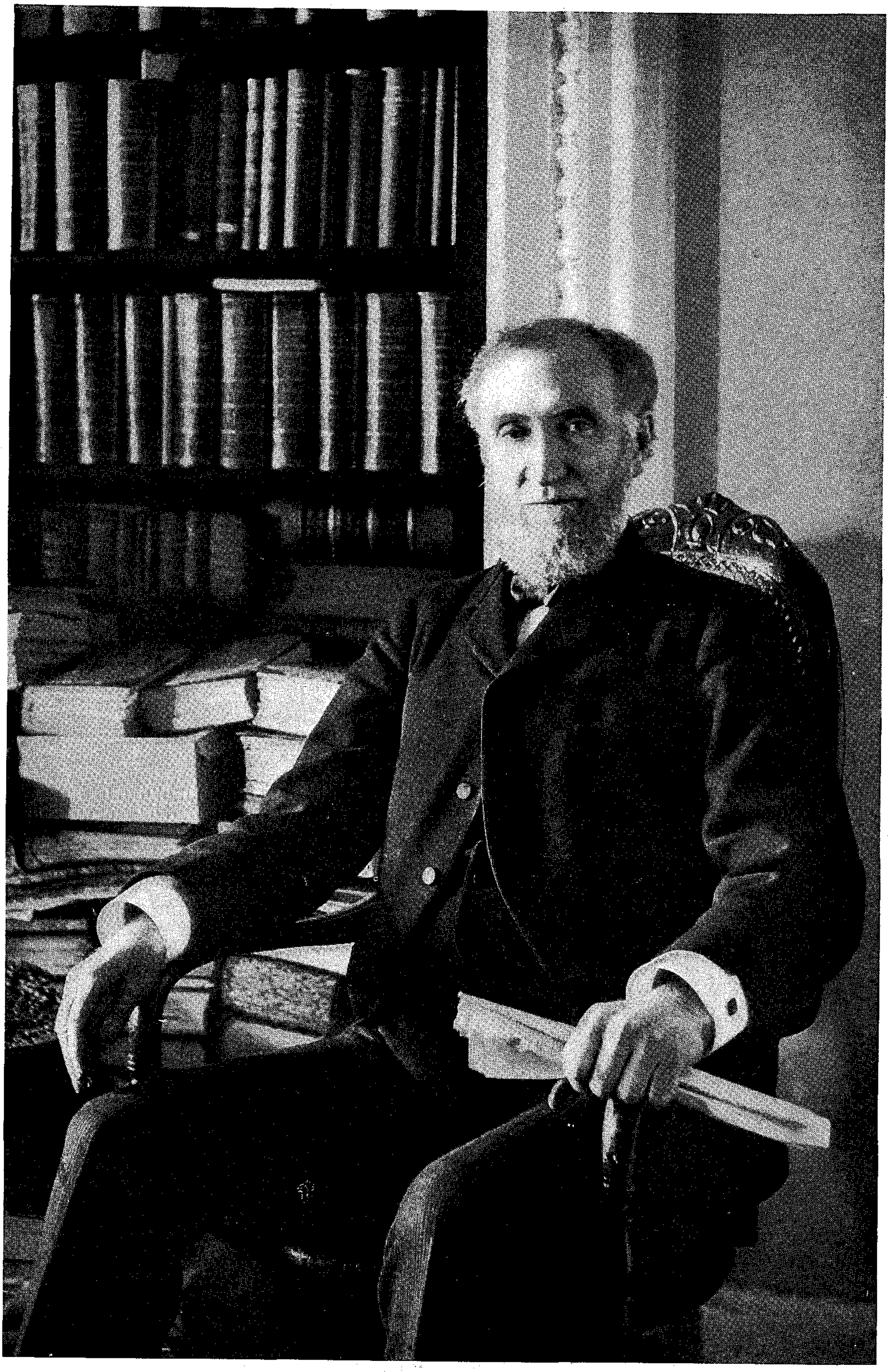
Discouraging though the attempts of his predecessors were, Secretary Robeson, in 1875, issued a circular authorizing the enlistment of a certain number of apprentices. There was imperative need of such action. The percentage of foreigners in the navy at this time had reached such a high figure that confusion and inefficiency prevailed. Admiral David D. Porter thus described the humiliating condition of our enlisted force when the reconstruction of the navy began:

"A few years ago one of our ships with a cosmopolitan crew was anchored in the harbor of Villefranche. The crew represented nineteen different nationalities, and so inefficient was the organization that some wag painted on a board and hung in the gangway, "Ici on parle Anglais," like the signs in Paris shops. When the Trenton went into commission, as fine a body of Germans, Huns, Norsemen, Gauls, Chinese, and other outside barbarians as one could wish to see were on board. Of the whole number, not more than eighty could speak English. These men shipped for money. They had no sentiment for our flag or nationality, and possibly if it came to an action with a ship of their own or neighboring nation they would haul down the American colors and hoist their own."

National pride demanded an American navy. So the apprentice was encouraged. In 1881 the city of Newport ceded Coaster's Harbor Island in Narragansett Bay to the Government as a site for a Naval Apprentice station. During my administration the island of Yerba Buena, in San Francisco Bay, was acquired, and upon it a modern training station for apprentices was built. When Secretary Robeson made the third attempt to organize an apprentice training system, it was predicted that it would fail. To-day it is one of the important branches of supply for our enlisted force. It seemed a violation of the principles of the Republic to maintain a service which limited the achievements of an employee; and, regarding Secretary Welles's plan as eminently just and proper, I recommended that Congress enact a bill permitting the commissioning of enlisted men promoted from apprentices, after examination of their mental, moral, and physical qualifications. The law, as passed, fixes the number of these appointments at six annually. In the twenty-seven years during which the apprentice system has been in operation more than fifteen thousand boys have attended the course, and those who have not remained in the service have, in the majority of cases, made useful citizens. The apprentice system has also been important in bringing about the Americanization of the navy. Various measures were adopted from the beginning of the new navy to displace the foreign element in the service. At the time of my entrance into the Department in 1897, almost twenty-five per cent. of the enlisted men were foreigners. As a means of reducing this proportion, enlistment stations were established in the interior of the country and along the lakes. The material thus obtained was of such an excellent character that when Congress made substantial increases in the enlisted force, these and additional stations were maintained. Recruits are placed on board receiving-ships, where they learn the rudiments of their future calling, and are subsequently distributed among training-ships. When their preliminary education is concluded, they are transferred to regular cruising vessels. Arrangements had been perfected before my retirement from the Department for the training of four thousand landsmen annually. Congress should authorize barracks for the accommodation of raw recruits. On shore, under the observation of officers, it will be an easy matter to reject those men who fail to show aptitude for the service, retaining only the best material to be wrought into the finished seaman. The effect of the enlistment of landsmen on the Americanization of the navy is shown by the fact that almost ninety per cent. of the enlisted force is to-day American by birth or naturalization.

Improvements in the *matériel* of the navy have brought about the necessity for an enlisted personnel of high intelligence and skill; and with these qualities has come the need of better provision for enlisted men. The sailors of the old navy were subjected to hard conditions; they are treated to-day as men. Fifty years ago they received whatever training was given them on shipboard. Even in the new navy, until 1897, only the torpedo school and the gun foundry were open to them. The use of electricity on board war-ships grew to such proportions during my time that it was deemed advisable to establish an electrical school at the New York Navy-Yard. The gunnery course was completed by practical training on the monitors Amphitrite and Puritan, in North Atlantic waters. To stimulate the men, the rating of gun captain was created. It is a gratifying fact that ships to which gun captains were detailed showed considerable and immediate improvement in target practice. The clerks of the navy are known as yeomen. That men enlisted for this rating might properly understand their duties, a yeoman's training-school was established at New York. One of the later acts of my time was the direction to establish at the Norfolk Navy-Yard an artificers' school. Here experience in ship-work will be given to carpenters, ship-fitters, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, ship's plumbers, and men of other ship's trades. That every ounce of coal may produce the largest volume of steam and that engines and boilers may not be rapidly worn out, a training-school was provided for firemen. The Cincinnati, whose bowels are one mass of machinery, was selected for use as this school.

No description of the personnel of the American navy would be complete without a reference to the Marine Corps. An early Continental Congress authorized the organization of a body of marines. The Congress of the United States, which directed the construction of the first ships of the old navy, simultaneously provided for the commissioning of marine officers and the enlistment of men for the guards. In all our wars the marines have distinguished themselves. On nineteen separate occasions Congress has, by joint resolution, expressed its sense of appreciation of their valor and good conduct. After the Civil War a movement was inaugurated to abolish the Corps, but a thorough investigation by Congress established the inadvisability of such action. Many line officers have expressed the opinion that the Marine Corps is no longer needed on board ships, and several years before the Spanish War the attempt to bring about its abolition was renewed. Colonel Charles Haywood, now Major-General, Commandant of the Corps, appeared before the Personnel Board in 1897 and earnestly opposed amalgamation with the navy. The Corps was reorganized and enlarged by the Personnel Law—action which met with general approval in view of the new laurels added to its record by the battalion which served at Guantanamo, where the Corps rendered especially brilliant service, as well as on the ships at Manila and Santiago, and ashore in China and the Philippines.



JOSEPH G. CANNON

Mr. Cannon will probably be Speaker of the House of Representatives of the new Congress. He has been a Member of Congress from Illinois for thirty years, with the exception of one two years' term. From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

The Bodleian Library: 1602-1902

By Augustine Birrell

WITH what feelings, I wonder, ought one to approach in a famous University an already venerable foundation, devoted by the last will and indented deed of a pious benefactor to the collection and housing of books and the promotion of learning? The Bodleian at this moment harbors within its walls well-nigh half a million of printed volumes, some scores of precious manuscripts in all the tongues, and has become a name famous throughout the whole civilized world. What sort of a poor scholar would he be whose heart did not beat within him when, for the first time, he found himself, to quote the words of "Elia," "in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley"?

Grave questions, these, but put, I am afraid, with a certain pomposity of style, for how else can I account for the undignified trick my memory is now playing me, by summoning to its bar that irreverent tale told of Calverley, then Blayds of Balliol? "The following episode occurred during one of Calverley's appearances at 'Collections,' the Master (Dr. Jenkyns) officiating. *Question.* 'And with what feelings, Mr. Blayds, ought we to regard the decalogue?' Calverley, who had no very clear idea of what was meant by the decalogue, but who had a due sense of the importance both of the occasion and of the question, made the following reply: 'Master, with feelings of devotion, mingled with awe!' 'Quite right, young man, a very proper answer,' exclaimed the Master."[1]

"Devotion mingled with awe" might be a very proper answer for me to make to my own question, but I, possessing that acquaintance with the history of the most picturesque of all libraries which anybody can have who loves books enough to devote a dozen quiet hours of rumination to the pages of Mr. Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library," second edition, Oxford, "at the Clarendon Press, 1890," cannot honestly profess to entertain in my breast, with regard to it, the precise emotions which C. S. C. declared took possession of him when he regarded the decalogue. A great library easily begets affection, which may deepen into love; but devotion and awe are plants hard to rear in our harsh climate; besides, can it be well denied that there is something in a huge collection of the ancient learning, of mediæval folios, of controversial pamphlets, and in the thick black dust these things so woefully collect, provocative of listlessness and enervation and of a certain Solomonic dissatisfaction? The two writers of modern times, both pre-eminently sympathetic towards the past, who have best described this somewhat melancholy and disillusioned frame of mind are both Americans: Washington Irving, in two essays in the "Sketch-Book"—The Art of Bookmaking and The Mutability of Literature, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, in many places, but notably in that famous chapter on The Emptiness of Picture Galleries in "The Marble Faun."

---

[1] "Literary Remains of C. S. Calverley," 31.

It is perhaps best not to make too great demands upon our slender stock of deep emotions; not to rhapsodize too much; or vainly to pretend, as some travelers have done, that to them the collections of the Bodleian, its laden shelves and precious cases, are more attractive than wealth, fame, or family, and that stern Fate alone compelled them to leave Oxford by train after a visit rarely exceeding twenty-four hours in duration.

Sir Thomas Bodley's Library at Oxford is, all will admit, a great and glorious Institution, one of England's sacred places; and springing as it did out of the mind, heart, and head of one strong, efficient, and resolute man, it is matter for rejoicing with every honest gentleman to be able to observe how quickly the idea took root, how well it has thriven, by how great a tradition it has become consecrated, and how studiously the wishes of the founder in all their essentials are still observed and carried out.

Saith the Prophet Isaiah, "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things he shall stand." The name of Thomas Bodley still stands all the world over by the liberal thing he devised.

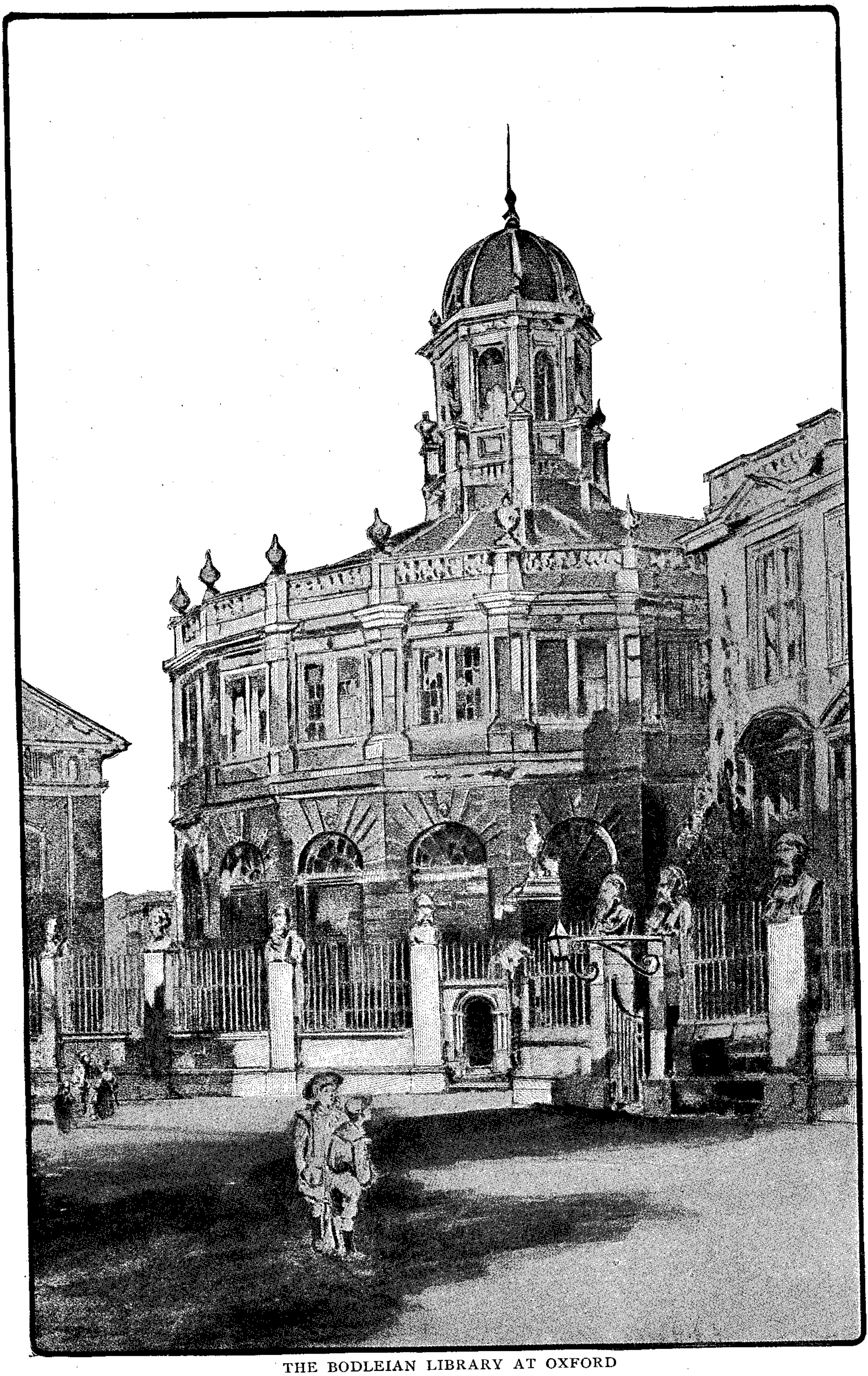
A few pages about this "second Ptolemy" will be grudged me by none but unlettered churls.

He was a West Countryman, an excellent thing to be in England if you want backing through thick and thin, and was born in Exeter on the 2d of March, 1544—a most troublesome date. It seems our fate in the Old Home never to be for long quit of the religious difficulty—which is very hard upon us, for nobody, I suppose, would call us a "religious" people. Little Thomas Bodley opened his eyes in a land distracted with the religious difficulty. Listen to his own words; they are full of the times: "My father, in the time of Queen Mary, being noted and known to be an enemy to Popery was so cruelly threatened and so narrowly observed by those that maliced his religion, that for the safeguard of himself and my mother who was wholly affected as my father, he knew no way so secure as to fly into Germany, where after a while he found means to call over my mother with all his children and family whom he settled for a time in Wesel in Cleveland. (For there, there were many English which had left their country for their conscience and with quietness enjoyed their meetings and preachings.) From thence he removed to the town of Frankfort where there was in like sort another English congregation. Howbeit we made no longer tarriance in either of these two towns for that my father had resolved to fix his abode in the city of Geneva."

Here the Bodleys remained until such time as our Nation was advertised of the death of Queen Mary and the succession of Elizabeth, with the change of religion which caused my father to hasten into England.

In Geneva young Bodley and his brothers enjoyed what now would be called great educational advantages. Small creature though he was, he yet attended (so he says) the public lectures of Chevalerius in Hebrew, Bersaldus in Greek, and of Calvin and Beza in Divinity. He had also "domestical teachers," and was taught Homer by Robert Constantinus, who was the author of a Greek Lexicon, a luxury in those days.

On returning to England Bodley proceeded, not to Exeter, as by rights he should have done, but to Magdalen, where he became a "reading man" and graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1563. The next year he shifted his quarters to Merton, where he gave public lectures on Greek. In 1566 he became a Master of Arts, took to the study of Natural Philosophy, and three years later was Junior Proctor. He remained in residence until 1576, thus spending seventeen years in the University. In the last-mentioned year he obtained leave of absence to travel on the Continent, and for four years he pursued his studies abroad, mastering the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. Some short time



THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY AT OXFORD

after his return home he obtained an introduction to Court circles and became an Esquire to Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have entertained varying opinions about him, at one time greatly commending him and at another time wishing he were hanged—an awkward wish on Tudor lips. In 1588 Bodley married a wealthy widow, a Mrs. Ball, the daughter of a Bristol man named Carew. He survived her, and, having no children, a good bit of her money remains in the Bodleian to this day. Blessed be her memory! Nor should the names of Carew and Ball be wholly forgotten in this connection. From 1588 to 1596 Bodley was in the diplomatic service, chiefly at The Hague, where he did good work in troublesome times. On being finally recalled from The Hague, Bodley had to make up his mind whether to pursue a public life. He suffered from having too many friends, for not only did Burleigh patronize him, but Essex must needs do the same. No man can serve two masters, and though to be the victim of the rival ambitions of greater men than yourself is no uncommon fate, it is a currish one. Bodley determined to escape it, and to make for himself after a very different fashion a name, *ære perennius*.

> I resolved thereupon to possess my soul in peace all the residue of my days, to take my full farewell of state employments, to satisfy my mind with the mediocrity of worldly living that I had of mine own, and so to retire me from the Court.

But what was he to do?

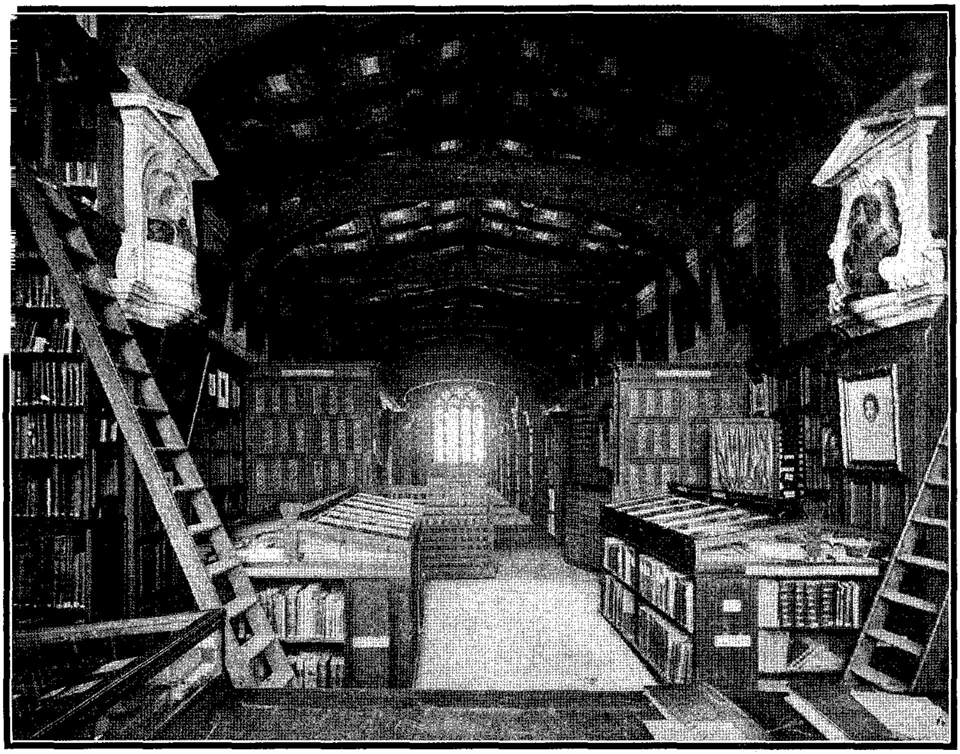
> Whereupon, examining exactly for the rest of my life what course I might take, and having sought all the ways to the wood to select the most proper, I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the Library door in Oxford, being thoroughly persuaded that in my solitude and surcease from the Commonwealth affairs I could not busy myself to better purpose than by reducing that place (which then in every part lay ruined waste) to the publick use of students.

It is pleasant to be admitted into the birth-chamber of a great idea destined to be translated into action. Bodley proceeds to state the four qualifications he felt himself to possess to do this great bit of work: first, the necessary knowledge of ancient and modern tongues and of "sundry other sorts of scholastical literature;" second, purse ability; third, a great store of honorable friends; and, fourth, leisure.

Bodley's description of the state of the old library as lying in every part ruined and in waste was but too true.

Richard of Bury, the book-loving Bishop of Durham, seems to have been the first donor of manuscripts on anything like a large scale to Oxford, but the library he founded was at Durham College, which stood where Trinity College now stands, and was in no sense a University library. The good Bishop, known to all book-hunters as the author of the "Philobiblon," died in 1345, but his collection remained intact, subject to rules he had himself laid down, until the dissolution of the monasteries, when Durham College, which was attached to a religious house, was put up for sale, and its library, like so much else of good learning at this sad period, was dispersed and for the most part destroyed.

Bodley's real predecessor, the first begetter of a University library, was Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, who in 1320 prepared a chamber above a vaulted room in the northeast corner of St. Mary's Church for the reception of the books he intended to bestow upon his University. When the Bishop of Worcester (as a matter of fact he had once been elected Archbishop of Canterbury—but that is another story, as Laurence Sterne has said) died in 1327, it was discovered that he had by his will bequeathed his library to Oxford, but he was insolvent! No rich relict of a defunct Ball was available for a Bishop in those days. The executors found themselves without sufficient estate to pay for their testator's funeral expenses, ever the first charge upon assets. They are not to be blamed for pawning the library. A good friend redeemed the pledge and despatched the books, all, of course, manuscripts, to Oxford. For some reason or another Oriel took them in, and, having become their bailee, refused to part with them, possibly and plausibly alleging that the University was not in a position to give a valid receipt. At Oriel they remained for ten years, when all of a sudden the scholars of the University, animated by their notorious affection for sound learning and a good "row," took Oriel by storm and carried off the books in triumph to Bishop Cobham's room, where they remained in chests unread for thirty years. In 1367 the University by statute ratified and confirmed its title to



DUKE HUMPHREY'S LIBRARY IN THE BODLEIAN

the books and published regulations for their use, but the quarrel with Oriel continued till 1409, when the Cobham Library was for the first time properly furnished and opened as a place for study and reference.

The Librarian of the old Cobham Library had an advantage over Mr. Nicholson, the Bodley Librarian of to-day. Being a clerk in holy orders before the days when, in Bodley's own phrase, already quoted, we " changed " our religion, he was authorized by the University to say masses for the souls of all dead donors of books, whether by gifts *inter vivos* or by bequest.

The first great benefactor of Cobham's Library was Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the youngest son of Henry IV., and perhaps the most " pushful " youngest son in our royal annals. Though a dissipated and unprincipled fellow, he lives in history as the "good Duke Humphrey " because he had the sense to patronize learning, collect manuscripts, and enrich universities. He began his gifts to Oxford as early, so say some authorities, as 1411, and continued his donations of manuscripts with such vivacity that the little room in St. Mary's could no longer contain its riches. Hence the resolution of the University in 1444 to build a new library over the Divinity School. This new room, which was completed in 1480, forms now the central portion of that great reading-room so affectionately remembered by thousands of still living students.

Duke Humphrey's Library, as the new room was popularly called, continued to flourish and receive valuable accessions of manuscripts and printed books belonging to Divinity, Medicine, Natural Science, and Literature until the ill-omened year 1550. Oxford has never loved Commissioners revising her statutes and reforming her schools, but the Commissioners of 1550 were worse than prigs, worse even than Erastians, they were barbarians and wreckers. They were deputed by King Edward VI., " in the spirit of the Reformation," to make an end of the Popish superstition. Under their hands the Library totally disappeared; and for a long while the tailors and shoemakers and bookbinders of Oxford were well supplied with vellum which they found useful in their respective callings. It was a hard fate for so splendid a collection. True it is that for the most part the contents of the Library had been rescued from miserable ill-usage in the Monasteries and Chapter-Houses where they had their first habitations, but at last they had found shelter over the Divinity School of a great University. There at least they might hope to slumber. But our Reformers thought otherwise. The books and manuscripts being thus dispersed or destroyed, a prudent if unromantic Convocation exposed for sale the wooden shelves, desks, and seats of the old library, and so made a complete end of the whole concern; thus making room for Thomas Bodley.

On the 23d of February, 159⅞, Thomas Bodley sat himself down in his London house and addressed to the Vice-Chancellor of his University a certain famous letter:

> *Sir*,—Altho' you know me not as I suppose, yet for the farthering of an offer of evident utilitie to your whole University I will not be too scrupulous in craving your assistance. I have been alwaies of a mind that if God of his goodness should make me able to do anything for the benefit of posteritie I would shew some token of affiction that I have ever more borne to the studies of good learning. I know my portion is too slender to perform for the present any answerable act to my willing disposition, but yet to notify some part of my desire in that behalf I have resolved thus to deal. Where there hath been heretofore a public library in Oxford which you know is apparent by the room itself remaining and by your statute records, I will take the charge and cost upon me to reduce it again to its former use and to make it fit and handsome with seats and shelves and desks and all that may be needful to stir up other mens benevolence to help to furnish it with books. And this I purpose to begin as soon as timber can be gotten to the intent that you may be of some speedy profit of my project. And where before as I conceive it was to be reputed but a store of books of divers benefactors because it never had any lasting allowance for augmentation of the number or supply of books decayed, whereby it came to pass that when those that were in being were either wasted or embezzled, the whole foundation came to ruin. To meet with that inconvenience, I will so provide hereafter (if God do not hinder my present design) as you shall be still assured of a standing annual rent to be disbursed every year in buying of books, or officers stipends and other pertinent occasions, with which provision and some order for the preservation of the place and the furniture of it from accustomed abuses, it may perhaps in time to come prove a notable treasure for the multitude of volumes, an excellent benefit for the use and ease of students, and a singular ornament of the University.

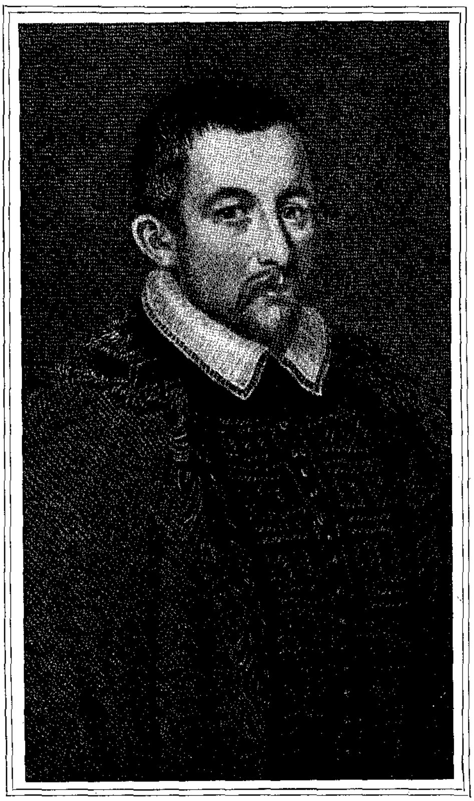
The letter does not stop here, but my quotation has already probably wearied most of my readers, though for my own part I am not ashamed to confess that I seldom tire of retracing with my own hand the *ipsissima verba* whereby great and truly notable gifts have been bestowed upon nations or universities or even municipalities for the advancement of learning and the spread of science. Bodley's language is somewhat involved, but through it glows the plain intention of an honest man.

Convocation, we are told, embraced the offer with wonderful alacrity, and lost no time in accepting it in good Latin.

From February, 1598, to January, 1613 (when he died), Bodley was happy with as glorious a hobby-horse as ever man rode astride upon. Though Bodley, in one of his letters, modestly calls himself a mere "smatterer," he was, as indeed he had the sense to recognize, excellently well fitted to be a collector of books, being both a good linguist and personally well acquainted with the chief cities of the Continent and with their booksellers. He was thus able to employ well-selected agents in different parts of Europe to buy books on his account, which it was his pleasure to receive, his rapture to unpack, his pride to despatch in what he calls "dry-fats"—that is, weather-tight chests—to Dr. James, the first Bodley Librarian. Despite growing and painful infirmities (stone, ague, dropsy), Bodley never even for a day dismounted his hobby, but rode it manfully to the last. Nor had he any mean taint of nature that might have grudged other men a hand in the great work. The more benefactors there were, the better pleased was Bodley. He could not, indeed—for had he not been educated at Geneva and attended the Divinity Lectures of Calvin and Beza?—direct Dr. James to say masses for the souls of such donors of money or books as should die, but he did all a poor Protestant can do to tempt generosity—he opened and kept in a very public place in the Library a great Register Book, containing the names and titles of all benefactors. Bodley was always on the lookout for gifts and bequests from his store of honorable friends; and in the case of

Sir Henry Savile he even relaxed the rule against lending books from the Library, because, as he frankly admits to Dr. James, he had hopes (which proved well founded) that Sir Henry would not forget his obligations to the Bodleian.

The Library was formally opened on the 8th of November, 1602, and then contained some two thousand volumes. Two years later its founder was knighted by King James, who on the following June directed letters patent to be issued styling the Library by the founder's name and licensing the University to hold land in mortmain for its maintenance. The most learned and by no means the most foolish of our Kings, this same James I. visited the Bodleian in May, 1605. Sir Thomas was not present. There it was that the royal pun was made that the founder's name should have been Godly and not Bodley. King James handled certain old manuscripts with the familiarity of a scholar, and is reported to have said, I doubt not with perfect sincerity, that were he not King James he would be an University man, and that were it his fate at any time to be a captive, he would wish to be shut up in the Bodleian and to be bound with its chains, consuming his days amongst its books as his fellows in captivity. Indeed, he was so carried away by the atmosphere of the place as to offer to present to the Bodleian whatever books Sir Thomas Bodley might think fit to lay hands upon in any of the Royal Libraries, and he kept this royal word so far as to confirm the gift under the Privy Seal. But there it seems to have stopped, for the Bodleian does not contain any volumes traceable to this source. The King's librarians probably obstructed any such transfer of books.



SIR THOMAS BODLEY

Authors seem at once to have recognized the importance of the Library, and to have made presentation copies of their works, and in 1605 we find Bacon sending a copy of his "Advancement of Learning" to Bodley, with a letter in which he said: "In having built an ark to save learning from deluge, deserve propriety [ownership] in any new instrument or engine whereby learning should be improved or advanced" (Macray, 35). The most remarkable letter Bodley ever wrote, now extant, is one to Bacon; but it has no reference to the Library, only to the Baconian philosophy. We do not get many glimpses of Bodley's habits of life or ways of thinking, but there is no difficulty in discerning a strenuous, determined, masterful figure, bent during his later years, perhaps tyrannously bent, on effecting his object. He was not, we learn from a correspondent, "hasty to write but when the posts do urge him, saying there need be no answer to your letters till more leisure breed him opportunity." "Words are women, deeds are men," is another saying of his, which I reprint without comment.

By an indenture dated the 20th of April, 1609, Bodley, after reciting how he had, out of his zealous affection to the advancement of learning, lately erected upon the ruins of the old decayed Library of Oxford University "a most ample, commodious, and necessary building, as well for receipt and conveyance of books as for the use and ease of students, and had already furnished the same with excellent writers on all sorts of sciences, arts, and tongues, not only selected out of his own study and store, but also of others that were freely conferred by many other men's gifts," proceeded to grant to trustees lands and hereditaments in Berkshire and in the city of London for the purpose of forming a permanent endowment of his Library; and so they, or the proceeds of sale thereof, have remained unto this day.

Sir Thomas Bodley died on the 20th of January, 1613, his last days being soothed by a letter he received from the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University condoling his sickness and signifying how much the Heads of Houses, etc., prayed for his recovery. A cynical friend, not much of a friend as we shall see, called John Chamberlain, was surprised to observe what pleasure this assurance gave to the dying man. "Whereby," writes Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, "I perceive how much fair words work, as well upon wise men as upon others, for indeed it did affect him very much."

Bodley was rather put out in his last illness by the refusal of a Cambridge doctor, Batter, to come to see him; the doctor saying, "Words cannot cure him, and I can do nothing else for him." There is an occasional curtness about Cambridge men that it is hard but not impossible to reconcile with good feeling.

Bodley's will gave great dissatisfaction to some of his friends, including this aforesaid John Chamberlain, and yet on reading it through it is not easy to see any cause for just complaint. Bodley's brother did not grumble, there were no children, Lady Bodley had died in 1611, and everybody who knew the testator must have known that the Library would be (as it was) the great object of his bounty. What annoyed Chamberlain seems to be that whilst he had (so he says, though I take leave to doubt it) put down Bodley for some trifle in his will, Bodley forgot to mention Chamberlain in his. There is always a good deal of human nature exhibited on these occasions. I will transcribe a bit of one of this gentleman's grumbling letters, written, one may be sure, with no view to publication, the day after Bodley's death:

> Mr. Gent came to me this morning as it were to bemoan himself of the little regard hath been had of him and others, and indeed for ought I hear there is scant anybody pleased, but for the rest it were no great matter if he had had more consideration or commiseration where there was most need. But he was so carried away with the vanity and vain-glory of his library, that he forgot all other respects and duties, almost of Conscience, Friendship, or Good-nature, and all he had was too little for that work. To say the truth I never did rely much upon his conscience, but I thought he had been more real and ingenuous. I cannot learn that he hath given anything, no, not a good word nor so much as named any old friend he had, but Mr. Gent and Thos Allen who like a couple of Almesmen must have his best and second gown, and his best and second cloak, but to cast a colour or shadow of something upon Mr. Gent, he says he forgives him all he owed him, which Mr. Gent protests is never a penny. I must intreat you to pardon me if I seem somewhat impatient on his [*i. e.* Gent's] behalf, who hath been so servile to him, and indeed such a perpetual servant, that he deserved a better reward. Neither can I deny that I have a little indignation for myself that having been acquainted with him for almost 40 years, and observed and respected him so much I should not be remembered with the value of a spoon, or a mourning garment, whereas if I had gone before him (as poor a man as I am) he should not have found himself forgotten.[1]

Bodley did no more by his will, which is dated the 2d of January, 1613, and is all in his own handwriting, than he had promised to do in his lifetime, and I feel as certain as I can feel about anything that happened nearly three hundred years ago, that Mr. Gent, of Gloucester Hall, did owe Bodley money, though, as many another member of the University of Oxford has done with his debts, he forgot all about it.

The founder of the Bodleian was buried with proper pomp and circumstance in the chapel of Merton College, on the 29th of March, 1613. Two Latin orations were delivered over his remains, one, that of Mr. John Hales, a Fellow of Merton, being of no inconsiderable length. After all was over, those who had mourning weeds or blacks retired, with the Heads of Houses, to the Refectory of Merton and had a funeral dinner bestowed upon them, "amounting to the sum of £100," as directed by the founder's will.

The great foundation of Sir Thomas Bodley has, happily for all of us, had better fortune than befell the generous gifts of the Bishops of Durham and Worcester. The Protestant layman has had the luck, not the large-minded prelates of the old religion. Even during the Civil War Bodley's books remained uninjured, at all events by the Parliament men. "When Oxford was surrendered [24 June, 1646], the first thing General Fairfax did was to set a good guard of soldiers to preserve the Bodleian library. 'Tis said there was more hurt done by the Cavaliers [during their garrison] by way of embezzling and cutting of chains of books than there was since. He was a lover of learning, and had he not taken this special care, that noble library had been utterly destroyed, for there were ignorant senators enough who would have been contented to have it so" (see Macray, 101). Oliver Cromwell, while Lord Protector, presented to the Library twenty-two Greek MSS. he had purchased, and, what is more, when Bodley's librarian refused the Lord Protector's request to allow the Portugal Ambassador to borrow a MS., sending instead of the MS. a copy of the statutes forbidding loans, Oliver commended the prudence of the founder, and subsequently made the donation just mentioned.

---

[1] "Winwood's Memorials," III., 429.

A great wave of generosity towards this foundation was early noticeable. The Bodleian got hold of men's imaginations. In those days there were learned men in all walks of life, and many more that were not learned were endlessly curious. The great merchants of the city of London instructed their agents in far lands to be on the lookout for rare things, and transmit them home to find a resting-place in Bodley's buildings. All sorts of curiosities found their way there—crocodiles, whales, mummies, and black negro boys in spirits. The Ashmolean now holds most of them; the negro boy has been conveniently lost.

In 1649 the total of 2,000 printed books had risen to more than 12,000; viz., folios, 5,889; quartos, 2,067; octavos, 4,918; whilst of MSS. there were 3,001.

One of the first gifts in money came from Sir Walter Raleigh, who in 1605 gave £50, whilst among the early benefactors of books and MSS. it were a sin not to name the Earl of Pembroke, Archbishop Laud (one of the Library's best friends), Robert Burton, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Sir Kenelm Digby, John Selden, Lord Fairfax, Colonel Vernon, and Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. Space would be denied me to lengthen this meager list, or even in outline to characterize the chief treasures that have so well fulfilled and transcended the hopes of the founder. I must be content to say, what all know, that no nobler library exists in the world than the Bodleian, unless it be in the Vatican at Rome. The foundation of Sir Thomas Bodley, though of no antiquity, shines with unrivaled splendor

"amidst the stars that own another birth"

in the galaxy of Oxford; for though I must not say, being myself a Cambridge man, that the Bodleian dominates Oxford, yet I may say that to many an English, American, and foreign traveler to that city, which, despite railway stations and trains and the never-ending villas of the Banbury Road, still breathes the charm of an earlier age, the Bodleian is the pulsing heart of the University. Colleges, like ancient homesteads, unless they are yours, never quite welcome you; though ready enough to receive with civility your tendered meed of admiration. You wander through their gardens and pace their quadrangles with no sense of co-ownership—not for you are their clustered memories. In the Bodleian every lettered heart feels itself at home.

Bodley drafted with his own hand the first statutes or rules to be observed in his Library. Speaking generally, they are wise rules. One mistake, indeed, he made—a great mistake, but a natural one. Let him give his own reasons: "I can see no good reason to alter my rule for excluding such books as Almanacks, Plays, and an infinite number that are daily printed of very unworthy matters—handling such books as one thinks both the Keeper and Under-Keeper should disdain to seek out, to deliver to any man. Haply some plays may be worthy the keeping—but hardly one in forty. . . . This is my opinion, wherein if I err I shall err with infinite others; and the more I think upon it, the more it doth distaste me that such kinds of books should be vouchsafed room in so noble a library."[1]

"Baggage-books" was the contemptuous expression elsewhere employed to describe this "light infantry" of literature —*Belles Lettres*, as it is now more politely designated.

One play in forty is liberal measure, but who is to say out of the forty plays which is the one worthy to be housed in a noble library? The taste of Vice-Chancellors and Heads of Houses, of Keepers and Under-Keepers of libraries—can anybody trust it? The Bodleian is entitled by Imperial statutes to receive copies of all books published within the realm, yet it appears on the face of a Parliamentary Return made in 1818 that this "noble library" refused to find room for Ossian, the favorite poet of Goethe and Napoleon, and labeled Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant" and Miss Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas" "rubbish." The sister university, home though she be of nearly every English poet worth reading, rejected the "Siege of Corinth," though the work of a Trinity man, would not take in the "Thanksgiving Ode" of Mr. Wordsworth, of St. John's College, declined Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini," vetoed the "Headlong Hall" of the inimitable Peacock, and, most wonderful of all, would have nothing to say to Scott's "Antiquary," being probably disgusted to find that a book with so promising a title was only a novel.

---

[1] See correspondence in "Reliquiæ Bodleianæ," London, 1703.

Now all this is altered, and everything is collected in the Bodleian, including, so I am told, Christmas cards and dinner menus.

Bodley's rule has proved an expensive one, for the Library has been forced to buy at latter-day prices "baggage-books" it could have got for nothing.

Another ill-advised regulation got rid of duplicates. Thus, when the third Shakespeare Folio appeared in 1664, the Bodleian disposed of its copy of the First Folio. However, this wrong was righted in 1821, when, under the terms of Edmund Malone's bequest, the Library once again became the possessor of the edition of 1623.

Against lending books Bodley was adamant, and here his rule prevails. It is pre-eminently a wise one. The stealing of books, as well as the losing of books, from public libraries is a melancholy and ancient chapter in the histories of such institutions. Indeed, there is too much reason to believe that not a few books in the Bodleian itself were stolen to start with. But the long possession by such a foundation has doubtless purged the original offense. In the National Library in Paris is at least one precious MS. which was stolen from the Escurial. There are volumes in the British Museum on which the Bodleian looks with suspicion, and *vice versa*. But let sleeping dogs lie. Bodley would not even give the divines who were engaged upon a bigger bit of work even than his Library—the translation of the Bible into that matchless English which makes King James's Version our greatest literary possession—permission to borrow "the one or two books" they wished to see.

Bodley's Library has sheltered through three centuries many queer things besides books and strangely written manuscripts in old tongues; queerer things even than crocodiles, whales, and mummies. I mean the librarians and sub-librarians, janitors, and servants. Oddities many of them have been. Honest old Jacobites, non-jurors, primitive thinkers—as well as scandalously lazy drunkards and illiterate dogs. An old foundation can afford to have a varied experience in these matters.

One of the most original of these originals was the famous Thomas Hearne—an "honest gentleman" and a Jacobite, and one whose collections and diaries have given pleasure to thousands. He was appointed Janitor in 1701, and Sub-Librarian in 1712, but in 1716, when an Act of Parliament came into operation which imposed a fine of £500 upon any one who held any public office without taking the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverians, Hearne's office was taken away from him; but he shared with his King over the water the satisfaction of accounting himself still *de jure*, and though he lived till 1735, he never failed each half-year to enter his salary and fees as Sub-Librarian as being still unpaid. He was perhaps a little spiteful and vindictive, but none the less a fine old fellow. I will write down as specimens of his humor a prayer of his and an apology, and then leave him alone. His prayer ran as follows:

> O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy Providence, I return all possible thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy Providence, and one act yesterday, *when I unexpectedly met with three old manuscripts*, for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me a poor, helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake. (Aubrey's Letters, I., 118.)

His apology, which I do not think was actually published, though kept in draft, was after this fashion:

> I, Thomas Hearne, A.M. of the University of Oxford, having ever since my matriculation followed my studies with as much application as I have been capable of, and having published several books for the honour and credit of learning, and particularly for the reputation of the foresaid University, am very sorry that by my declining to say anything but what I knew to be true in any of my writings, and especially in the last book I published entitled &c., I should incur the displeasure of any of the Heads of Houses, and as a token of my sorrow for their being offended at truth, I subscribe my name to this paper and permit them to make what use of it they please. (Macray, 188.)

Leaping a hundred and forty years, an odd tale is thus lovingly recorded of another Sub-Librarian, the Rev. A. Hackman, who died in 1874:

> During all the time of his service in the Library (thirty-six years) he had used as a cushion in his plain wooden armchair a certain vellum-bound folio, which by its indented side, worn down by continual pressure, bore testimony to the use to which it had been put. No one had ever the curiosity to examine what the book might be, but when, after Hackman's departure from the Library, it was removed from its resting-place of years, some amusement was caused by finding that the chief compiler of the last printed catalogue had omitted from his catalogue the volume on which he sat, of which, too, though of no special value, there was no other copy in the Library. (Macray, 388a.)

The spectacle in the mind's eye of this devoted Sub-Librarian and sound divine sitting on the vellum-bound folio for six and thirty years, so absorbed in his work as to be oblivious of the fact that he had failed to include in his *magnum opus*, the great Catalogue, the very book he was sitting upon, tickles the midriff.

Here I must bring these prolonged but wholly insufficient observations to a very necessary conclusion. Not a word has been said of the great collection of Bibles, or of the unique copies of the Koran and the Talmud and the Arabian Nights, or of the Dante MSS., or of Bishop Tanner's books (many bought on the dispersion of Archbishop Sancroft's great library), all of which in course of removal by water from Norwich to Oxford fell into the river and remained submerged for twenty hours, nor of many other splendid benefactions of a later date.

One thing only remains, not to be said but to be sent round—I mean the Hat. Ignominious to relate, this glorious foundation stands in need of money. Shade of Sir Thomas Bodley, I invoke thy aid to loosen the purse-strings of the wealthy! The age of learned and curious Merchants, of high-spirited and learning-loving Nobles, of book-collecting Bishops, of Antiquarians, is over. The Bodleian cannot condescend to beg. It is too majestical. But I, an unauthorized stranger, have no need to be ashamed.

Especially rich is this great library in *Americana*, and America suggests multi-millionaires. The rich men of the United States have been patriotically alive to the first claims of their own famous universities, and long may they so continue; but if by any happy chance any one of them should accidentally stumble across an odd million or even half a million of dollars hidden away in some casual investment he had forgotten, what better thing could he do with it than send it to this, the most famous foundation of his Old Home? It would be acknowledged by return of post in English and in Latin, and the donor's name would be inscribed, not indeed (and this is a regrettable lapse) in that famous old Register which Bodley provided should always be in a prominent place in his Library, but in the Annual Statements of Accounts now regularly issued. To be associated with the Bodleian is to share its fame and partake of the blessing it has inherited. "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things he shall stand."

Elizabethan Lyrists

By Frank Dempster Sherman

Like to the shining host of stars are they
Whose songs, made long ago, are sweet to-day:
And like the stars, enduring as the Sun—
Shakespeare,—from whom their radiance is won.

The Cry of the Locusts

By E. B. Findlay

Out from the depth of the woodlands
  Cometh a sigh on the breeze;
A whisper, whispering louder,
  Stirreth among the trees;
Then, hour by hour increasing,
  It changeth from sigh to wail:
The voice of the wingèd locust,
  Whose cry nor whose sign shall fail.

Down through the lanes and the hedgerows,
  Over the field and the plain,
At the very gates of the city,
  The cry breaketh forth again—
Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hearken unto our cry.
Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hear us before we die!

Long years, long years, have we waited
  The call, O ye sons of men,
Till He who setteth our seasons
  Had counted seven and ten;
Up from the dust have we struggled,
  Craving God's gift of our wings;
Hear ye, O kings, the message
  We bear from the King of kings!

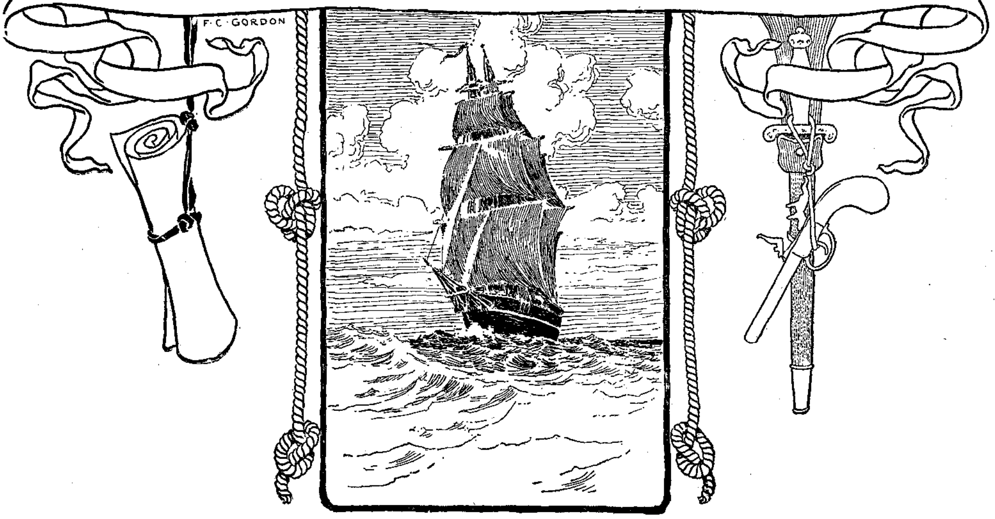
Ye in the seats of the mighty,
  In purple and linen drest—
We are the voice of the lowly,
  The cry of the sore opprest;
This is the word that we bring ye
  From the dark beneath the sod:
Though mountains of gold should cover,
  Ye shall hear the summons of God!

Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hearken unto our cry.
Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!
  Hear us ere thou shalt die.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LOST COMMISSION

BY JAMES BARNES

Author of "Naval Actions of 1812," "Commodore Bainbridge," "Midshipman Farragut," &c.



THE following is the strange tale concerning a remarkable bit of lost evidence, around which hangs a chapter of recorded and unrecorded American history—a drama rather, smacking of romance, filled with mysterious plotting and secret international diplomacy. By what might be called a "lucky strike" it is revived from an almost forgotten past.

Only a short time ago there appeared in a catalogue of Charavay, an autograph and print seller in Paris, among scores of other notices, the following:

> 143 Hancock (John), célèbre homme d'État Américain, gouverneur du Massachusetts, signataire de la Déclaration d l'Indépendance—Pièce sig. comme président du congrès; Baltimore, 1 mars 1777, 1 p. in-fol. Obl. Rare.

The connection of names and dates of course would, at the outset, attract the attention of any collector of Americana, for, more than likely, they should have something to do with Franklin's sojourn in France. The price asked was much less than the principal signature alone generally brought in the autograph market, and so it was included by the present owner in a list of small purchases ordered from the catalogue.

When the paper numbered 143 was opened, it was found to be a commission, giving the rank of captain in the navy of the United Colonies to one Gustavus Conyngham, appointing him to the command of the armed vessel Surprise. That was all—it was a simple bit of old-fashioned printing. But—Gustavus Conyngham! The Surprise! It seemed almost incredible that it should be true!

Before the mind's eye there came the slight, wiry figure of a young man in a long blue coat with his black hair done in a queue down his back, walking the quarter-deck of a tidy little vessel, at whose peak fluttered and whipped the cross-barred rattlesnake flag, while the Channel spray dashed and glittered at the plunging bows; there came the billowing white smoke of the old broadsides, the roar of the carronades, and the whir of the death-dealing splinters; and then there came the picture of a prisoner loaded with chains in the gloom of an underground dungeon, and there followed the recollection of a worn, crumbling tombstone (any one can see it to-day in St. Peter's churchyard in Philadelphia) beneath which lies the body of an old man who died in a measure from the wear and tear that follows a broken heart.

Yes; there lay the long-missing paper that is mentioned by every writer who has dealt with the history of our Revolutionary navy! There was no doubt of the authenticity of the document; the well-known signatures of Hancock and Charles Thompson were substantiated by the fact that, upon comparison, the filling in of the names was found to be in the handwriting of no one less than Benjamin Franklin himself!

Here was the excuse for the sailing of the little vessel that flew the cross-barred flag! Here was the instrument that is supposed to have saved a score of lives held forfeit to the British Crown! Here was the missing evidence, for lack of which a great case at law was lost and a brave man's heart broken; for the name on the old tombstone, woven into a curious acrostic, is the same that appears on the face of the commission.

Up surges the whole of the strange story, the adventures, the excitement, the tragedy of it all!

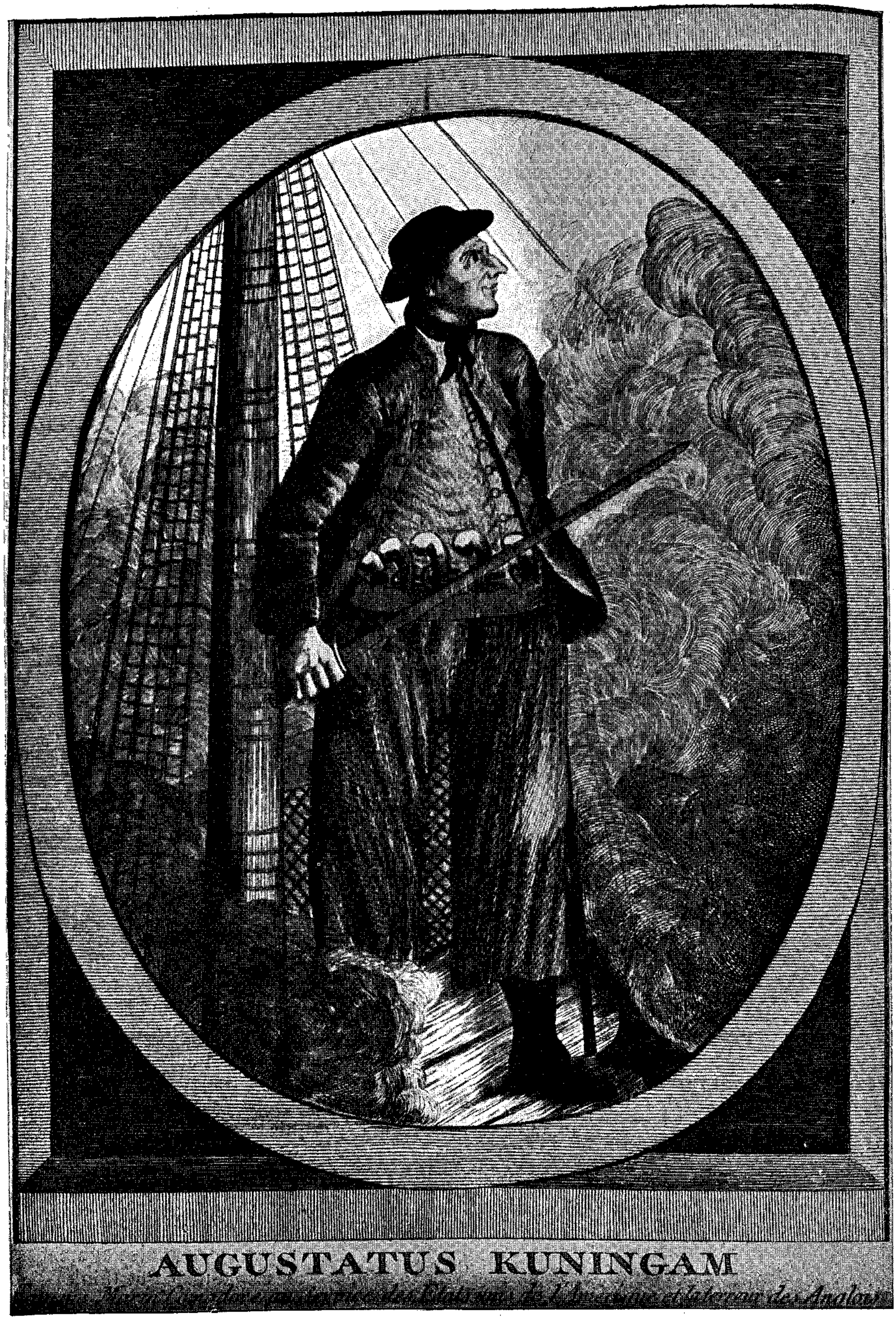
How many have ever heard of this old-time sailorman? Few, perhaps; but the student of American naval history, he knows of him, and knows how throughout his story runs the trail of the lost commission, which for a century and a quarter has been—the Lord knows where. But without further prologue let the play come on.

Late in the fall of the year 1775 Captain Gustavus Conyngham sailed from Philadelphia in the brig Charming Peggy, bound for Holland. He was an Irishman by birth, having been born during the uneasy days of '47, in Letter Kenney in the County of Donegal. It was his intention to bring out from Holland a cargo of saltpeter and clothing, and, if possible, arms and munitions of war to aid the colonies that had already begun the struggle against the mother country. Numerous were his adventures. Once he was captured just after entering the Channel by a watchful English cruiser, but he rose against the prize crew, recaptured his little craft, and brought her safely into The Hague. However, the character of her cargo being ascertained, the British representatives made complaint to the Dutch authorities and her sailing was prevented. One of her owners, a Mr. Nesbit, of Philadelphia, was in Holland at the time, and at last it was decided to abandon the return voyage altogether, although more than once Captain Conyngham had been tempted to take advantage of the thick weather and slip out into the Channel. But the Peggy was a slow sailer and would have had little chance with the swift English cutters that were on guard outside. So Captain Conyngham, like many a Yankee shipmaster, found himself stranded in Europe, on the lookout for anything to fill up his spare moments and burning to do something for his country. He called it his country, although he had been born an alien, for his father had emigrated to America long before, and he himself had married in '73 Anne Hockley, the daughter of a Philadelphia merchant. But we must digress a little and suddenly.

It was late in the midsummer of '76 when good Dr. Franklin, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of France, sailed for Europe in the Reprisal, the first American ship-of-war to ride the waves of the English Channel. The news of the Declaration of Independence had preceded her, however, brought by one or two private armed vessels from Delaware and New England, those risk-all daredevils, half pirates, half patriots, whose day is past. Not only did the Reprisal bring the great hope of the struggling colonies, for foreign aid was absolutely necessary to a continuance of war, but she carried into port three English merchantmen picked up on the way, the first Yankee prizes to be brought into the harbors of a foreign country.

A hard time did the good Doctor have of it at first, for the English Ambassador to France, Lord Stormont, was up in arms. If the prizes remained in French ports, he would quit the country; if "the Arch Traitor and Conspirator" reached Paris, he would likewise! But marvelous are the methods of French statecraft, and subtle the manners of intrigue!

The prizes did leave French ports—ordered out instanter in no doubtful terms—but they were sold with their contents "just outside" to French merchants. The messenger sent to stop the young-hearted old philosopher, with his papers in his capacious pockets, missed his way—what a dolt of a messenger!—and of course French politeness, sense of hospitality, and love of justice prevented a


AUGUSTATUS KUNINGAM
de l'Amérique et la terreur des Anglois

PORTRAIT OF CONYNGHAM, FROM A FRENCH PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1779

From the collection of Captain John S. Barnes.

harmless old gentleman, who could but amuse and instruct people, being asked to leave when once he had passed the city gates. Thus, in substance, wrote M. Le Comte de Vergennes, the king's Prime Minister. So Franklin stopped in Paris, and Lord Stormont swallowed his anger and wrote warning letters to his Government.

It was just at this time that Conyngham arrived at Dunkirk from The Hague, and almost immediately upon landing there he met a friend of his named Ross, from whom he learned a great deal of the state of affairs in America and of the doings at the French capital. Through Ross he also met a Mr. Hodge and his friend Allan, both of whom were well acquainted with the American Commissioners, Dr. Franklin, Arthur Lee, and Silas Deane. Not long after this Conyngham was sent for by Mr. Hodge, who requested him to repair at once to Paris, where he might learn of something much to his advantage.

Although the Captain kept a diary, in which were entered most minutely his subsequent adventures, he says very little of this journey; it was probably undertaken in strict secrecy. At all events, he must have been informed of the mysterious arrangements then existing between the French Ministry and the American Commissioners, and there is no doubt that he was admitted to the inner circle of the intriguers.

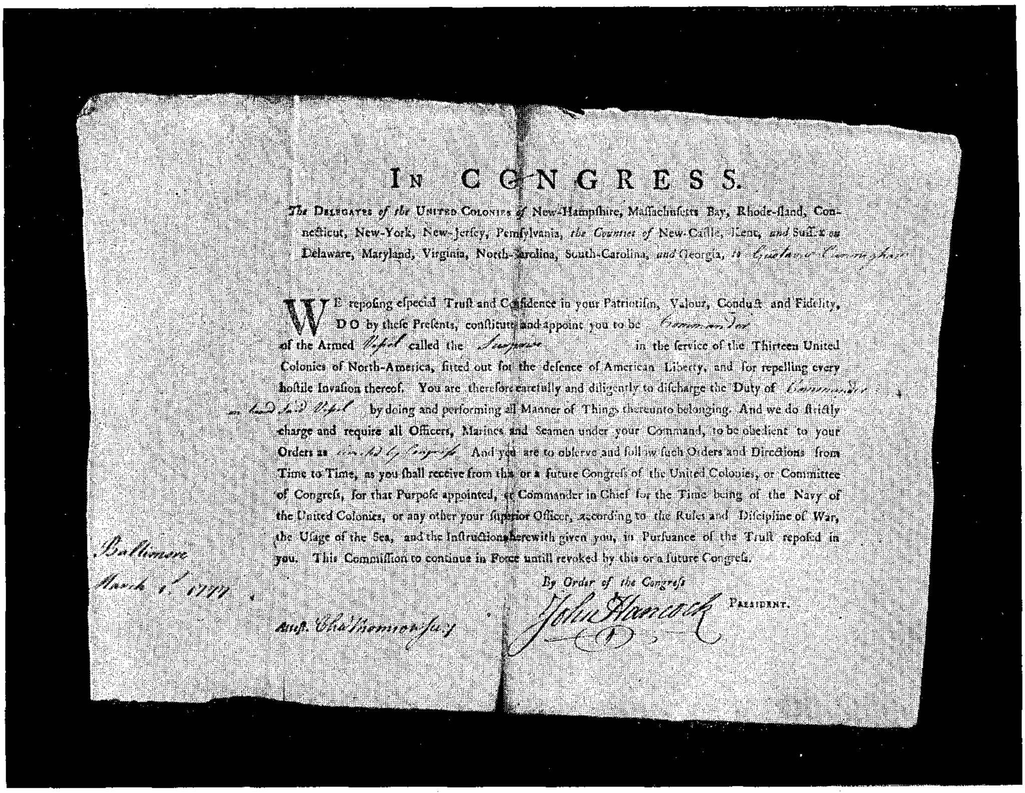
It was a remarkable condition of affairs indeed that Conyngham found. The French Government, under the direction of that wonderful leader of old-fashioned diplomacy, M. le Comte de Vergennes, was playing fast and loose with the representative of the English Court. King Louis was not ready for war, but in the success of the revolted colonies France saw the means to strike a heavy blow at her natural enemy across the Channel, and at the same time to safeguard her possessions beyond the seas. She had not forgotten the loss of Canada—she feared for Louisiana. The old gentleman who played chess at his little house in Passy played deep in another game. Weighty sentences were spoken over extended snuff-boxes. Messages and decisions meaning almost life or death to the new-born nation were bandied lightly over wine-glass rims, and of these days and dealings Franklin wrote afterward, "Of course no minutes could be kept."

So the play went on. France could not openly aid the enemy of a friendly power, but there was nothing to prevent a commercial house from giving credit to private individuals who assumed the risk of sending out cargoes liable to capture on the high seas. So there was formed the sagacious house of Roderigo, Hortalez & Co.: General Manager, Beaumarchais; sleeping partner, M. le Comte de Vergennes; principal stockholders, the Court, King Louis and Queen Marie Antoinette, *et al.;* there followed the historic loan of 200,000 livres, the shipment of thirty-five thousand stand of arms and eighty cannon. There was a little money yet left over. It was decided that it should not remain idle. Conyngham was asked to come to Dr. Franklin's house, and there, as he states in his sworn testimony, Dr. Franklin gave him, with his own hands, a commission as a captain in the navy of the United Colonies, and immediately he returned to Dunkirk.

Now let us see what the Father of American Naval History says in this connection.

"In the spring of 1777," writes Cooper, "an agent was sent to Dover by the American Commission, where he purchased a fine fast-sailing English cutter and had her carried across to Dunkirk. Here she was privately equipped as a cruiser and named the Surprise. To the command of this vessel Captain Gustavus Conyngham was appointed by filling up a blank commission from John Hancock, the President of Congress. This commission bore the date of March 1, 1777, and it would seem as fully entitled Mr. Conyngham to the rank of captain in the navy as any that was ever issued by the same authority."

Armed with this necessary document, it did not take Captain Conyngham long to recruit his crew. In the main they were American seamen held in French ports by the embargo, and, like their leader, they were only too eager to cruise against the commerce of England. But think of it! One little vessel starting out alone into King George's private sailing-ground! Just about this time the vessel that had brought Franklin to Europe, under com-



IN CONGRESS.

The DELEGATES *of the* UNITED COLONIES *of* New-Hampſhire, Maſſachuſetts Bay, Rhode-Iſland, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jerſey, Penſylvania, *the Counties of* New-Caſtle, Kent, *and* Suſſex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, *and* Georgia, to Gustavus Conyngham

WE repoſing eſpecial Truſt and Confidence in your Patriotiſm, Valour, Conduct and Fidelity, DO by theſe Preſents, conſtitute and appoint you to be Commander of the Armed Veſsel called the Surprise in the ſervice of the Thirteen United Colonies of North-America, fitted out for the defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hoſtile Invaſion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to diſcharge the Duty of Commander on board said Veſsel by doing and performing all Manner of Things thereunto belonging. And we do ſtrictly charge and require all Officers, Marines and Seamen under your Command, to be obedient to your Orders as directed by Congreſs And you are to obſerve and follow ſuch Orders and Directions from Time to Time, as you ſhall receive from this or a future Congreſs of the United Colonies, or Committee of Congreſs, for that Purpoſe appointed, or Commander in Chief for the Time being of the Navy of the United Colonies, or any other your ſuperior Officer, according to the Rules and Diſcipline of War, the Uſage of the Sea, and the Inſtructions herewith given you, in Purſuance of the Truſt repoſed in you. This Commiſſion to continue in Force untill revoked by this or a future Congreſs.

Baltimore
March 1st 1777

By Order of the Congreſs
John Hancock PRESIDENT.

Atteſt. Chas Thomson Secy

THE LOST COMMISSION
From the original, owned by Captain John S. Barnes.

mand of Captain Wickes, the Reprisal, to which the Lexington, of fourteen guns, and the Dolphin, of eighteen guns, had been joined, was preparing to start on a short cruise into the Irish Channel. But they were, so to speak, men-of-war and were to sail in company. Here was a craft of something under a hundred tons about to sail alone.

Two months to a day after the date of the commission that he held, Conyngham put boldly out into the chops of the English Channel.

In the cabin locker was the Rattlesnake flag—thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with the snake across them, and beneath the warning legend, "Don't Tread on Me." He had it made for him by a sailmaker on his vessel, and he was eager to see it at his masthead.

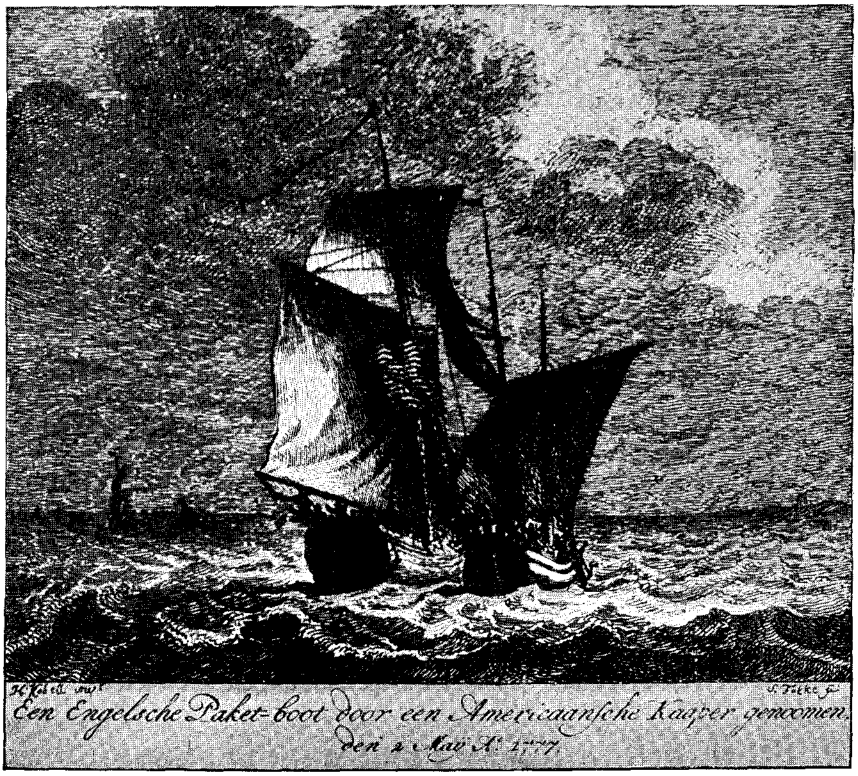
Within six hours of port he had two exceedingly narrow escapes from capture, but he managed to elude his pursuers, and on the morning of the 4th (Cooper and most naval historians have the date wrong, giving it as the 7th), when but a few leagues from the coast of Holland, he fell in with a small vessel flying the English flag. It had been his intention to hold up, if possible, and capture or turn back one of the transports then engaged in carrying Hessian troops to America, but, failing in this, it was his hope to run across one of the King's cutters, or small packets in the royal service.

On the small vessel came, all unsuspecting, and by clever maneuvering Conyngham laid the Surprise alongside and boarded her, without a warning shout or shot. The captain of the English vessel and his passengers were at breakfast in the cabin when the first mate suddenly called down from the deck that a strange craft had run afoul of them and made fast with a grappling-iron. Before any one could stir, Captain Conyngham himself walked down to the cabin and informed the master of his prize that he was a prisoner. Upon finding that his prize was the Prince of Orange, the Harwich packet, carrying the mails for the north of Europe, Captain Conyngham considered it best to make for port with all possible haste, so, placing a prize crew on board the packet, he headed both vessels back for Dunkirk.

The next day he picked up another little craft, a brig named the Joseph, and, with both prizes under his lee, he sailed into the harbor and came to anchor.

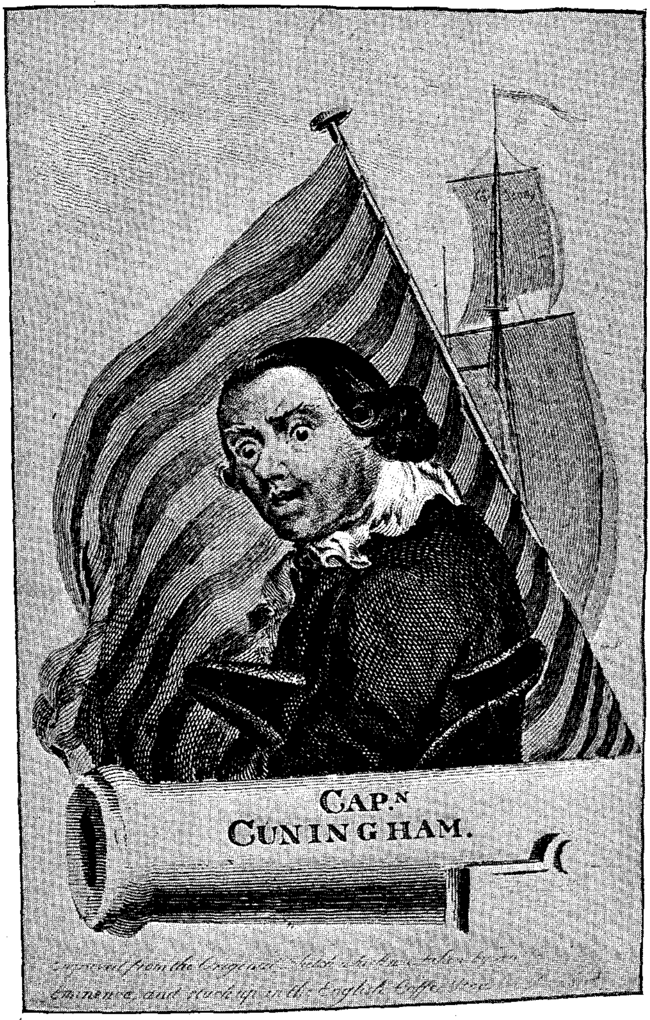
The British Ambassador was up in arms again. "Hortalez & Co." must have been greatly put out by the earnestness of their agent at sea. Duplicity of the deepest dye must be resorted to to save the day! So the Comte de Vergennes wrote to Lord Stormont expressing the greatest indignation and regret. Forthwith Conyngham and his crew were taken from the Surprise, and found themselves hurried to the gates of a French prison. The prizes were turned over to the English Government and the cutter was confiscated. "On this occasion," writes Cooper, "the commission of Captain Conyngham was taken from him and sent to Versailles, and it seems never to have been returned."

Why was the commission sent to Versailles? Certainly it appears, at first glance, that if Conyngham wished to prove his right to make captures, he should have shown it to the representative of the English Government. He either knew better than that, or was acting under very good advice, for he was not yet in the hands of the British Government, although detained at the expressed wish of Lord Stormont. There were powerful friends of America at the French Court, and, to tell the truth, the Court itself was rather deeply involved in the game of pulling the wool over the English Minister's eyes. True enough, if the Comte de Vergennes could have kept up appearances by the sacrifice of Conyngham and his crew as mere privateersmen, he would not have cared a snap of his finger, for France, at all times, was his only thought; but to give up an officer of the United Colonies Navy, and holding a commission as such, was more than he dared to do, considering the fact that he was deep in the game with Beaumarchais and on friendly terms with good Dr. Franklin, who was on friendly terms with everybody.


H. Kobell inv.
S. Fokke f.
Een Engelsche Paket-boot door een Americaanſche Kaaper genoomen.
den 2 May Aº 1777.

THE TAKING OF THE HARWICH PACKET

From a Dutch print of 1777, showing the rattlesnake flag. Owned by Captain John S. Barnes.



Print taken from the original displayed in an English coffee-house in Dunkirk, 1777. Owned by Captain John S. Barnes.

Perhaps he did not know that Franklin had possession of those blank commissions. Perhaps he did not think that the good Doctor was so well prepared. There is sufficient proof, however, to show that he endeavored his best to dodge receiving the commission when it was sent to Versailles, and this may have been in order to have a salve for his diplomatic conscience, for he was all the time promising Lord Stormont that the prisoners should be turned over to the British representatives, and probably assuring his Lordship also that he did not care whether they were hanged, drawn, or quartered. But the old adage of "the power behind the throne" is a good one, and in this case the power was no less than the French Queen, with whom Franklin was on the friendliest terms—if Dame Rumor of the time speaks correctly. At all events, the commission reached the fair hands of Marie Antoinette, and through her reached those of King Louis, and through him, of course, it was easy to get at the Prime Minister. I might say all this "supposedly," for Franklin was too much of a gallant to drag in a lady's name directly, and in all his correspondence afterwards he has clearly avoided bringing the question to a head; but in a letter written at this very time to the British Government by one of its spies, Dr. Bancroft, F.R.G.S.—a man who took money from both parties, for he was in the American employ also—we find these words: "Lord Stormont has the ear of Comte de Vergennes, but Franklin has the Queen on his side, and she will do what he says."

At all events, just before the vessels arrived that were to take Conyngham and his companions to England to stand trial (and the noose was swinging for him), orders were brought post haste from Paris, and he and his whole crew were released and found themselves again free men.

Was the doughty Captain discouraged? Not a bit of it! There is a little anecdote told of him during his confinement in the prison at Dunkirk. His confinement there was not made a hardship; he was allowed the liberty of the jail yard and inclosure, and one day he was there taking exercise by bounding a rubber ball back and forth against the high brick sides of the building, when a red-faced man approached him, and without ceremony spoke.

"I am Captain Cuthbertson, of his Majesty's sloop-of-war Alert," he said; "your name is Conyngham."

The Captain stopped in his game, and acknowledged that to be the fact, and added that he was the Captain of the late American cruiser, the Surprise.

"Which has been turned over to his Majesty's Government with the other vessels that you piratically took off the coast of Holland," replied the officer.

"Indeed!" answered Conyngham; "that must be gratifying to his Majesty."

And then he went on and invited the Captain to take off his coat and have a game with him, suggesting that they play for a wager of their shoebuckles or their wigs.

"You've played for a larger stake than that and lost," said the Englishman in reply. "How can you, knowing that your life is in jeopardy, indulge in such pastimes?"

"If my life was in jeopardy, I am sure it would be so in a good cause. I ask for no favors, except for a little more elbow-room, for you're standing just where I've been playing."

The officer controlled his anger with difficulty, and then all at once blurted out the object of his visit. He had come to suggest that it might be possible for Conyngham to receive a pardon if he would swear allegiance to the King, and he even hinted that a billet might be found for him in the royal navy.

Conyngham's reply showed well his spirit.

"You can tell those who sent you," he said, "that his Majesty might offer me a position of an Admiral of the blue, and I would tell him that I would rather spend my days in the hold of a prison-ship than accept it. As you will not play with me, I shall have to ask you to stand aside again. Some day we may meet when the game will be for larger stakes and there will be harder missiles flying."

With that he wished his guest good-morning.

Now, when he found himself free again, his first thought was to get once more into active service. There was a fine vessel of a larger tonnage than the Surprise lying at Dunkirk, and for sale. The very first thing that Conyngham did was to seek out Hodge and Allan. The former made a flying trip to Paris, had an interview with Franklin and Félix Grand, the banker for Hortalez & Co., and posted back almost immediately to Dunkirk.

Let us turn to a letter published in the London "Times" of about this date. It is written by one James Clements, and sent from Dunkirk. "I saw Conyngham yesterday," it runs. "He had engaged a crew of desperate characters to man a vessel of 130 tons. She has now Frenchmen on board to deceive our Minister here. A fine, fast-sailing vessel, handsomely painted blue and yellow, is now at Dunkirk, having powder, small arms, and ammunition put on board of her. Conyngham proved the cannon himself, and told the bystanders he would play the d—l with the British trade at Havre. It is supposed when the vessel is ready the Frenchmen will yield command to Conyngham and his crew. The vessel is to mount twenty carriage guns and to have a complement of sixty men. She is the fastest sailer now known—no vessel can catch her once out on the ocean. I send you timely notice, that you may be enabled to take active measures to stay this daring character, who fears not man or government, but sets all at defiance. He had the impudence to say, if he wanted provisions or repairs he would put into an Irish harbor and obtain them. It is vain here to say Conyngham is a pirate. They will tell you he is one brave American; he is a 'bold Boston.' You cannot be too soon on the alert to stop the cruise of this daring pirate."

In Cooper's history we find the following in reference to Conyngham's release:

"The Commissioners had the capture of some of the transports with Hessian troops on board in view, and they were no sooner notified of the seizure of the Surprise than Mr. Hodge, an agent who was of great service to the cause, was directed to procure another cutter. One was accordingly purchased at Dunkirk, and was fitted, with all despatch, for a cruiser. Means were found to liberate Captain Conyngham and his people, and this second vessel, which was called the Revenge, sailed from Dunkirk on the 18th of July, or about the time that Captain Wickes returned from his cruise with the other vessels. A new commission had been obtained for Captain Conyngham, previously to putting to sea, which bore date May 2d, 1777. As this second commission was dated anterior to the seizure of the old one, there is no question that it was also one of those in blank, which had been confided to the Commissioners to fill at their discretion."

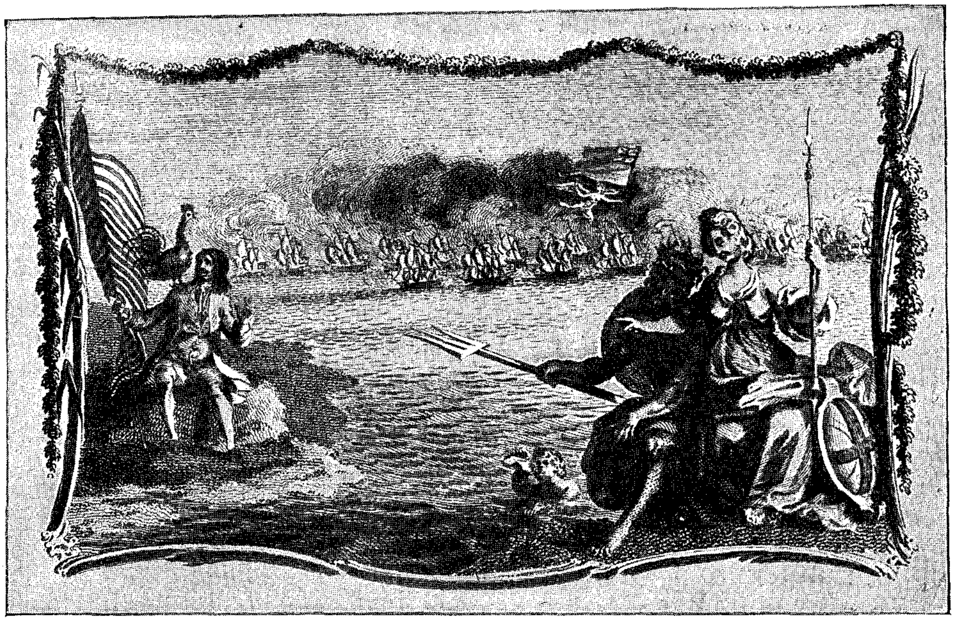
It was Mr. Carmichael, Secretary to the Commissioners at Paris, who gave Conyngham his final orders for the Revenge on the morning of July 15, in Dunkirk; and in Conyngham's narrative the gallant Captain states that he also gave him "some verbal instructions which were impossible to write." He was, probably, again warned to put to sea at once.

There is no doubt that at this time there was not a little friction among the American Commissioners themselves—Franklin and Lee and Silas Deane. Owing to the fact that so much of the correspondence had to be in ambiguous terms and so many of the meetings and arrangements with the French Ministry entirely *sub rosa,* the positions that they consequently occupied in relation to one another varied at different times, but Conyngham looked to the fountain head. His first orders had been received from Dr. Franklin; and now let us look at the sailing orders transmitted by Mr. Carmichael on behalf of the Commissioners. Surely they must cause a smile, and there is a gleam in them of Franklin's peculiar humor. (The original sailing orders are in possession of the author.) They are dated July 15, 1777.

To Capt. Cunningham.

As with much difficulty the Commissioners of the United States of North America now at Paris, have obtained liberty for you to sail from Dunkerque, and as it has been on express condition that you should not cruise against the Commerce of England, I beg and instruct you in the name and by the orders of the Commissioners, that you do nothing which may involve your security or occasion umbrage to the Ministry of France—notwithstanding which, if necessity obliges you to obtain provisions of which your stock is not abundant, on account of the abrupt manner in which you are obliged to leave the Port, or if attacked first by our enemies, the circumstances of the case will extenuate and plead in favor of your conduct, either in making prizes for your own preservation, or in making reprisal for damages sustained. Nothing of this sort happening, you are to proceed directly to America, delivering as soon as possible the despatches intrusted to your care, and taking your further orders from your employers there. Wishing you success and prosperity, I am, &c.

Wm. Carmichael.



Rare French print showing Britannia upbraiding Neptune, and pointing out Conyngham with the flag and crowing cock, while the English fleet are in full flight, Victory deserting them. From the collection of Captain John S. Barnes.

The departure of the Revenge was no doubt a clandestine one, Conyngham, with part of his crew and armament, being placed on board when free of the harbor. What was to be expected from the humorous sailing orders printed above any one might guess. What the verbal orders were it is easy to surmise. Captain Gustavus Conyngham began to cruise from the moment he had a good offing.

Good fortune attended the Revenge from the very moment she sighted the coast of England, for on her second day out she captured a large ship, and the day following a brig. They were despatched, as were all the subsequent prizes, to Spanish ports, where Hortalez & Co. had established agencies, and there they were disposed of to French and Spanish merchants and the money forwarded to the Commissioners and their agents. During this remarkable cruise Conyngham kept at sea for two months, and then made a visit to Spain and returned once more to the cruising-ground. Over forty sail of all kinds were taken as prizes, and but few of them were recaptured or destroyed.

The Revenge ran in and out of Irish and, on one or two occasions, English ports with impunity. In the harbors of his own birth-country Conyngham paid for what he took in the way of supplies with orders on Lazzonere & Co., Spanish agents of Hortalez et Cie., representing himself as an honest merchantman. He crossed the Bay of Biscay a half-dozen times, and from Corunna and other places made reports to the Commissioners in Paris. It was while he was engaged in this exciting occupation that King George III. is reported to have said to Lord North that "if they could catch that pirate Conyngham, he would rejoice to go to his hanging."

Of course, with the first news that Conyngham was taking prizes along the coast there arose a storm of indignation in England, and troublesome clouds began to gather at Paris and Versailles. The long-suffering English Ambassador actually began to pack up his things and to threaten open war. So a scapegoat must be found, and poor Hodge, the agent at Dunkirk, was the man at whom the finger of the Comte de Vergennes was pointed, for he was the one who had appeared first on Conyngham's bond. All of the circumstances were aggravated by the fact that during the first week of Conyngham's departure Captain Wickes and his three vessels, having narrowly escaped capture, returned to French ports after having taken a few prizes in the Irish Channel. They, of course, having been built and outfitted in America, were in a different class, so far as the French Government was concerned, from the Revenge, but still their coming further incensed British popular feeling and hurried Lord Stormont in his preparations for departure. So they clapped Mr. Hodge into the Bastile, and the Comte de Vergennes, in writing to Mr. F. Grand, the Commissioners' banker in Paris, under date of August 21, '77, states that Hodge gave bonds and engagements that there should be no cruising on the French coast, and says, referring to Mr. Hodge, "It is a very serious matter to lie to a king, which he hath done when he declared and gave bonds that the vessel leaving Dunkirk should not make a cruise."

Lord Stormont's threats, gathered from his correspondence, were as follows: He declared that if a summary example were not made of the American agents, orders would be given to the British fleet to intercept and seize the French Newfoundland fleet just then expected to arrive. He also on August 10 declared to the French Court "that any French ships bound to the American ports with arms or ammunition shall be deemed lawful prizes by the Court of Great Britain if taken." He also declares it "to be the intention of the English Court to treat all American privateersmen as pirates."

A letter in the "Times," dated from Paris, at this juncture reads as follows: "England threatens France with her navy; France menaces her with an army; they are both tinder—the least spark will kindle a flame. War is suspended by a threat. It is the power of any Captain in the navy to begin it on the morrow. . . . The commission of Congress must be considered valid on the part of France to make a capture a lawful prize . . . which was shown by the conduct of the Court in regard to Conyngham, who was placed within the walls of a prison while he enjoyed in secret all the advantages of a free man. Cover is now no longer necessary. France has an army in readiness; she has fleets; she is ready to strike a blow. May England be prepared. Stormont was not wanting in attaining intelligence. He had good spies, but thought the Ministry were in his favor and the Queen only in favor of Franklin; hence he became a dupe to their arts."

Let us see what Franklin thought of the whole proceeding. He writes from Paris on July 27, 1777, thus:

"The King has complied with the request of Lord Stormont and committed Mr. Hodge to the Bastile. Mr. Hodge will not experience any inconvenience except a temporary deprivation of liberty."

So Conyngham was helping to accomplish the very thing he most wished to see—war between France and England.

In a letter from Silas Deane to Robert Morris, referring to the doings of Yankee cruisers in English waters, Mr. Deane observes that "they effectually alarmed England, prevented the great fair at Chester, occasioned insurance to rise, and even deterred the English merchants from shipping goods in French bottoms, at any rate, so that in a few weeks forty sail of French ships were loading in the Thames on freight, an instance never before known." Further on the Commissioner adds: "In a word, Cunningham [Conyngham], by his first and second bold exhibitions, is become the terror of all the eastern coast of England and Scotland, and is more dreaded than Thurot was in the late war."

Cooper says in this same reference: "Insurance in some instances rose as high as twenty-five per cent., and it is even affirmed that there was a short period when ten per cent. was asked between Dover and Calais, a short distance of only seven leagues."

We have left Mr. Hodge in the Bastile. Upon the safe arrival of the Newfoundland fleet he was released, and that is all there is to say of that.

Captain Conyngham at last gave up cruising in British waters and took the Revenge into the harbor of Ferrol. Unfortunately, he was now in hot water with the Spanish Court, for he had sent in a vessel that claimed to be Spanish, and it was taken, at the written request of his crew, into Teneriffe, with order to be sent to Martinique. There was much correspondence and protest between the Count d'Aranda, Spanish Minister at Paris, with the Comte de Vergennes and with Franklin.

Touching at the West Indies, where he stayed for a short time, Conyngham sailed at last for home, and arrived in Philadelphia in February, 1779, where the Revenge was turned over to Congressional authorities and sold at public sale by the National Government.

Odd to remark, Conyngham, a few weeks later, was on the quarter-deck of the Revenge again, for the vessel was purchased by his cousin's firm, Conyngham, Nesbit & Co., and he sailed in her as part owner and as privateersman from the Capes of the Delaware, under his old commission of March 2. But now he begins to meet with misfortune. After referring to his detention in Philadelphia and his sailing under his old commission, he writes thus:

> I went round to New York—laid in the roads, two privateers who followed me kept in sight—I made every effort to get them to come down, but to no effect—then made chase after them, but to no purpose—at length, as the d——l would have it, led me into the very teeth of the Gallatea (Captain Jordan). I made effort to escape, but in vain, her teeth were too many. I was taken—my crew were sent on board the prison ship in New York—I was lodged in the condemned dungeon for fourteen days. I lived on a four-penny loaf of bread, with bad water. I was then examined, taken out of the dungeon, put in a room called Congress Hall, with other prisoners. Again I was removed—had iron shackles weight of 55 lbs. put on me, placed in irons on the deck of the packet; then carried to Pendennis castle, a large figure 4 of iron placed on each hand, then sent to Plymouth, lodged in the guard-room outside of the prison—then taken before the judges, examined and committed to Winchester under the high treason statute, attempted afterwards to escape, but was retaken; again attempted it and was successful, with a constitution shattered by ill-treatment, but with a spirit unbroken. I determined to be revenged or die a glorious death on behalf of my adopted country.
>
> G. CONYNGHAM.

The date of his capture was the 27th of April, 1779, and he arrived in England the first week of July. His life in prison seems to have been a succession of hardships and attempts to escape, of all of which he made record in a most remarkable diary. Twice he broke loose. Once he deliberately walked out in the disguise of a visiting doctor, and at last he succeeded in digging out, with fifty-three American prisoners, on the 3d of November, after six months' imprisonment.

He succeeded in reaching London, where he found friends, and there, in disguise, he walked the streets and read with amusement of the attempts made to recapture him and his companions. He had the satisfaction of seeing a picture of himself in a print-shop window, labeled "The notorious pirate, Conyngham," and representing him to be an enormous creature almost seven feet in height, of fierce aspect, with a belt full of pistols, and an enormous hanger almost six feet in length trailing at his side.

The party that had escaped with him had broken up into small detachments, and before he had found opportunity to get away from London and cross the Channel several of his companions had worked their way to Portsmouth and succeeded in reaching the shores of France in an open boat; but it must not be supposed that during the time of his imprisonment his good friend, Dr. Franklin, had neglected him—this we can see by looking once more at Franklin's correspondence. There is one letter that is of interest in this connection:

"I see by your newspapers," wrote Franklin from Paris to Hartley at London (Hartley, M.P., secret friend of America) during the summer of 1779, "that Capt. Cunningham, one of our cruisers, is at length taken and carried prisoner into England, where it is proposed to try him as a pirate, on the pretence that he had no commission. As I am well acquainted with the fact, I can assure you that he really had a Congress commission. And I cannot believe that mere resentment, occasioned by his uncommon success, will attempt to sacrifice a brave man, who has always behaved as a generous enemy—witness his treatment of his prisoners taken in the Harwich pacquet, and all afterwards that fell into his hands. I know I shall not offend you recommending him warmly to your protection."

Mr. Jonathan Nesbit, of the firm that owned the Revenge at the time of her capture, was in L'Orient in September of '79. Under the date of 22d of that month he wrote to Benjamin Franklin a letter in which he informs the American Minister of the capture of Conyngham, supposing that the news was unknown to him. In it he relates that Conyngham had been sent to England to be tried for piracy, and goes on to say: "They pretend to say that he took the Harwich packet without having any commission, which your Excellency must know to be false, as I believe that you were in Paris at the time that his commission and orders were delivered him. The commission under which he acted as Captain of the Revenge is dated, I apprehend, after the taking of the Harwich packet. It is on this circumstance, no doubt, that the charge of piracy is founded. His first commission was taken from him in Dunkirk after he was put in gaol, and sent up to Paris, and I think was lodged in the hands of Mons. le Comte de Vergennes. I have to request that your Excellency will do everything in your power to prevent this poor fellow from suffering." Then he goes on to recapitulate the value of Conyngham's services, of which, as we know, the good Doctor was well informed.

To this letter Franklin replied from Passy, under the date of September 29:

TO MR. NESBIT

Passy, Sept. 29, 1779.

Sir,—Capt. Conyngham has not been neglected. As soon as I heard of his arrival in England, I wrote to a friend to furnish him with what money he might want, and to assure him that he had never acted without a commission. I have been made to understand in answer that there is no intention to prosecute him, and that he was accordingly removed from Pendennis Castle and put among the common prisoners at Plymouth, to take his turn for exchange. The Congress, hearing of the threats to sacrifice him put 3 officers in close confinement to abide his fate, and acquainted Sir George Collier with their determination, who probably wrote to the British Ministers. I thank you for informing me what became of his first commission. I suppose I can easily recover it, to produce on occasion. Probably the date of that taken with him, being posterior to his capture of the pacquet, made the enemy think they had an advantage against him.

Nothing was heard from Conyngham except the fact that he was alive, until Franklin received the following letter:

Amsterdam, Nov. 18th, 1779.

Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that on the 3rd instant, with about 50 of our unfortunate countrymen, broke out of Mill prison. I brought 3 officers with me. I came by the way of London, it being the safest. At London we meet with our good friend Mr. Digges, who did everything in his power to serve one and all his countrymen that chance to fall in his way. Happy we to have such a man among that set of tyrants they have in that country. The treatment I have received is unparalleled. Irons, dungeons, hunger, the hangman's cart I have experienced. I shall set off from here the 19th from Dunkirk. There I shall be glad to hear from you. I shall always be ready to serve my country, and happy should I be to be able to come alongside some of those petty tryants. I find something of the effects of my confinement. In a short time will be able to retaliate. I shall at this time go out with Capt. Jones or in the squadron, could I have heard from you. I should be glad to go for the Continent if a good opportunity served. In this I shall take your advice, and act accordingly. The cash Mr. Digges supplied me with, and some necessaries I got at Plymouth; the friend we have at Plymouth is obliged to act with the greatest caution. Mr. Redmond Conyngham, in Ireland, has ordered me some little supply through the hands of David Hartley of London, a mortel enemy of America by all accounts. From your most obet. and very humble servt,

G. CONYNGHAM.

Of course at this time John Paul Jones was the hero of the hour in Europe; a little less than two months before, he had captured the Serapis, which was the culmination of his career of successful cruising on the coasts of Great Britain; but owing to the trouble with the Dutch Government, Commodore Jones was forced to put to sea on the 27th of December from the Texel, and with him sailed as an officer Captain Conyngham. He went round to L'Orient and thence to Corunna, where he joined the Experiment and sailed for America.

Unfortunately for poor Conyngham, however, the Experiment was captured by the British Admiral Edwards, and Conyngham found himself again a prisoner. He was sent to Plymouth and then to Mill prison. Again he suffered untold hardships until the day of his release.

That Captain Jones had considered him a regular appointed officer of the United States Navy is proved by the fact that he had summoned him while on board the Alliance as a member of a court martial.

As soon as Conyngham was free again he found himself in a peculiar position. For some reason (principally from lack of money), the Government deferred the settlement of claims to a future date, and fought with all possible vigor many just payments that should have been made from the public treasury. Again and again was Conyngham put off, though he petitioned yearly, as he himself states, from '79 to the year '98. Then, in '93, the case came under judgment; but many of the witnesses were dead, Dr. Franklin among them. Some of the Commissioner's agents turned against him, and his suit for restitution of funds and back payments was held not proven. He claimed but two-twentieths of the value of the prizes taken, that proportion being due to all regularly commissioned officers of the navy under an Act of Congress.

During the quasi-war with France Conyngham was in command of the armed brig Maria, of which he was part owner, and made several cruises, which, however, did not bring him in much money in return. In the War of 1812, though advanced in age and broken down in health, he endeavored once more to go to sea, but was forced to give it up.

During all this time he endeavored to keep alive his fight for recognition. Year after year he sent in petitions to Congress and tried to get a review of his claims. He caused many inquiries to be made for the lost commission, the possession of which would have determined at once his position in earlier days.

In a review of his case by Benjamin Walker for the Government, much stress was laid upon the fact that he could produce no proof in substantiation of his assertions. The commission had not been recorded at the time, and even the one that the British had taken from him could not be produced in evidence.

Every man has his enemies, and some were found who declared that the first commission had never existed and that Conyngham had been a freebooter, who had turned everything he could get to his credit. In vain he presented his sworn accounts, receipts, and bills from the Spanish agents, but in answer he was told that they were acting for a private corporation. Bitterer and bitterer he grew, until by some he was considered to have his mind unhinged on the subject. Twice he himself searched for the missing commission in Paris, but no trace of it could be found, and at last he died in Philadelphia, on the 27th day of November, 1819.

And now out of the mysterious past comes to light the very paper for which he sought. It might be some satisfaction if the half-undecipherable inscription on the crumbling tombstone in St. Peter's churchyard could be renewed and if there could be added to the curious old acrostic the words "Captain in the Navy of the United Colonies by virtue of"—by virtue of what we know now.

One Result

By Grace Denio Litchfield

BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Haviland was dashing through the Park in her victoria, her six-year-old son by her side. The autumn breeze was blowing freshly, and the two exquisite rose-tinged faces, one a smaller replica of the other, made a rare picture. Almost every one turned to look at them as they passed. Those who knew the lady bowed and smiled, or bowed and did not smile, while she had only the same slight but captivating glance of recognition for each. A gentleman on a fine bay joined her before she had gone far, and made the tour beside her carriage. After that still more of the passers turned to look, and fewer smiled as they bowed. But the radiance of her look never faltered, and if the rose of her cheek was somewhat deeper, so was the boy's, and the afternoon was grown cold.

It was five o'clock when the victoria left the Park, and, rolling down the avenue, turned into the broad, substantially built side street near the corner of which was the lady's home. The gentleman on the bay accompanied her as far as the street corner, and there took leave. A little girl, watching with straining eyes from an upstairs window, saw him as he lifted his hat from his handsome blond head, and wondered vaguely who he was. Any one of Mrs. Haviland's many servants could have told her. But Ruth never talked with the servants. She rarely talked even with the nurse or with Miss Murray, her governess, who, however, though a miracle of gentleness and well-preserved if characterless prettiness, was not precisely a confidence-eliciting person. She did not talk much even with her lttle brother, though she played with him by the hour on rainy afternoons, keeping him absorbed from first to last when no one else could manage the self-willed little fellow for ten minutes at a time.

She went now to the head of the stairs, partly to meet Harry, but more to catch a glimpse of her idolized mother. Harry did not come up, however. Mrs. Haviland's maid was sent for downstairs to remove her wraps, and Ruth, peeping over the banisters, had a gratifying vision of her mother reflected in the long hall-glass, as the lady stood before it while the maid deftly pinned back a lock escaped from the loose coil of her hair. Do mirrors realize when they are blessed? Not to many is it given to reflect so complete and satisfying a beauty as was this lady's. But all too soon she turned away, and, calling to Harry, took him in with her to the tea-table to stand at her elbow like a bewitching little page while she poured tea. She often took him in with her so—that is, if people were coming.

Ruth went slowly away from her post, therefore, knowing that Harry would not come up as long as the good time lasted. On her way to the school-room she passed her father coming down from his study. He did not see her in the semi-darkness—nobody ever seemed to see Ruth unless there were a bright light—and she slipped silently by, not caring in the least that he had not seen her, nor that if he had he might not have noticed her save by a grave nod. It was Harry whom he always saw and always stopped to speak to. Why should he or any one speak to her? For there was nothing about her even remotely like her mother. She was a singularly plain child, upon whom no amount of tasteful dressing conferred any saving distinction, and the consciousness of her unattractiveness lay like an added blight upon her personality.

It was past the children's supper hour when Harry came dancing into the nursery, where he and Ruth took their meals. Mrs. Haviland, too, would soon be coming upstairs to dress for dinner. Ruth was meditating slipping out into the hall for another sight of her as she swept radiantly down the passage to her room, when—wonder of wonders!—the nursery door opened and she came in. It was only to give the nurse some direction about Harry's toilette for the next day's drive, but Ruth's heart beat with joy at the sight of her.

Harry was looking particularly charming just then. His curls were tumbled all over his forehead, and his face was flushed with the heat of the room till it looked like a ripe peach. As he ran up to his mother to snatch at a charm hanging from the glittering chain about her neck, she actually stooped and kissed him. Ruth held her breath, marveling at Harry's stolidity. She knew well that at the bottom of his selfish, hard little heart Harry cared less for his mother than for the least precious of his countless toys; but the surprise of it hurt the little girl like a fresh wound at each manifestation of his indifference. What was their beautiful mother for, if not to be worshiped by all with the intense, self-effacing adoration which in Ruth's soul was love's only form?

Late that evening the nurse called her from her bed to look at Mrs. Haviland as she passed through the corridor, arrayed for a ball in all her diamonds, looking like a dream of light. And when, attracted by the little group at the bedroom door, Mrs. Haviland glanced toward it, smiling the same lovely impersonal smile that she had bestowed on her acquaintances in the afternoon's drive, Ruth's heart beat even faster than before, and she crept back to bed in a silent rapture that kept her wide awake for some time. It was such wonderful moments as these that had counted for the chief pleasures in the child's ten short years of life.

The autumn passed, and still Mrs. Haviland drove in the Park in her open victoria, while the handsome blond gentleman reined in his bay by its side; and fewer and fewer people smiled as they bowed. Then came an afternoon in early December, when the sun was a glory and the earth seemed a heaven, and Mrs. Haviland went for her drive somewhat earlier than her wont. She went alone this time. Ruth, just returned from a demure little walk with Miss Murray, knelt at the school-room window and breathlessly watched her as she drove away. There was always the chance that she might look back—might look up—though she never did. She did not now.

The carriage came back almost at once, but Mrs. Haviland was not in it. There were only the two men on the box, and a note from Mrs. Haviland to her husband.

When the footman brought it in, Mr. Haviland was in the hall putting on his overcoat to go for a walk up the avenue. He took the note, and as he read, his face turned to stone. He read it twice from beginning to end—it was not long. Then, quite quietly, he refolded the dainty sheet and returned it to its envelope, put it in his pocket, took off his overcoat and handed it to the waiting butler, all without a word, but still with that face of stone, and, turning, went slowly up the two long flights of stairs to his study, and there shut himself in.

An extraordinary stillness settled down all at once over the house. The servants, mysteriously sagacious, went noiselessly about their business as usual, lighting all the lights in all the great empty rooms, and setting out the dining-table with its customary elegance. But Mr. Haviland remained shut up in his study, and no dinner was served, and no orders were given, and Mrs. Haviland did not return. Miss Murray looked agitated and scared, and as if she were trying to shrink into herself out of the way of an impending shower-bath, and Ruth was sent to bed long before her hour.

The next morning Mrs. Haviland still had not come back, and the same hush of uneasy expectancy pervaded the house like a noxious atmosphere. Ruth had no idea of what had happened. She knew only that her adored mother did not come, though she watched and watched all the day long, and could scarcely be gotten away from the window.

So some vacuous, miserable days went by, each more wretched than the last. Then one morning Mr. Haviland summoned Miss Murray from the school-room to his study, and she was gone some time. When she came back, her soft, young-old face had lost its delicate color, and she could hardly take the seat at her desk for a nervous tremor through her. But the children's wide-eyed stare of curiosity forced her to pull herself together, and after a few moments she said to them quite simply, just as if she were stating a fact in physical geography, though with an uncontrollable twitching of her thin, ladylike lips, that Mr. Haviland wished them to know that their mother was never coming back at all, but was the same as dead to them, and that they must be obedient children and never so much as mention her name in his hearing. That was the point that Miss Murray laid the most stress on—that they were never to speak of her again.

Harry did not mind a whit that his mother was gone away for always. He just opened his glorious eyes wider and asked: "Then who will take me out to drive when I have my good clothes on?"

Ruth made no outcry and asked no question. But the blackness of night descended upon her soul.

An hour later their father came in. Harry gave a whoop of delight, and, dashing his slate to the floor, ran to him tempestuously, shouting, "I want a nickel! Dad, give me a nickel!"

Mr. Haviland stood stock still and looked fixedly at his boy, the shadow upon his marble face deepening into something almost like contempt. Then he flung down a handful of small coins upon the carpet quite angrily, and went out of the room immediately, without having said a syllable to any one.

Harry laughed with glee as he flung himself upon the rolling bits of silver. The nurse chanced to be in the room, and Ruth saw her glance meaningly at Miss Murray as she muttered: "It's Master Harry's looks. He is as like her as two peas, and not in looks only, more's the pity!"

Ruth did not understand the full import of the words, though their dimly apprehended scorn roused in her an impotent fury, and she clenched her tiny hands under the table. No one ever guessed what of desolation it meant to the child when her beautiful mother disappeared so suddenly out of her life. But they all saw how listless and apathetic she grew, and how dully she went through her routine of small duties and pleasures, no one of which interested or aroused her in the least. The moment she was left to herself she always went directly to the school-room window, and sat there with her arms folded on the sill and her chin resting upon them, motionless save for the restless, roving eyes that missed no figure that went by. But she never told any one for whom she was watching.

Her father came regularly now to the nursery, where he had been used to come only occasionally. It was, however, merely to ask perfunctory questions of the nurse or governess as to the welfare of his children, and he was so changed, so silent and stern, where formerly he had been only grave, that Ruth shrank from him. With her mother's going, a blank wall seemed to have risen between her and everything else on earth. Miss Murray said of her with solicitous discontent that she was a singularly old little girl. And so she was, since heartaches count for years.

By degrees, as time went by and Ruth's abstraction increased, the talk around her grew less guarded, and one day, when two of the maids were whispering across their sewing, she overheard something that drove her straight to her governess with a point-blank question.

"Please, Miss Murray, where in this city is my mother's new home?"

Miss Murray was so taken aback and so flustered that all the little laces on her gown were set to quivering.

"Why, Ruthie—child—however—however did you find out that—that your mother was in the city at all?" she stammered.

"Ellen said so. She was talking to Sophie. She said that the new marriage was no better than a mock marriage. She said that she was brazen-faced to come back and take a house not ten squares away from us." The child's tones were fierce with uncomprehending resentment.

Miss Murray's gentle face wrinkled all over with perturbation. She laid a frightened, bloodless hand against Ruth's mouth.

"Hush, dear, hush! Ellen must have meant some one else. Ellen had no idea what she was saying. Ellen never meant anything."

Ruth pushed aside Miss Murray's hand roughly. An obstinate determination was over all her face.

"I want to see my mother. Where is my mother?" she said, doggedly.

The direct, insistent gaze was not to be avoided. Miss Murray's anxious brown eyes twinkled through a blur of tears as she looked at the child.

"Don't ask me, dear," she said, tremulously, vaguely conscious of some hitherto unperceived need of pity. "I may not tell you. You will know all soon enough, poor child! You are too young to be told now."

"I want to see her. I want to see her," Ruth repeated, stubbornly.

But the firmness of the gentle is not to be overcome, and Ruth received no more elucidating answer. The insistence went out of her face at last, and she returned to the window, sitting there in a submissive, patient way that lulled Miss Murray's disquiet to rest.

Shortly afterward Ellen disappeared, and Ruth rightly guessed that she had been dismissed as a warning to the household against further indiscretions. The child apparently took no notice, but despair seized upon her. She grew thinner, whiter, stiller. The desire to see her mother was eating up her soul.

In the extremity of her need a daring scheme shaped itself in her quickened brain. The maid who took Ellen's place was a kindly, light-hearted girl, and Ruth, in pursuance of her ends, began to make friends with her in a covert, shy way, to which the maid responded with easy good nature, soon coming to feel a genuine liking for the reserved, odd child who thus singled her out for favor. And so Ruth craftily matured her plan.

"Aggie," she said one night, as the maid was putting her to bed in her lonely little room, "isn't to-morrow your evening out?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss. To see some friends, maybe."

Ruth looked at her with troubled, unchildlike eyes.

"Do you know where the opera-house is, Aggie?"

"Certainly, Miss. 'Tisn't so far from here. I've passed it often."

"Did you ever go there at night, Aggie? Did you ever stand outside and watch the people go in and out? Did you?"

"Why, no, Miss, I can't say as I have."

Ruth had tight hold of the girl's arm. A suppressed excitement had taken the place of her usual apathy.

"Aggie, you must take me there to-morrow night. There is to be a new opera. I heard Miss Murray say so. She said everybody would be there."

"But, Miss Ruth—" began the girl, protestingly.

The child shook her by the arm in her frenzy of desire.

"You are not to say anything to anybody, Aggie, or they would not let me go. But we can just slip out after I have said good-night, and nobody will know, and you can take the latch-key to let us in when we come back. Oh, don't say no, Aggie! Don't! *Don't!* I want to go so much! I *must* go, and nobody else would take me if I asked."

The maid stood aghast at the audacity of the proposition.

"But I couldn't take you out at night like that, Miss Ruth! I should lose my place the minute it come to be known, and good enough for me, too, if I did. You know I can't, dear. You must see I can't, or, indeed, I wouldn't want no praying."

Ruth pressed close. Her agony of longing was like an outgoing, compelling force.

"Aggie, you must! *You must!* Where's the harm? I only want to see all the pretty ladies in their fine gowns and gay cloaks, and the carriages hurrying up, and the horses jumping and kicking, and everybody shouting and calling. You never saw anything like it, Aggie! I heard somebody tell Harry once. We will just stand close by the door a tiny little bit of a while, and nobody will ever know we have been. Oh, Aggie!" she suddenly threw her frail arms chokingly around the girl's neck, and her voice broke into a childish, tearful, irresistible quaver. "Oh, Aggie, *darling*, I never wanted to do anything so much in all my whole life! Take me! *Take me!* If you do, I will love you as long as I live! *I will love you with all my heart and soul!*"

The girl hesitated, frightened yet fascinated at the bold idea. She was thoughtless and lively, eager to please and easily led, and she saw no risk to the child in the proposed escapade. And if Miss Ruth really wanted a bit of a frolic so much—

Thus it happened that on the following night little Ruth found herself on the streets of the huge city, with only a foolish young nursemaid for protector. It was an altogether new world to the child—a world full of distortions, dangers, and alarms. All the familiar landmarks were obliterated. Everything was changed. The houses were taller and wider, and closed in before her crushingly. What lurking horrors might not spring out upon her from any one of their dark vestibules! It was like walking through a lane lined with Jack-in-the-boxes. The electric lights glared at her savagely, with great angry eyes through monstrous radiating lashes. A deadly terror was upon her. But her purpose was stronger than her fear, and she kept on her way by Aggie's side, no sound of fright escaping her, not even when she was nearly run over by a cab, nor yet again when—more terrifying still—a policeman seized her and swung her over a puddle at a street-crossing.

So much time had been consumed in securing an unobserved exit from her home that when they reached the opera-house it was already late, and there was nothing to be seen except rows of waiting carriages and dawdling footmen.

Ruth rallied from her disappointment as soon as its cause had been explained to her.

"We will go to see your friends, Aggie," she said, with quick decision. "You needn't mind taking me along. Then we will come back when the opera is out. It is sure to be best fun of all when the opera lets out."

And again Aggie yielded. It would be a shame for the child to miss what she had come for.

Two hours later they stood in the midst of a dense throng at the doors of the vast building. The evening was turned damp and chilly, and the wind blew in rude gusts down the avenue. But the scene was all that Ruth had depicted, and more, and Aggie became instantly an absorbed spectator.

"Nearer, Aggie! Nearer!" the child whispered, excitedly. "I must see them all. I mustn't miss any!"

She tugged at the maid's sleeve, her eyes hunting hungrily through the crowd. What if *she* had not come!

The people streamed out. Aggie and her charge were pushed mercilessly to one side. The child's heart beat to suffocation. What if she were there, and she should miss seeing her! She gave a sobbing cry.

"I can't see, Aggie! Oh, I can't see!"

It had begun to snow. The wind lifted the awnings, and the wet flakes blew in under. Ruth felt cold, moist touches on her face and neck. Her feet and hands were ice. She shivered, and big despairing tears welled over on her cheeks.

Then suddenly the crowd parted, and she saw her mother standing at the foot of the steps, waiting for a pair of thoroughbreds to prance their way to the curbstone. She was holding the arm of the tall blond gentleman whom Ruth had once seen riding beside her carriage, and was talking gayly to a group of young men. An electric light blazed down full upon her. The wind turned back the edges of her ermine cloak, disclosing the splendor of the gown beneath. Oh, how bewilderingly beautiful she was! How her smile flashed! How her jewels gleamed! How the white fur about her throat set off the face above—the fair, pure, lovely face that had in it no least trace of evil!

Ruth scarcely breathed. In her ecstasy the slow, long torture of the past months was as if it had never been. Her nondescript little face was transfigured. For the moment her ineffable love made her beautiful.

But the brougham was drawing up to the sidewalk. The gentleman whom Ruth remembered was moving toward it. The lady was bowing her adieux. Now her arched foot was upon the step. In another instant she would be gone—gone, lost, forever!

"*Mother! Mother! Come back!*"

The cry rang out, importunate, passionate, agonized.

The lady half turned, and threw a startled glance over her shoulder at the crowd. But the gentleman hurried her into the brougham and entered after her. She sank down on the cushions, her adorable face quite pale.

"I thought—I almost thought that was Ruth's voice," she said.

"Nonsense," the gentleman answered lightly, "how could it be? Besides, it would have been Harry's voice, not Ruth's, if you had heard it. Home, John."

The footman touched his hat, sprang to the box, and the brougham whirled away through the sleet.

It was half-past eight of the evening a week later. The same lady, still more charmingly dressed, still more ravishingly beautiful, sat in her new drawing-room, an opera-cloak about her, fan and flowers lying beside her on a table. The gentleman whom Ruth had recognized stood by the mantelpiece. He took out his watch.

"Patrick is late."

The lady glanced up with her entrancing smile.

"Yes. It is the second time. He should be dismissed."

She let the cloak drop from her shoulders, and, drawing the evening paper toward her, looked lazily down its columns. The gentleman yawned.

Suddenly she gave a wild cry, and leaped to her feet.

"George! *George!*"

He was at her side instantly.

"Darling, what is it?"

She clutched at his arm, pointing to an item in the paper. He bent over and read it aloud.

"'On Monday, March twenty-fifth, of pneumonia, Ruth, daughter of Harold Haviland, aged ten years and nine months.'"

The lady fell back into the chair, white as death, twisting her hands as if in bodily pain.

"It is my child—my Ruth! He calls her only *his* daughter—do you see? But she was mine, too. Ruth! Oh, Ruth!"

She gasped as if for air, pulling at the necklace about her throat. The string broke and the great pearls rained down over her bosom. Again she wrung her hands, lifting her head with a long, convulsive sob that seemed to rack her body. A new, strange look swept blightingly across her beauty.

Her companion laid his hand upon her shoulder. The change in her appalled him.

"It is a frightful shock, of course, but why should you take it quite like this?" he said, in constrained remonstrance. "You never cared for her, you know, and you were willing to give her up—to leave them both."

She was looking up at him, and all her frame cowered at his words. Yes, she had not cared, and she had been willing to leave her. The thought gripped her as in a vice, resolving every sense into a frightened consciousness of an intolerable anguish. Was this remorse? Is it in such wise that souls are born?

She dropped her face on the table speechlessly. She did not guess whose had been the cry of love and longing that a short week before had faintly stirred a response in her slumbering mother-heart. But deep down in that region so seldom entered, known to each as his true self, she knew that from henceforth the little daughter she had never loved would call to her forever from her grave to come back.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ad Astra. Being Selections from the Divine Comedy of Dante. Illustrated by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. R. H. Russell, New York. 9×12 in. 100 pages.

The selections from Dante printed in this elaborately illustrated volume are in the main excellently chosen, but a singular fact is that more come from the "Purgatorio" than from the better-known "Inferno" or from the "Paradiso." Every one will first turn to the illustrations of Paolo and Francesca and of the fate of Ulysses—subjects familiar even to those who have never read a line of Dante. These and the rest are treated in a genuinely reverential Dantesque spirit; and the book is a real addition to the year's Christmas volumes.

Atlas of the Geography and History of the Ancient World. Edited and Arranged by John King Lord, Ph.D. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 7½×12 in. 43 pages.

Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College, has published an extremely valuable atlas edited and arranged from the latest sources. Such an atlas is indispensable to the serious student of history, and even to the student of geography, since that latter science is of little value except in its relation to the lives of men and to the civilization of peoples.

Battle with the Slum (The). By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 465 pages. $2, net.

Mr. Riis vitalizes every subject that he touches, and in this volume he has vitalized sociology. He has put his own life into the battle with the slum, and the book which is the outcome is almost as personal as "The Making of an American"—or, at all events, it is much more personal than most autobiographies. The larger part of this volume has already been reviewed in these columns under the title "A Ten Years' War," but in extending that narrative so as to cover the work of the last three years—much of it along new lines of civic betterment—Mr. Riis has practically recast the whole, while the publishers, by means of new and effective illustrations, have created a new book as attractive to the eye as it is stimulating to the social conscience. Mr. Riis believes that in the last three years we have advanced more than in the preceding thirty, and while this courageous bit of optimism may not win the assent of the reader's judgment, it is pretty sure to win his heart, and infect it with a desire to take part in the same hopeful struggle. Mr. Riis's optimism is not of the kind which says that "all is going well, therefore we need not struggle," but of that which says that "all is going well if we struggle." In other words, it is not the optimism which produces smug complacency, but that which produces exalted endeavor.

Book of Golden Numbers (The). By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 687 pages. $2.

Among the many collections of verse for young readers none seems more thoroughly adapted to the children of to-day than that contained in this substantial and handsome volume. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith are experts in the kind of knowledge which is essential to the preparation of a book of this kind. They know their poetry well, as many other editors have known it, but they also know, what many other editors have not known, the tastes, capacity, and interests of children. It is idle to select the kind of reading which children will not enjoy; admirable as such reading may be, it is a waste of time to collect it. Two things are essential in work of this kind: knowledge of the best, and knowledge also of the capacity of the child. The result of the possession of both these qualifications has made it possible for the editors of this little book to make an almost ideal collection—broad, comprehensive, varied, and quite on a level with the interests and tastes of children. There are probably very few poems in this book which a child of common intelligence and a little imagination will not thoroughly enjoy; while the taste of the editors has been so catholic, and their choice of subjects so wide, that they have included something for every kind of child. The tact of the woman, the knowledge of the teacher, and the skill of the trained writer are shown in the subdivisions which are most alluring: "Green Things Growing," "On the Wing," "Fairy Songs and Songs of Fancy," "A Garden of Girls," "The World of Waters," "For Home and Country." The volume has another unusual quality: all its introductory matter is interesting. The long introduction from the hand of Kate Douglas Wiggin is a charming piece of writing; while the short introductions which open the door to each subdivision, and are placed in the volume as interleaves, bear the trace of the hands of both editors and are well adapted to make one wish to know what lies beyond. This volume will be a delight in many a household where such a book ought to lie at hand to read to the children in the hour after dinner and before bedtime. It is full of the poetry which lives by reason of its beauty, its truth, and its vitality. It will charm the child for the moment, it will educate his tastes without awakening the suspicion that he is at school, and it will enrich his memory for all time to come.

Coming City (The). By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 110 pages. 60c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

A plea for the development of an officeholding class, composed of educated experts selected, as teachers are selected for State universities, not by competitive examinations, but by freer though less tangible tests of efficiency. In thus recommending the freer tests of efficiency Professor Ely in no way identifies himself with the friends of the spoils system, but merely points out the limited usefulness of a civil service reform method in a government not animated by a civil service reform spirit.

Consecration of the State (The): An Essay. By J. E. C. Welldon, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 59 pages. 75c.

Starting from the religious aspect of the coronation of King Edward, Canon Welldon protests against that secularization of the State which he understands English Nonconformists to aim at. The State he holds to be a divine institution. To detach it from any concern with religion is to lower its ideal, to lose reverence for it. In support of his argument he quotes Channing, and points to the example given in the religious observances fostered by our Government. Irreligion tends downward to Anarchism. Canon Welldon seems to misunderstand what English Nonconformists want, but they will see to that. If his argument was intended to strengthen the church interest in the present educational controversy, it is a paralogism. But, on the other hand, it may serve as a wholesome corrective to certain extreme tendencies of thought both there and here.

Electricity. By George L. Fowler. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6 in. 205 pages.

A clear, concise treatise dealing with the construction and operating of electrical apparatus, with the practical rather than the theoretical aspects of electricity.

Erromanga: The Martyr Isle. By Rev. H. A. Robertson. Edited by John Fraser, B.A., LL.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5½×8 in. 4 pages.

This is a fitting companion book to the widely known autobiography of the "Apostle to the New Hebrides," the Rev. John G. Paton. Erromanga is one of that group of islands, and is deeply stained with the blood of missionaries, for which the outrages committed by foreign traders were largely responsible. Here, however, Christianity has been securely planted, and its fruits abound. The author has been engaged in this noble work for some thirty years, and writes the story of it at the request of the British churches that sent him forth. It is thoroughly interesting and copiously illustrated.

Four Princes: A Story of the Christian Church Centered around Four Types. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.25, net.

The study of history by epochs in which antecedent movements are summed up, and from which fresh developments start, is not new, but it is here applied in a new way. Four representative characters—Paul, Constantine, St. Bernard, Luther—severally representing the missionary, the secularizing, the saintly, and the reforming spirit, are selected to stand for the efficient factors in the history of the Church, and also for the four great racial influences that have given form to organized Christianity. With this interesting conception of Christian history Dr. Scherer has wrought out an attractive narrative in popular form. He writes from the Lutheran standpoint, in which the glory of Luther sometimes occults other stars, and one is occasionally tempted to demur, *e.g.* to his judgment that the German Reformation was "largely responsible" for what Tennyson calls

> The red fool-fury of the Seine,

the gory cruelty of the French Revolution.

General History Way Marks. By Charles C. Boyer, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. 65c.

This is both a desirable and a serviceable manual. It aims at helping the student of history not to lose amid the crowd of details the logical thread connecting events. Such a manual is therefore not for independent use, but as a companion-book to larger works. Here and there are careless statements, *e. g.*: "With it [the year 1689] began the long struggle between England and France for colonial independence."

Hidden Manna. By A. J. Dawson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

An intensely vivid, photographic story of native life in Morocco. It is dramatic rather than romantic, and its style is hard and not very sympathetic. It has been the fashion to call many recent writers the Kiplings of this place or that, often without much aptness, but it may truly be said that Mr. Dawson does for Morocco very much what Kipling did for India. There is a little that is repellent in this tale, and sometimes it is too high pitched, but the reader actually feels himself set down in the places and among the people described. In story interest, too, it is strong and absorbing.

History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804-6. Reprinted from the Edition of 1814. With Introduction and Index by James K. Hosmer, LL.D. In 2 vols. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 6×8½ in. $5, net.

The one hundredth year since the Louisiana purchase made the United States a thoroughly continental power is an auspicious time for the republication of this famous story of our first pioneering into the wilderness, since transformed by the advance of civilization. The original work is now found only in libraries; Dr. Coues's reprint in 1893 is out of print; the present publishers have wisely anticipated the demand of the centenary year for a new edition. This is furnished with a historical introduction by a most competent hand, in which the events that led up to the great exploit are so related as to show its great significance. The title-page and maps of the original edition are reproduced in facsimile with the best extant portraits of the heroes of the enterprise, whom Dr. Hosmer fitly terms "the Dioscuri of American tradition."

Modern Eloquence. Edited by Thomas B. Reed and Others. In 10 vols. The John D. Morris Co., Philadelphia.

The recent death of the editor-in-chief of this work and the ensuing estimates of Mr. Reed as statesman and orator may naturally attract special attention to his own discussion on "Oratory, Past and Present," which appears (rather oddly placed, one would say) in the fourth volume of this work, one dealing with Lectures. Quite characteristically, Mr. Reed begins by declaring facetiously that Republicans and protectionists in reducing the cost of white paper have a heavy responsibility on their consciences. But while he mildly satirizes the floods of printed eloquence now preserved by the newspaper for every man's reading, he distinguishes forcibly between the two kinds of public sentiment, "the voice of the people which is the hurried result of the untrained and uninstructed emotions, and that voice of the people, uttered after due thought and experience, which is the solid and enduring basis of human action," and with equal force between the men who stir the surface of thought for the moment and the great orators who have left permanent landmarks. In the work of preparing this ten-volume compendium of orations, after-dinner speeches, lectures, and occasional addresses, Mr. Reed had the assistance of the English writer and statesman Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose contributions to The Outlook have made him especially well known to our readers, that of Mr. Rossiter Johnson, an American author and journalist of wide and deserved repute, and that of Mr. Albert Ellery Bergh, a trained specialist in the making of compendiums. The editors have been aided by a Committee of Selection made up of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Senator Gordon, Senator Dolliver, Major Pond (who surely ought to know an orator at sight, if any one does), and several editors and professors. Introductions and special articles are furnished by Mr. Reed, Dr. Hale, Senator Dolliver, Mr. Bergh, Mr. H. W. Mabie, the Hon. Champ Clark, and Professor Lorenzo Sears. Moreover, many of the orators and speakers represented kindly consented to point out what they thought to be their own most valuable speeches. It is inevitable that such a work should contain some things not worthy of preservation, but a careful examination will show that the proportion of chaff to wheat is reasonably small. The general plan is a good one, has been worked out systematically and on a large scale, and as a whole the ten well-printed and handsomely bound volumes fairly and fully represent the best public utterances of nearly a hundred famous and brilliant American public speakers, besides anecdotes, stories, and illustrations innumerable. The scope of the work includes the hundred years just past; but relatively more attention is given to the men of our own day than to the fathers; this appears to be intentional, and it is for this reason probably that the work is less strong considered on the historical and political sides than one would expect, while it is remarkably full as regards after-dinner oratory and occasional addresses of rather recent date. The section devoted to lectures is also large, and it is certainly a profound pleasure to have here the opportunity to read in their entirety addresses by Beecher, Collyer, Emerson, Curtis, Gough, Wendell Phillips, Froude, Huxley, Morley, Thackeray, and many other giants of the lecture stage, even though some lecturers not exactly gigantic are included. This section alone contains a really extraordinary amount of matter well worth having. It is hardly necessary to point out the value of this work to students and public speakers *in esse* or *in posse*. The compilation has been prepared with lavish outlay of time, thought, and money, and we do not for a minute doubt that it will be warmly appreciated and form a useful addition to many libraries, private and public. A word of praise should be added for the scores of portraits, most of which are notably well reproduced and finely printed.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Romances. In 14 vols. (The Handy Volume Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. Per set, $10.50.

This is the latest of the many and extremely useful handy-volume editions of standard authors which the publishers have been giving us of late years. The Lenox Edition comprises fourteen small volumes, of about three hundred pages each, containing all of Hawthorne's work in fiction, with the addition of "The Grandfather's Chair" and the biographical stories, and including, of course, "Mosses from an Old Manse." The edition is substantially the same as the Virginia Poe. A good clear type is used; and, although the paper is thin, clearness and legibility are secured. Each volume contains a photogravure frontispiece and a rubricated title-page. Miss Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, a well-known and very successful teacher of literature, has prepared a series of introductions giving the significant facts connected with the genesis of the different romances. This edition not only meets the demands of a good library edition, but is of a size which permits the lover of Hawthorne to carry a volume with him on his journeys and to take up the greatest of American writers of romance in those times of waiting and journeying which are so many in our busy modern life, and which are often wasted because no book is at hand.

Ohio and Her Western Reserve: With a Story of Three States. By Alfred Mathews. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 330 pages. $1.25, net.

A spirited narrative which will be read with interest by all Ohioans. The author gives two significant reasons for the exceptionally influential place which Ohio obtained in the Nation's counsels—particularly after the slavery question came to be the paramount issue in our National politics. The first of these is that Ohio was the first State settled by people from every section of the country, and a composite America in miniature. The second reason for Ohio's commanding influence is the moral seriousness which early marked her political life—due in part to the presence of anti-slavery immigrants from the South attracted to her borders by the free labor clause in the Ordinance of 1787.

Peasant and the Prince (The). By Harriet Martineau. (The Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 204 pages. 30c.

Polly State, One of Thirteen. By Frances J. Delano. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 259 pages.

Proverbs. By John H. Bechtel. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6 in. 201 pages.

This is a copious collection, conveniently arranged and indexed. It is open to the criticism that there is a distinction, of which it takes no note, between a proverb and a proverbial expression.

Rollicking Rhymes of Old and New Times. By N. W. Bingham. Illustrated. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston. 5×7½ in. 62 pages.

Satire of Seneca on the Apotheosis of Claudius. A Study by Allan Perley Ball. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 256 pages. $1.25, net.

In accordance with the Roman custom of deifying a deceased emperor, Claudius, when poisoned off to make way for Nero, became a god. As he had been an object of ridicule as a "cabbage-head," his deification gave occasion for this satire, attributed to Seneca, who bore toward him a personal grudge as well as a philosopher's contempt. Its very title is satirical, substituting for "apotheosis" *apocolocyntosis*, "pumpkinification." An essay on the critical questions of authorship, etc., connected with the satire is here included with a translation of the text and notes. The former was originally a thesis for the doctorate of philosophy at Columbia. The whole forms a desirable and creditable addition to the classical library.

Songs in the Night. By A. Parke Burgess, D.D. W. C. & F. D Burgess, Newark. 5×8½ in. 112 pages.

Steering Gear. By Frank Andrews Fall. Leavens & Langdon, New York. 5×7 in. 47 pages. Paper bound.

Tolstoï as Man and Artist: With an Essay on Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 310 pages. $1.50.

A profound essay upon the contrasted spiritual development of Tolstoï, the child of fortune, and Dostoievski, the endurer of hardships, and a criticism of the literary art through which the two contemporaries impressed themselves upon the higher life of their nation. The sympathies of the essayist are rather with the great Slavophile than with the great internationalist who pronounces patriotism the agency of the rulers for the enslavement of the masses, but the genius of both men is analyzed with almost loving reverence as well as with keen literary acumen.

World Before Him (The). By Horatio Alger, Jr. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 383 pages. 90c., net.

A recent plebiscite of boys' rôles showed Alger to be by far the highest favorite. Critics do not like him as well, but boys, not critics, form his audience.